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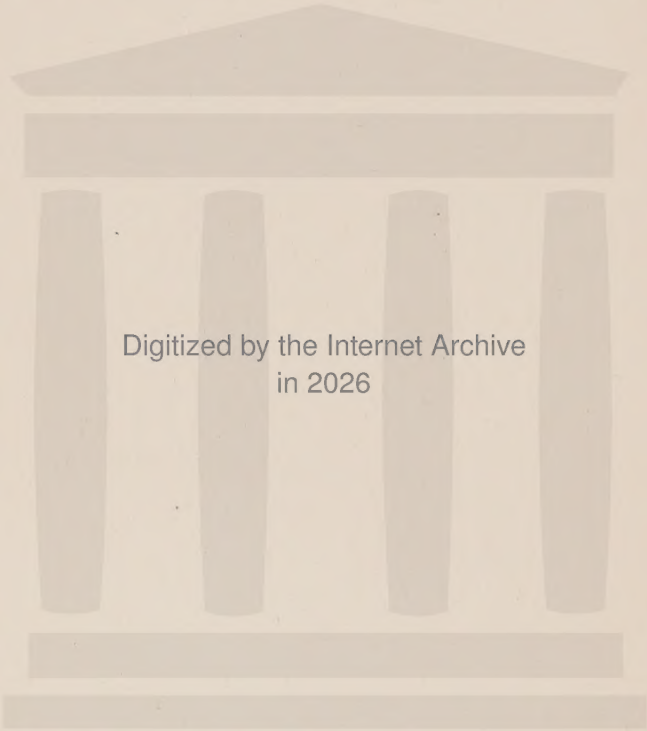
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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

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WITH PORTRAITS

VOLUME I

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LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
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Set up and electrotyped. Published March, 1907.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

LIFE OF EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

CHAPTER I

"I AM an Irishman, but I am as English in blood as he is." So wrote Mr. Godkin in 1878, declining the invitation of the editor of the *Princeton Review* to reply in its pages to an article by Goldwin Smith. The latter had, Mr. Godkin thought, laid too much stress upon "race" as "a solution of political problems," and had alluded to Mr. Godkin as a "champion of his race." Now, he would have been the last to deny race influence, yet to him the personal was more than the racial quality. With Erasmus he would have said, "To me, he is an Italian who has Italian learning, though he may have been born in Erin." His mother's family (her name was Sarah Lawrence) were Cromwellian settlers of repute and property. On his paternal descent, he himself made a brief note. Writing in 1900 to F. W. Gookin, he remarked on the similarity of their names, observing that James Russell Lowell "used to try to persuade me" that "Gookin" was a corruption of "Godkin," owing to the scruples of the Massachusetts Puritan Godkins about using the

syllable "God" in their name. However that may have been, Mr. Godkin stated: "I have never heard that our name underwent any change since the settlement of a small colony on the coast of Wexford in the twelfth century, in what was called the Barony Forth. It was a small settlement of Englishmen, distinguished for their piety and industry, and they became Protestants at the Reformation. They spoke a dialect of the Anglo-Saxon peculiar to themselves, not unlike the Lowland Scotch, down to the beginning of the present century. The names of the two first settlers were Ram and Godkin. There was still a Godkin among the landed proprietors of the Barony as late as 1870, I saw by the Doomesday Book. The others have all disappeared long ago."

His father, the Rev. James Godkin, was a Presbyterian clergyman. Ardently committed to the Young Ireland movement, he was, in 1848, forced out of his pulpit when it became known that he was the author of "Repeal Essays." These were prize essays; the author won the prize, but lost his living. The national party came to his assistance, as Gavan Duffy wrote in his Life of Davis, and James Godkin was thereafter identified with the cause of Home Rule for Ireland till his death. He had a connection with the publishing house of Cassell. In 1850 he became editor of the Londonderry *Standard*. Subsequently he was in charge of the Dublin *Daily Express*, and served also as Irish correspondent of

the London *Times*. Thus the original sin of journalism was fairly in the blood.

James Godkin was a prolific controversial writer. In addition to his thirty years of newspaper production, he published, among other works, "Ireland and her Churches" and "The Land-War in Ireland." These volumes show that the author's son came honestly by a *profluens sermo*. The father, too, was hard-hitting, but lacked almost wholly in his books that pungency and picturesqueness of style, with apt citation from wide reading, and that dash of original humor, which were to mark out his son. Yet James Godkin's political writings won recognition in the highest quarters. Knowing Ireland minutely, having thoroughly investigated every county, and being the stoutest of Home Rulers, he had a wide fame and high standing among his countrymen, and was a valuable ally of reforming English Liberals. On the question of tenant rights and disestablishment, he was, privately as well as publicly, a useful source of information for Mr. Gladstone. Later he was in receipt of a literary pension from Gladstone's Government, which was continued for a time to his widow. James Godkin was indubitably a man of uncommon vigor of mind and weight of character. He died May 23, 1879.

Edwin Lawrence Godkin, the first child of his father, was born October 2, 1831, at Moyne, County Wicklow, in the house of his grandmother, Mrs.

Anthony Lawrence. There the larger part of his infancy was passed and all of his schoolboy holidays. He loved the wild mountain scenery of Wicklow, and its charm held him through life. A fox-hunting "Uncle Jack" taught him to ride and shoot, and naturally remained an adored hero. With his father, he made many journeys, in coach and on horseback, through the north and west of Ireland. Once or twice in his boyhood he went as far as Scotland; a clinging memory was that of Dr. Chalmers laying a hand on his head and blessing him. At Moyne he was the idol of grandmother, servants, and farm hands alike. He was particularly intimate with the Doyle family, the head of which had been steward to his grandfather Lawrence, while the sons and daughters were intelligent and fond of reading. Edwin lent them books, and often sought their cottage and excited their admiration by reading aloud a poem or speech. They treated him like a young prince, and were certain that he was destined to greatness.

From one of the seven Doyle sons, Mr. Godkin received the following letter in 1887: —

Chapel Hill, Newry, Ireland.

Pardon me as an old acquaintance the liberty I take in addressing this note to you to inform you that I have been anxiously inquiring respecting you for the last forty years. . . . I saw some short time since in the Dublin *Freeman* a favorable notice of a contribution of

yours to some London periodical on the subject of Home Government for Ireland, and I may say it is the first clue I got as to whether you were alive or dead. If this reaches you, I hope you will do me the favor of acknowledging it and it will rejoice your once young friend and playfellow in the fields of Moyne.

THOMAS DOYLE,
formerly "Young Tom."

An answer was sent, which brought back a second delighted letter, filled with family gossip. This bit only is taken: —

"I do not know if you quite remember a brother of mine named George. He was very young when you were last in Moyne. Still, he tells me he remembers you at Uncle George's, with your college cap and gown on, and also remembers an occasion when a gun went off in your hands, in George's house, and tore some of the wood in the roof of the kitchen, the mark of which is plain to this day."

What made the discharge of the gun notable was that young Edwin was leaning his chin on his hands upon the muzzle; Doyle reproved him, whereupon the charge went off into the roof.

Of Mr. Godkin's school days, but meagre records remain — only enough to permit escape from that charge of "historical fraud" which lies, Dr. Johnson affirmed in his Life of Addison, against any biographer who does not "name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature." A pre-

cocious and delicate child, Edwin learned to read at home, and devoured books before he was six. At seven, he was sent to the preparatory school at Armagh, where his father was then living. At ten, though with some misgivings on account of his lack of robust health, his parents decided to send him to a school in England. His father took him in 1841 to Silcoates School at Wakefield, near Leeds. James Godkin made but one stipulation with the principal, that his son should never be flogged. Yet that was the day of Dr. Keate! As a matter of fact, Edwin appears never to have needed the services of Dr. Birch, having been in high favor with the master of the school, and with his family. He passed more than four years at Wakefield. Fifty years later, when exploring the valley of the Wharfe and the Yorkshire moors as far as Haworth (he was keenly interested in the Brontë family), he was led by the pleasant memories of his earliest schoolboy days to revisit their scenes. The Rev. Dr. D. W. Simon, President of the Yorkshire United Independent College at Bradford, was a school-fellow, and wrote as follows, under date of March 26, 1906: —

"We were together at the Silcoates School for Congregational Ministers' Sons, near Wakefield, between 1843 and 1846–47. His father, like mine, was a Congregational minister. As he and I were not on any special terms of intimacy, I have none of the impressions about him to give which a friend naturally would have. The

only things I remember are first, that he took the part of a pleader or barrister in courts which we boys established; and second, that he edited a newspaper.

About the year 1844–45, I fancy it must have been, the boys for fun—half-serious fun — divided the school into districts, each of which had its court of law, its justice and its lawyers, and of course its code. At certain fixed times offenders had to appear before the justice of their district and if condemned had to suffer the penalty —sometimes exclusion from games, sometimes silence, sometimes fines, and so on. Godkin was one of the barristers, and if I am not mistaken acquitted himself as an Irishman might be expected to do.

About the same time a curious fit of establishing newspapers took possession of the school. Along with another boy I edited one with the ambitious title of Our Own Times; another boy edited a Punch which used to do its best to imitate the London paper.

The newspapers were of course all written, and Godkin's was by far the biggest of the lot. In fact, my impression is that he quite overawed the rest by the breadth of his sheet and the authority of its tone. How long it made its appearance, when it died, and so on, I cannot say.

It has always seemed to me a case of the lad being father of the man. When in New York, in 1890, I saw Godkin for a few moments in his office and met him afterwards in the empty House of Commons, London.

Judging by what Godkin said to me in New York, I thought that he rather underestimated his indebtedness to Silcoates. It did not of course pretend to be a

school like Rugby and other such schools of the day. But in my judgment it did the work it proposed to do far more thoroughly than 75 per cent of the rest. We were well and intelligently drilled in Latin up to Virgil, Greek to Xenophon, Euclid, algebra, geography, and such things. I do not mean that all the boys were well taught or rather learnt well. But it was my experience.

For two years at least out of the three and a half I spent there the intellectual life of the school was, I should say, exceptionally keen. And Godkin certainly bore his full share in it.

A couple of years ago the old school was burnt down, and a company has been formed to build a new place and establish the school on a broad basis. Of late it has been doing sound and excellent work."

Further details of the school are furnished by Mr. H. J. Wolsterholme, of Cambridge:—

I was educated, in part, at Silcoates School, but was not a contemporary of Mr. Godkin. Silcoates was but a small place. I do not think there can have been more than thirty or forty boys. The education was classical and English, with French from a visiting master; but with such modest resources the standard could not be high, though a few of the best pupils were able with some additional private work to prepare for the matriculation examination of the London University. I still have a vivid memory of the bare barnlike schoolroom, the upper floor of an old building a little way from the house, the other part of which was a small farmhouse, on the broad highroad, of which a section, with "bounds" at a fixed distance each way,

formed our only playground, except a railed-in part of a field in front of the house. I remember well how we hooped on cold foggy mornings up the little lane from the back of the house to the schoolroom and shivered there breakfastless from 7–8 over the slates on which we worked our sums, and in the evenings went through "preparation time" by the light of a few tallow dips, which it was the monitor's duty to look after, and in regular rounds through the evening to trim with a pair of snuffers.

For a time after leaving Silcoates School he lay fallow, delicate health putting its inhibition upon him. But gradually he resumed work, first at home with an uncle, the Rev. John Edge; then, to complete his preparatory studies, in the Classical Department of the Royal Institution, Belfast, under Dr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas W. Moffett, who was later President of Galway College. In 1846 Edwin Godkin entered Queen's College, Belfast. His academic career was rather promising than distinguished. He won a scholarship, but it is the testimony of a member of his family that "he did not always apply himself to work." It seems he was "fond of dancing parties and amusements." Still, the intellectual energy was there, on demand: "Once he had to study so hard to make up for lost time that he brought on a fever." Among his college mates were Sir Robert Hart, long in the service of the Chinese Government; David Ross, LL.D., Q.C., and the Honorable Judge Andrews

of the High Court of Justice, Dublin. In 1896 President Hamilton of Queen's College wrote to Mr. Godkin urging him to be present at the jubilee of the institution, or to send a letter. This he did, and it was gratefully acknowledged. Queen's College had a literary and scientific society of which Mr. Godkin was the first president. Replying to an inquiry by a member, he wrote November 21, 1900: —

I received your letter of the 5th Nov., and as I am only just recovering from a severe illness, I am sorry not to be able to answer in my own handwriting. I regret to say my recollections of Queen's College have dwindled considerably, but I can very vividly recall the announcement of the first scholarships, of which I had one in law, the occupant of that chair being then William Neilson Hancock, now long deceased.

Among my contemporaries were "Tom" Ingram, the brother of the Fellow of Trinity College, who is, I think still living; "Tom" Henry, son of the then President of the college; Dunlop, who afterwards became a Presbyterian minister, and of whom I have heard in the West Indies; James Ross, who was afterwards a judge of the Irish Common Pleas, and who died in that position; and Sir Robert Hart, now Controller of the Customs in China, and who entered the year I left. These are all I can at present remember.

I was the first President of your Society, and was considerably puffed up by reading a paper on Lord Eldon before a crowded audience in one of the college rooms.

The professors whom I best remember were Hancock

of Political Economy and Jurisprudence, Molyneux of Law, and MacDonough of Latin, and Craik of English Literature. These are all I can remember at this moment; others may come to me later. I am glad to hear that the Society is still not only in existence, but prospering.

In his later jottings he said of his undergraduate days:—

When I was in college [Queen's, Belfast], I and the young men of my acquaintance were Liberals, in the English sense. John Stuart Mill was our prophet, and Grote and Bentham were our daily food. In fact, the late Neilson Hancock, who was our professor of political economy and jurisprudence, made Bentham his textbook. Why political economy and jurisprudence were united in the same chair I never knew, but at that period, in England and Ireland at least, political economy was taught as a real science, which consisted simply in the knowledge of what man, as an exchanging, producing animal, would do, if let alone. On that you can base a science, for the mark of science is that it enables you to predict. Since then, what is called political economy has become something entirely different. It has assumed the rôle of an adviser, who teaches man to make himself more comfortable through the help of his government, and has no more claim to be a science than philanthropy or what is called "sociology." At all events, its influence on statesmen is nothing like what it was when Pitt listened to Adam Smith and Peel to Cobden.

But, whatever its value or defects, I and my friends were filled with the teachings of the *laissez-faire* school and had no doubt that its recent triumph in the abolition

of the Corn Laws was sure to lead to wider ones in other countries. I have said that John Stuart Mill was our prophet, but America was our promised land. To the scoffs of the Tories that our schemes were impracticable, our answer was that in America, barring slavery, they were actually at work.

All, or nearly all, that we knew about America, however, came from De Tocqueville. American newspapers were unknown, and Americans were rather rare birds. The gorgeous check-drawing American, with castles, moors, and salmon rivers in Scotland, was still to make his appearance. The occasional stray American that one came across was as like as not to have come over to "place" a coal field or the stock of a railroad, and was not unlikely to be attired in black, with a dress coat and a black satin waistcoat, to the amusement of the light-minded; and anything he told us, no matter how beautiful, was swallowed with eager credulity.

Mr. Godkin took his degree in 1851. The personal impression made by the youth of twenty we may gather from the letter of a sister: —

My childish recollection of my big brother at this period is that he was a very handsome, refined, delicate-looking young man — witty, brilliant, charming, proud, with a fiery temper, but lovable and affectionate.

CHAPTER II

With such antecedents and training young Godkin went up to London in 1851 to study law in Lincoln's Inn. Into the political agitations of the time, first of all in Ireland, he had flung himself with zest. In his early teens he had read with avidity the *Nation* (for him a prophetic name), edited by Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, and John B. Dillon. Its doctrines he had the habit of expounding, with boyish zeal and wrath, to the tenants and neighbors of the Lawrences. He had passed through the earthquake years, 1848–51. To them, one may be sure, a nature like Mr. Godkin's, always so intent upon the pageant of history in the making, would have transferred the saying that, in such an age, it was bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. "A sanguine eager lad of twenty," he appeared to himself as he looked back, in 1889, to the time when he went in London to his "rooms in Garden Court." "The building was gone," so he wrote at the later date of his visit to the Temple, "and a new and pretentious one was erected in its place — but the fountain was still playing, and the grass very green, as of old." With him in his rooms in the Temple was J. C. McCoan, later editor of the *Levant Herald*

at Constantinople. Another intimate of those days was a Belfast acquaintance, William M. Neill. The latter writes:—

> In the summer, we took rooms together at Richmond, within 200 yards of the Thames, and had much boating.

Not long after reaching London, Mr. Godkin got employment with the Cassells. His father's son was welcome in their publishing house. He wrote for their magazine, and was for a time its sub-editor. None of those first writings of Mr. Godkin are surely traceable now. In 1853, however, in his twenty-second year, he published a book which entitles us to say of him, as it was affirmed of Edmund Smith, "Though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities; and his earliest productions . . . may make gray authors blush." It was, no doubt, the stir of sympathy caused by Kossuth's visit which made a "History of Hungary" then seem timely in England. Mr. Godkin was engaged to write it. The preface bears date London, September 15, 1853.

The book was published in October by John Cassell. A second edition was brought out in 1856 by W. Kent & Co., 51 and 52 Paternoster Row. There was also an American edition of 1853, by Alexander Montgomery. The author disclaimed attempting anything more than a compilation, "in a popular form," of the history of Hungary as

written in "more or less familiar books." His "great aim" was "to convey a clear idea of the nature and origin of the late revolution." For the rest, "a history of Hungary which will satisfy all the requirements of criticism can never be written until her archives are in the hands of the rightful owners, and until the restoration of her liberties shall have enabled foreigners to study her institutions with the attention they merit."

If the young historian took at the time so modest a view of his performance, in later years the volume provoked a characteristic bit of self-depreciation. Writing on January 6, 1870, to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Godkin said: —

> You once expressed a desire to see a history of Hungary which I wrote at the ripe age of twenty-one — viz. in 1852. I have not seen a copy of it for a great many years, and, in fact, had forgotten what it was like. I lighted on a copy in a book-store — apparently a second edition, which was produced in 1856 — here yesterday, which I purpose sending you as throwing some light on my past, which I mourn, as having no Nortons in it. The preface, I am glad to find, is tolerably modest, but I am forced to admit that the philosophical reflections scattered through it are fearfully profound. Indeed, on looking through it, I am surprised that the production of so much wisdom at that early age did not exhaust me more.

Others would be more lenient than the author. The 380 closely printed pages of the "History of

Hungary," illustrated with quaint woodcuts, bear conclusive witness to the youthful writer's capacity for sustained industry. There is nothing juvenile about his grasp of material and march of narrative. And one encounters abundant premonitions, both in thought and style, of the man that was to come. Indignation at injustice, hatred of oppression, love of liberty, belief in self-government, blazed in the youth as they burned in the man. If there was, as Mr. Godkin humorously objected in his maturity, something too much of "rhetoric" in his first writings, they had, at any rate, a fine glow. Take this passage descriptive of Metternich, "one of the ablest high priests that ever ministered at the altar of absolutism": —

His ruling passion was a hatred of change; his great mission seemed to be to keep things fixed. He would have stopped the revolution of the earth on its axis if he could, and have placed all the sovereigns and nobility on the side next the sun, and placed a military cordon to keep the people in the darkness. The house of Austria had been remarkable long before his time for its steadfast adherence to the principle of immobility, but it was he who developed it into a policy and placed it in alliance with legitimacy and divine right. He worshipped facts — he hated opinions. He was constantly occupied in building fortifications between them. But whenever, in obedience to the eternal law of progress — a law which has witnessed the uprise and decay of whole dynasties of despots, and, like truth, will outlive them all — forced

him to give ground before the advancing tide of thought and civilization, he had cunning enough not to struggle against it. He yielded invariably with a good grace, and then set as diligently to work as ever to make intrenchments against another inroad, and, if possible, to make each step the last: building embankments on the seashore in a summer calm, and fondly imagining that because the water rippled noiselessly against their base, there was no fierceness in the winds and no might in the billows!

His early definition of "democrats," recorded in this volume, was "all those whose hopes and sympathies are not bound up in a party or class, but look for the welfare and progress of humanity as the goal of their striving." And here is a sentence which might as well have come from his pen in 1893 as in 1853: "We go to the expense of keeping up large fleets and armies for the purpose of maintaining our influence on the Continent as well as of defending our commerce and possessions; but when the time comes when that influence ought to be exercised for the benefit of humanity, we shrug our shoulders and look calmly on." But perhaps the most remarkable page, both for its actual and its prophetic significance, is that from which the following is taken:

In England and America there are thousands who profess to have the welfare of the human race at heart, to desire earnestly its growth in every virtue that can ennoble and dignify it. Their missionaries are to be found in every clime, laboring earnestly to spread the

knowledge of Him who brought liberty to the captive and light to the blind. But, strange to say, these men look upon the political condition of the Continent as a thing which, as citizens of a free state, they certainly must lament, but with which, as Christians, they have nothing to do. This is a deplorable fallacy. Hordes of savages, dancing before the images of their gods, form a less solemn and awful spectacle than great nations, amongst whom art and science and the elegances and luxuries of civilization have attained a high state of development, with their intellect paralyzed, their tongues tied, all liberty of action, save in the common and petty affairs of life, utterly denied them — their very thoughts forbidden to flow, save in smooth and narrow channels; every generous emotion repressed, and the base one of fear cultivated into an unnatural exuberance; all honorable incentives to energy and activity removed. The one is a wild forest, with its points of grandeur, sublimity, and beauty, which labor and diligence may make to blossom as the rose, but the other is a fruitful field overrun with hateful weeds, and showing the industry of generations of husbandmen wasted and gone for nought. The continental nations should be our allies in diffusing the blessings of Christianity and peace throughout the world. But how can they be so when countries like Hungary and Italy are prostrate at the feet of brutal soldiery, barbarians of the nineteenth century, as ferocious and unscrupulous as those of Attila or Genseric, as careless of truth and justice as if they worshipped Thor or Mars, instead of Him who first cancelled the law of might, and made love and justice our law for evermore? If peoples, governed as these are, were fertile in the qualities which make nations great,—in public spirit, moderation, enterprise, human-

ity, and high principle,—they would be as wonderful prodigies as the thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed in the midst of winter. These virtues are the products of liberty, of a free press, of equal law, and of self-government.

Another passage may be cited, not only as showing in what ink the pen of its youthful writer was dipped, but because it also refers to one who became a firm friend of his manhood. The American "traveller" was Charles Loring Brace.

Since the surrender of Comorn, the state of Hungary has been a sealed book to the rest of Europe. Extraordinary precautions have been taken by the Austrian authorities to prevent the entrance of any person coming from countries in possession of a constitutional government, or in which liberal views are known to prevail. One traveller, an American gentleman, managed to overcome the scruples of the police, and make his way into the interior; but although extremely guarded in his conversation and inquiries, he soon drew down on him the suspicion of the authorities, was arrested, tried secretly by court-martial, browbeaten and bullied by coarse and brutal soldiers, and at last thrown into a dungeon, where he might have remained for an indefinite length of time, if he had not found means of making known his position to the American consul, whose energetic remonstrances speedily procured his release, accompanied, however, by expulsion from the Austrian territories. He bore testimony to the utter prostration of the people under the grinding tyranny of military despotism, the extinction of literature, the daily and nightly terror caused by the spies who infested every corner of

the land, — the streets, the cafés, the salons, the hotels, and even the family circle, watching and treasuring each word as it fell, and laboring with devilish ingenuity to twist innocent expressions into seditious or treasonable allusions, — the ferocious insolence of the police, the unchecked brutality of the soldiery, the crowded state of the dungeons — crammed with wretches who had lingered in agony for months and years, untried, and in ignorance, not only of their accusers, but of the offences with which they were charged; the terrible cruelties practised in the fortresses, the torturings, the beatings with sticks, the daily fusillades on the glacis, and all the other horrors and enormities by which tyranny heaps outrage on humanity, and blasphemes God. But he bore testimony, too, to the reverence with which Kossuth's name and memory are treasured in the hearts of the people; to the pride with which they look back to that surpassing struggle in which the valor of their sons and brothers so long baffled the rage of despots, and fertilized the soil of every country with their blood; to their hatred of their oppressors, and their firm belief in the speedy advent of a day of terrible retribution.

The "History of Hungary" was not without honor in the country to which it was devoted. In 1854 Mr. Godkin travelled through Transylvania and Hungary and was warmly welcomed by many adherents of the revolution who had heard of his history. These Hungarian admirers presented him with a sword, still preserved. His literary spurs he had already won.

CHAPTER III

Mr. Godkin's service for two years as special correspondent in the Crimean War was a powerfully moulding experience. It helped to give him that realistic view of foreign lands and peoples which was, later on, to make so much of his writing vivid. Thrown young into a jumble of nationalities, made perforce an intimate of soldiers, diplomats, sailors, adventurers, correspondents, cooks, drivers, peasants, governors, inn-keepers, he brought away a varied series of clear-cut mental photographs. They never grew blurred. To no part of his life did he recur more frequently or with more gusto. Thus, writing from Milan in 1889, he remarked:—

> There were crowds of people promenading and listening to the band, and among the officers I saw the uniform of my dear old friend Crespi's regiment, the Cavalerie Legere d'Aosta, which is quartered here and was in the Crimea. The sight of it filled me with memories of thirty-five years ago, when he and I used to travel across the Balaclava Plain. *Sempre avanti Savoia!* (the motto of the regiment), I used to call out in joke when we rose into a gallop.

Again from Venice the same year:—

> By the way, I had a delightful little Crimean reminiscence again yesterday. I came in a narrow street on

other old friends, the Bersaglieri or riflemen of the old Piedmontese army, little men, with cocks' tails in their hats and dark green uniforms, who march always quick-step to the bugles. They were forming up to relieve the guard, and I followed them out into the piazza almost with tears in my eyes. I saw them go into action at the battle of the Tchernaya, to retake a bridge they had lost at daybreak. Govone and I were watching them together, our hearts in our mouths. They took it, but lost heavily, and I rode among their dead in the white, dusty highroad in the afternoon, and see it all now through the mists of thirty-five years.

Mr. Godkin's service in the Crimea fell at the age when the great driving impulses were forming within him. Vast military operations, with mighty political changes, were under his eye. His power of first-hand and independent judgment was continually being challenged and so strengthened. Remarkable men, motley peoples, passed in review before him. Excitement and danger had their savor for one of his temperament. Life-long friendships dated from those years. Indelible impressions were gained — chief of them, hatred of war. He had seen its horrors naked.

With all that we know and can imagine of Mr. Godkin's precocious and fascinating youth, it still remains a wonder that the *Daily News* should have selected him at twenty-two for such highly important work. His own account of the way he came to be singled out was as follows: —

Edwin Laurence Poulkin

Crimea
1853-1855

In 1853, while I was living in London, there were many threatenings of war on the horizon. England was beginning once more to be excited about the Eastern question, which was made up of two sub-questions: What was to become of the Greeks, and what was to become of the Turks? I wrote a letter to the *Daily News* advocating the claims of the Greeks to Constantinople. Why Mr. Knight Hunt, the then editor, accepted it and published it with a certain prominence, I never fully understood. My recollection of it is that it was mostly rhetoric and classical reminiscence. I was only twenty-two, and knew nothing about either Greece, or the Greeks, or Constantinople; but I was possessed of that common illusion of young men, that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought. I had enough to say, but it was not relevant. It was, however, good enough in Mr. Hunt's eyes to lead him to ask me to go to Turkey for the *Daily News*, if war broke out. It was declared a few days later, and I went to the Danube, where I saw the outbreak of hostilities.

It is probable, as Mr. Godkin's sister thinks, that other writings of his had fallen under the editor's notice — perhaps the "History of Hungary." However that may have been, the distinction was felt to be great. Young Godkin's family were proud of him. He himself regarded the post offered him as a great opportunity, eagerly to be embraced, to see the dry bones of the public law he had been studying clothed upon with flesh and blood; and he set off for the Continent in high spirits. His route was Paris to Marseilles to Constantinople. His passport

for "travelling on the Continent" was dated October 29, 1853. It is still preserved, and we are able roughly to time and place him by its successive *visés*. As hostilities were expected to break out in Bulgaria, by the Russians crossing the Danube, he quickly left Constantinople by steamer for Varna. Thence after three days he pressed on to Shumla. From there his letters were dated all through December, 1853. After that we find him at Kalafat and Widdin through the first three months of 1854. April 8 saw him at Rustchuk; and thereafter he spent his time following the larger movements at Bucharest, Eupatoria, Constantinople, Sevastopol, and so on, doing the full duty of a war correspondent, often in peril, repeatedly down with fever, but always alert, indefatigable, his knowledge all the while growing and his power of literary expression becoming more notable.

Space and proportion forbid too copious citations from his letters to the *Daily News*. They yield much light upon the Crimean War, but it is primarily for light upon the mental and moral development of their writer that they must here be searched. Turn, first, to his correspondent's note-book, yet in existence. It is filled with varied memoranda, often partly illegible, — jottings of events of the march or camp or siege or battlefield, stories, jokes, characterizations, scraps of poetry. A few specimens must suffice. Here, for example, is a part

of the entry for June 17, 1855, before Sevastopol: —

A picket of deserters came in.
The Lt. D. unfairly assigned for the attack.
Sir G. Brown, senior Genl. wished to lead!!
4" and Lt. D. to attack Redan.
Guards and 3", to act as reserve.
Three attacking parties of 400 each and three working parties of 800 each.
84 mines dug up (2 went off), at the attack on the quarries.
500 rounds a gun.
Victoria redoubt (French) firing two rockets.
At 2 o'clock only two Redan guns firing.
Malakoff do, battered sadly. About 3 it again became so calm that the smoke hung over everything & the Malakoff almost entirely ceased firing.
The heaviest fire from French left & our centre on the Redan.
About 10, shipping spared by request, sick, &c., steam up. About 3½, breeze up, — smoke off, and fire strong. Russ. weak. Rocket battery a few shots behind the (?)
Fire became brisk between M. and M.
Sir John Campbell 4" (or 3") killed.
Lord West, Lieut. Col. 20", Capt. Lee, 21", mortally wd.
Cause of failure at Redan.
Russ. found out our signal for attack on Redan, a blue flag in Malakoff after its capture. They put up a blue flag, etc., etc. Wooden grape shot. Lady on horseback, "how beautiful, how beautiful," etc.!!!

Less strictly military records are frequent:—

July 31st.

Omer Pacha and the charge at Balaclava.

Breakfast with Rapallo and his General.

Zouaves' theatre in the camp. Horrible fix for want of barley. Turk thinking we're keepers of quarantine.

May 12th, 1854.

Wrote a long letter to the D. N., May 31, regarding matters at Scutari and the future prospects of the army. The Banshee came in the morning with Lord de Ros, the oldest baronet in England, in reality a thrust-up, whipper-snapper about town, but now Quarter-master-General.

Oh England! oh my country! Bullied and dragged Col. Neale about from [illegible] oh, this slutten aristocracy! Country in beautiful bloom. Greatly amused by the Turkish sentinels. Sea bathing every day.

May 22d.

The big-wigs landed and drove round the town on Friday. The same evening at midnight they started for Shumla. What for? God only knows. Govone came down and dined with us, gave very amusing account of his presentation to St. Arnaud and Raglan. On the following day we went out to ride to the battery on the other side of the bay. Were very cordially received by the commander. He seated us on drums and served us with coffee sweetmeats. Complained greatly of the dilatoriness of the Allies. "Gelijih, gelijih," wanted to know, when the "Moscow" were besieging Silistria, why they were not led against them? These men do not appear to have an idea of the consequences of a defeat. The soldier who conducted us over the battery made the same complaint. He was a captain by the

way, and we gave him 10 francs bakshish. The battery is a splendid one, and is defended in the rear by block-houses. It commands a fine view of the bay. Had a very pleasant ride. Yesterday I rode up a lane to the hills at the back of the town. The scent and perfume and vegetation delicious, and the view glorious. A splendid country. The olive and the vine flourish, and almost every known fruit and plant, but no law, — no roads — nothing.

July 10th, Rustchuk, 1854.

It is now more than a month since I have written a line in my journal for a dozen reasons — the chief laziness. Learnt from Govone that Simmons and others had been making furious attempts at Shumla to have the Correspondents banished, but Omer Pacha, to his honor, refused to do so. So much for what Crespi, Govone's chum, calls "la classe officielle," consisting of Col. Dean and his staff and Symonds and his rascally and imbecile young ensign called Dymock. Symonds is a thorough humbug. He has all the airs and impertinence of a Jack-in-office, and is, I believe, as incompetent a Jackanapes as lives, which is one way of accounting for his hatred of the press. Mrs. Wrottesley told me at Varna some instances in which he lied bare-facedly to Genl. Burgoyne, stating falsely that he was the executor of certain plans. There seems to be a complete coolness just now between him and Govone, and I don't wonder. I have visited Giurgevo twice since coming here, the first time in company with Govone and his friends, Crespi and two Italians. We walked to the Turkish outposts, under a burning sun, and afterwards returned to the Hotel and had two bottles of iced champagne. Saw the honest Crowe looking very healthy and nasty.

Had a very pleasant day and came back late in the evening. We saw, on our way up the river, the body of a dead Russian floating, "paitcha," in pieces, as the boatman said. Was greatly delighted with the appearance of Giurgevo. Repeated my visit two or three days after, going on foot from the Island — an awful walk in the hot sun. Was near being stopped by the sentry, who addressed me as "Tchurbadji," but on my informing him I was an Englishman, and he was a *pesevenk*, he let me pass. Met Gardino, O'Reilly and all that party at the Hotel, drank two bottles of champagne, had some trouble in working off the effects before going to dine with Genl. Cannon. Found him very kind. Got an awful wetting in going to my lodgings. Slept in a wet shirt and put on damp clothes. In the morning came across to Rustchuk. Awoke with cold which next day was a violent fever and the next after a confirmed attack of tertian ague.

July 26th, 1854.

Came across to Giurgevo, established ourselves in a house once tenanted, I suppose, by a happy family. Found a few articles of furniture in the cellar. Two ladies' bonnets and a considerable number of papers. Managed to furnish one or two rooms very well.

July 27th, August 6th. Giurgevo.

Most furious hot weather. From bed to the café — from café to bed. Enjoying Govone's society very much. Have persuaded Hartmann the German poet to come and live with us. He arrived to-day.

August 10th.

Since my last note I have been suffering dreadfully from intermittent fever, brought on by a ride in the hot

sun from Giurgevo out to the Russian camp. We visited the house of a boyard Princess Steorza there, in a deserted village, which was one of the most terrible pictures of desolation I ever saw — everything smashed to atoms — I am describing it in the *Daily News*. This was the work of the Cossacks. Nothing of importance occurred afterwards. I lay in bed very ill and moped about more dead than alive. Had very amusing scene two days ago at the *locanda*. Several Europeans, Poles, English, &c., were there eating ices, and in came half-a-dozen Turks, Croats, and officers, and asked for onions, salt, and pepper. Refused. They then sent for them to the Bazaar and began eating them raw. Soon an odor arose which baffles description. A general outcry was raised by the Franks. The Commandant de Place was sent for, and, *en attendant*, the proprietor, who instantly flung the onions out of the window, and began to pour torrents of abuse in Valaque, alleging his house was for *nobile domine* and not for "canaille comme ça," etc., etc. The part of the Turks was taken by a young Wallach, who had been in the Ottoman service two months, and has his enthusiasm consequently fresh upon him. The row between him and the maître d'hôtel was frightful. In the meantime the Turks sent out the onions and apologized very freely, pleading ignorance of Frank usage, etc., but were very smartly reproved. The discussion which followed this scene led to some amusing details. When the four cannon were taken at Statieva, the Turkish officers ran off with the artillery horses, and refused to give them up, and were leaving the guns there, till Hedasi and other Poles got long sticks, and laid on them grandly, whereupon they cried, "Amaun, Amaun," and surrendered at once.

May 6th, 1854.

Arrived at Varna with the intention of going on immediately to Shumla, but on landing changed our minds, determined to settle at Varna for a while and send on Ali, Govone's servant, with corresponding instructions to Spero.

Walked about during the day with an old deaf French Colonel, a very clever and distinguished man, who got the cross of the Legion of Honor in Africa. His deafness threw him out of service, and he now prowls the world *en amateur*. Dined in the evening at Col. Neale's [Col. Neale was British consul at Varna] with Genl. Cannon (Bairam Pacha) and his distinguished but fat aide de camp, Col. Ogleby and Capt. Reynolds of the Banshee, and the correspondent of the *Times*,—Paton. Some of Reynolds' reminiscences were amusing, otherwise the dinner was uninteresting.

The Crimea letters reveal how early came to Mr. Godkin his power of original observation and pungent phrase. Writing from Shumla on December 14, 1853, he remarked, in commenting on the vile roads through a beautiful country: "Dame Nature, with all her accomplishments, has the reputation of being the worst road maker in the world." In the same letter, his description of a native wine which he essayed was that it was "a mixture of bad vinegar and cayenne pepper." Having to refer to the Alma River, he spoke of it as a stream that "so many brave men have immortalized, and so many bad poets have sung." Taking up the charge that Omer Pacha was an "adventurer," he writes:—

This epithet has always been a favorite one with old fogeydom, though what is the precise extent of the wickedness of which those to whom it is applied may be supposed guilty it is hard to say. If it means a person who seeks to turn his talents to the best account, in whatever part of the world he finds most suitable, the greater portion of the population of Great Britain and Ireland will come under the denomination — all the Scotchmen who migrate to London, all the Irish and English who find refuge in Australia and America, all the Englishmen who are to be found in the Austrian service, and their name is legion; and, in short, everybody, whether he ever stirs out of his own parish or not, who owes nothing to fortune, and leaves nothing in her hands which prudence, courage, and fortitude can wrest from her.

Nearly all the great names of history have belonged to adventurers. Hannibal was an adventurer, so were Cæsar and Pompey and Marius; so were Prince Eugène and Prince Rupert, and Raleigh, and Philip Sidney, and Cromwell; so was the elder Napoleon; so are all the scions of great houses, who make their way every year to India; so, in fact, is every one whose fortune was not made by his grandfather. No man who aims high can forever walk in the paths of milk and water *statu quo*. Wherever armies manœuvre, a soldier has a right to follow his profession, and be proud of it. Honor and merit are of no clime and no service; and nothing but sheer imbecility could blame a man for taking a step which has placed him in the command of a gallant army, and made him the champion of freedom, instead of killing time in a Viennese café as an Austrian major of dragoons, or inflicting the discipline of the stick upon the unfortunate Italians.

Before proceeding to extracts bearing upon military matters, a few may be grouped for the personal quality, whether of description or adventure: —

SHUMLA, Dec. 16, 1853.

I sent my letter of introduction to Omer Pacha the day after my arrival, and received an answer to the effect that he was ready to receive me at any moment. I accordingly set out immediately to his quarters, one of the best houses in the place, though in Europe it would be looked upon as poor enough, and passing through the gateway found myself in a court-yard, from which a staircase on the outside of the building led to the first floor. On ascending I found the lobby crowded with soldiers, officers, and hangers-on of every grade and profession, including many whose social status it would be rather difficult to define. On sending in my name by an orderly I was admitted at once into the general's apartment — a large room with a divan running round three sides of it. In the centre was a *mongol*, — a brazier filled with charcoal, — and at the upper end a huge fireplace, the architecture of which seemed to be a cross between the dome of a mosque and the dais in the throne-room of Buckingham Palace. Chairs or tables there were none. Omer Pacha sat on the divan, near the fire, with a long chibouk by his side, and surrounded by papers and letters. At a respectful distance were two or three Pachas, also with pipes, which, however, in accordance with Turkish official etiquette, they never touched until their superior had set them the example. He at once entered into conversation in French, which he speaks fluently, but with rather a strong German accent. Italian is his *forte*. The first thing that struck me on

seeing him was the singular ingenuity displayed by the French and English artists, who have undertaken to render his features familiar to the European public, in making their portraits so very unlike the original. Any of them that have come under my notice would serve just as well for memorials of the Emperor of China, or the Czar Nicholas, as of Omer Pacha. But independently of the false impression which they had left on my mind, I must confess that I found it somewhat difficult to realize the idea that I was actually in the presence of the redoubtable chief, whose name has been on every tongue for the last six months. Take away the huge moustachios, which half conceal his mouth, and the gray beard beneath it, and you might fancy at first glance yourself talking to a "fine old English gentleman," who had never performed any more warlike exploit than running down a fox. There is a kindly, good-humored gleam in his eye, an honest candor, which puts you at your ease, because you feel that he is so; not merely a rude soldierly frankness, but an approach to *bonhomie*, though without the smallest want of dignity. On a longer acquaintance you discover that the outlines of his face bear the impression of Herculean energy, and even of audacity, and there is a massiveness about the wrinkles even that nothing save a fierce struggle with time could have produced. If there be any truth in phrenology, one would say that his whole intellect was lodged in his forehead. In moments of excitement, when his eyes flash under the cover of his large eyebrows, as they sometimes do, even in ordinary conversation, his appearance reminds one more of a roused lion than any man's I ever saw. His manner is that of a polished gentleman — his courtesy untiring, his patience inexhaustible. His observations, even upon

topics which one would suppose possessed but little interest for him, bear evidence of great acumen and varied information. I was surprised by his accurate knowledge of English home politics, though when speaking on the subject with an Englishman, he shows some diffidence in pronouncing an opinion, and generally throws his remarks into an interrogatory form.

KALAFAT, Jan. 3, 1854.

One or two conclusions drawn from bitter experience I am treasuring up faithfully, for guidance on all future journeys. One is, never to stop longer in the first town than while the horses are being got ready; the other, never to travel without a kavass. You arrive at the end of a stage, hungry, tired, and sleepy, after having perhaps ridden twelve or fourteen hours; you dismount, and ask for a room. You are shown into a cold, dungeon-like apartment, through which the wind whistles as in a tent. Carpets are spread on the bare boards to serve as seats; a mongol is introduced for the purpose of warming you, which, however, generally misses its aim, and gives you a headache instead. You ask for eggs, for milk, for a fowl. The answer to all these requests is the same, "Gok, gok, gok," the Turkish equivalent for "No," which, however, seldom means that the articles in question are not to be had; for, in all probability, you have seen them exposed for sale in the bazaar as you rode through, but that the gentleman who keeps the khan has the greatest possible reluctance to go and get them. Having devoured anything that chances to be at hand, and expelled the mongol, you lie down for two or three hours, having, with great solemnity of manner, ordered the horses to be ready at the expiration of that time. "Pekye" (very well), says the postmaster.

"Pekye," repeats the surudji. You awake in the night, find you have overslept yourself, call lustily for the steeds, but find every one is in bed, and are coolly informed that the horses will be ready at daylight, or when the moon rises, or at some other remote and indefinite period. You storm, insist, and threaten, and at last the point is carried, and you go back to your room, to put on your coat and complete your preparations. Half an hour runs over, and no horses; you issue forth again, and find all the parties concerned seated cross-legged, smoking chibouks, and in blessed forgetfulness of you and your hurry. Another long and vociferous discussion may probably put you in the saddle. The only plan for a traveller to adopt to save himself from these annoyances is to wait in the stable till fresh horses are brought out, and, no matter how fatigued he may be, to mount at once and ride on to the nearest village. There he has the surudji completely under his control, can rest a while, and continue his journey at any hour of the night or day that pleases him, and is sure of comforts in the way of food and lodging which he has no chance of meeting with in the large towns. A kavass, a pacha's guard, a policeman, is absolutely necessary, not so much for protection from brigands, for there are none, but in order to ensure good horses at proper times, to procure shelter in the villages, and avoid delays and annoyance generally. Any one who travels without one, as we did, is apt to be looked upon as a person of no consideration, who may be fairly preyed upon.

WIDDIN, Jan. 24.

Let us take a peep into a Turkish post-office in a provincial town, that we may have a proper idea of the confusion and dismay in which a mass of correspondence

like this involves the postmaster. The house is a small wooden dwelling, perhaps but one story high, perhaps two, with the lower one occupied by stables and the upper one by the inmates. On the first landing, or in the lobby at the entrance, a curtain hangs down before a door, as is the custom in all Turkish dwellings which have any pretensions to more than ordinary consideration. You draw it aside, and find yourself in a room of middle size, with a divan, as usual, running round the walls, and on it, seated cross-legged, an old fat, bearded, dreamy-eyed Turk, chibouk in hand, lazily smoking, and saying never a word. Near him lie one or two baskets, each containing one or two letters; a mongol burns in the middle of the room, and perhaps a wood fire at the upper end of it. A stray friend perhaps drops in every hour through the day, takes off his slippers, squats himself on the divan, smokes a little, chats less, and takes his departure. As soon as the sun sets, the place is shut up, the fire and the mongol expire, and the postmaster drags his way, as well as his loose trousers and looser slippers will let him, to the society of his wife in some other part of the town, where some Fatima blooms for him alone in silence and seclusion, or else to that of one or two chosen companions, with whom he smokes till bed time. Such is the ordinary aspect of the post-office; and such is the ordinary life of the postmaster. At last the day comes on which the Constantinople post is expected. People drop in to inquire about it; he replies with unmixed satisfaction that it has not yet arrived; a good annoying delay is always a source of satisfaction to a good old Mussulman who loves old ways and walks in them. The roads are heavy — the kavasses and surudjis have spent longer than usual smoking in the villages, and anybody who expects a letter will have as much satisfaction in

reading it to-morrow as to-day. At last the post horses make their appearance, and lazily and slowly make their way to the post-office. Long before they have reached it, the news has spread through the town. The soldiers rush off, the pachas send off messengers, the Franks go themselves, and the whole mass pours into the postmaster's one room and surround him, and he, seeing that his retreat is cut off, abandons himself to his fate, and produces his packages of letters sealed up in brown paper, and opens them before the assembled crowd. The process of sorting them commences, and its originality would startle some of the gentlemen of St. Martin's-le-Grand. In the group probably there are 10 Achmets, as many Mustaphas, as many Alis, as many Mehemets, and there are dozens in the town besides. None of those have any surname, but are distinguished by the color of their beard, the shape of their noses, their height, or some other peculiarity in figure or feature. Where the personal appearance of any two, three, or four Achmets or Mustaphas happens to coincide in these points, the difficulties in the way of an official charged with the delivery of the epistolary correspondence become rather serious, particularly when we take into account that there may be a hundred individuals in the neighborhood boasting the same appellation whose hair, or beard, or eyebrows he has had no opportunity of inspecting. When we add to this that each Ali, and Mustapha, and Achmet is clamorous for all the letters of all the Alis, and Achmets, and Mustaphas, and won't take any denial, and that the mail numbers, perhaps, three hundred letters in a dozen packages, and that there is nobody to open and distribute them but the one unfortunate postmaster seated on the ground, we may form some idea of the singular mist which at this moment is likely to pervade

his faculties. To a person entering the room, after operations have fairly commenced, he is not visible. On penetrating a little way through the living mass, he is seen hastily and nervously opening the packages, and inspecting the addresses of the letters through an enormous pair of spectacles, and then endeavoring to sort them by making the inside of his vest, the under side of the cushions, and of his own person, and the lining of the divan serve the purpose of pigeon-holes, though it is evident that he is so confused by the cries and adjurations of those around him, that he is making the arrangement upon no known principle whatever, neither alphabetical, physiognomical, local, or any other. Numbers of them tumble about the floor, and remain there till two or three of the bystanders pick them up, and pass them among the crowd. At last some impatient individual, who for the last five or ten minutes has been stoutly maintaining that each letter which appeared was undoubtedly for him, declares his intention of waiting no longer, and, encouraged by the plaudits of the throng, makes a descent upon the mail, and carries off a basketful to the other side of the room, whither he is followed by a large number of expectant waiters, and immediately commences an examination of the spoil, perfectly indifferent to the protests of the postmaster, who threatens to complain to the pacha, besides inflicting personal injuries of a dangerous nature upon the "party" who has thus interfered with him in the discharge of his duties. He continues for some minutes to sort and remonstrate, occasionally handing the letter of an official to a servant in waiting; but at last, rising to the height of the situation, he jumps up, casts aside his chibouk, and, without waiting to put on his slippers, rushes across the room, apparently with the intention of taking the offender by the throat, and

strangling him on the spot. Happy moment for the "assistants," as the French would say, whom he has left behind. They all immediately fling themselves upon the mails, one seizes one bundle, another another, and they carry them off in different directions to sort the contents at their leisure outside, perhaps on the lobby, or the staircase, perhaps under a gateway in the courtyard. Each man having selected his own, and such others as he takes a fancy to, the rest are left in a basket on the spot, to undergo a similar process at the hands of the next comers, and if the postmaster happens to pass out that way in the course of the day he picks them up and brings them in.

KALAFAT, Jan. 31.

It is greatly to be regretted that at the moment when his services are most needed, Iskender Bey, one of the best officers in the Turkish army — who commanded the outposts — should be confined to his bed by severe illness at Widdin. In the action at Csitate he was riding furiously down the street of the village, heading a charge of his troops, when the horse of a Cossack, who was advancing to meet him, was struck by a round shot, and fell immediately in front of him; Iskender Bey's continued its course, and leaped over the prostrate bodies of the Russian and his horse; but when in the act of doing so, the latter attempted to rise, and Iskender Bey was thrown violently, and he and the Cossack and their two steeds rolled over and over in the mud. He had no sooner regained his feet than he found himself in the grasp of a Russian soldier, who called on him to ask for quarter, to which he replied by a blow of his sabre, which prostrated his assailant in the mud. He was enabled to retire in safety by the advance of a body of bashi buzuks, but found that his ribs had been dislo-

cated, and that he had sustained severe internal injury. He remained at his post for a few days, but at last was compelled to give way, as he was no longer able to mount his horse, and came to Widdin and put himself under the care of the surgeon. Both in appearance and in antecedents he is decidedly the most remarkable man in the Turkish army. He is about the middle height, but rather muscular, and symmetrical; his hair and beard are coal black, but, if possible, not nearly so black as his eyes, which flash like fire under dark, overhanging brows; a long and slightly curved nose, a small mouth, thin lips, and high forehead, and a complexion bronzed by the sun and wind, combine to form one of the most striking physiognomies I have ever looked upon. He is of Tartar origin, and a Mussulman by birth, and is owner of large estates in Bessarabia, but has been in political exile ever since he attained the age of manhood. Personal taste and family traditions made him a soldier, hatred of Russia made him a soldier of fortune, and, as might be expected, there have been few wars in any part of the world for twenty years in which he has not taken part. He served with distinction in the Carlist war in Spain and the Dom Pedro war in Portugal, in both of which he was famed for his dashing courage as a cavalry leader. Such was his character for determination that while in Spain he was appointed to the command of a legion called *Légion Provisoire*, composed of all the *mauvais sujets* of the army, cut-throats and brigands from every clime under heaven, who were found intolerable in the company of decenter men. This legion soon acquired the habit of killing their officers, so that at last no one could be got to command them, except Iskender Bey, then Count Illinsky. He no sooner found himself in his new post

than he took the initiative by killing three men on the spot, who gave signs of insubordination. Everybody was expecting each day to hear of his death, but his troops, finding the sort of man they had to deal with, gave up their old practices, and followed him in action with unconquerable valor and devotion. He left Spain and Portugal with eleven crosses of various orders; 1836 found him at the famous siege of Herat, in Persia, during the Russo-Persian difference, which excited so much interest in our Indian possessions. The Chinese war drew him to Canton, where he was a spectator of the hostilities from beginning to end. He then entered the French service in Algeria, and was present in most of the actions with Abd-el-Kader, and likewise shared in the dangers and disasters of the terrible retreat from Constantine. He left the French army with the star of the Legion of Honor; and in 1848 took service in the Hungarian war of independence, under his old companion in arms, General Bem. The treachery and misfortunes of 1849 sent him into Turkey, with a crowd of others. He quickly obtained employment, and bore a prominent part in the campaigns in Bosnia and Montenegro — in the former he commanded a division of the Turkish army which defeated a vastly superior force of the insurgents, and captured a large number of their guns. This service was most important, as it inflicted a blow on the Bosnians from which they never recovered. The government evinced its gratitude by raising him to the rank of pacha, but Austria and Russia jointly protested against his elevation, and he relieved the Sultan from his embarrassment by voluntarily relinquishing his new dignity. He now bears the grade of colonel of cavalry, and has had the command of the outposts at Kalafat — though

nominally second to Muzur Pacha, the son of Reschid Pacha, who, though quite a boy, and without experience, is a brigadier of cavalry, but has the good sense never to attempt to perform the duties attached to his rank. Iskender Bey is not above forty years of age, but war and weather and fourteen wounds have done their work so well that he looks fully ten years older. As a horseman and *sabreur* he has but few equals and probably no superior in Europe. He is idolized by the soldiery rather for his brilliant courage than anything in his manner. When he first took the command of the outposts, so high was the opinion entertained in Turkey as well as in the rest of Europe of the capabilities of the Cossacks, that the Turkish troops viewed them with considerable apprehension. When the videttes saw two or three approaching, they were in the habit of rushing to Iskender Bey and reporting the circumstance as one of deep import. He dissipated their illusions by a very simple process. Whenever he received news of the appearance of two, three, or four, he mounted on horseback, rode out, and, in sight of his men, flung himself into the midst of them, sword in hand. They seldom waited his onset, and whenever they did, found reason to regret it; but a few displays of this sort were sufficient to convince the soldiers that a courageous man with a good sabre had nothing to fear from the Cossacks, who in reality are only useful as scouts, and generally take care to keep themselves out of reach of danger.[1]

[1] Iskender Bey seemed to have taken a fancy to me, and on the eve of any important affair seemed to think it polite to presume that I had joined his force in the hope of participating in desperate fighting. He used to say, "Venez avec moi, mon cher; je vous menerai dans un endroit bien chaud." (From a later note of reminiscence by Mr. Godkin.)

VARNA, May 12.

About a month ago I spoke in one of my letters of the shameless mendacity of the German papers, but confined myself to a general allusion, and refrained from entering into any details, though I might have filled columns with them. I observe, however, that the Austrian journals, and, above all, the *Wanderer* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, continue to manufacture falsehoods regarding the operations on the Lower Danube, with an effrontery which I have never seen paralleled, and which can only be prompted by vile motives. Your readers will excuse my calling your attention once more to the subject. Every European here at the seat of war is every week astounded to find the English public on tiptoe of expectation waiting to hear the details of battles of which no one in Bulgaria has ever heard, and of skirmishes said to have taken place where there are no troops. Last January, a "Krajova correspondent" of the *Wanderer* described as an "eye-witness" sanguinary engagements which had taken place in and about Kalafat on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of that month, after the affair of Csitate. There was not a shot fired on any one of those days; and in spite of the accurate and detailed accounts given by the correspondents of more than one English journal, these imaginary battles continued to be recounted in the Paris papers for a month afterwards. You must know better than I how many times the Viennese news-mongers have made Omer Pacha cross the Danube, and set Bucharest on fire — how many bloody attacks the Turks have made, according to them, on Krajova. The absurd story of the burning of Bucharest was swallowed by the *Times*. Not only this, but they have invented commanders who do not exist in the Turkish army, and put

them in command of enormous masses of ethereal troops. The *Wanderer* on one occasion described a terrible night combat here between the Russian troops and a body of 4,000 Turks under Colonel Mirolai, in a village near Kalafat. I need hardly say that at the period in question there were no Turkish troops in the said village, and that the conflict never took place, and that there is no such person as Colonel Mirolai, "mirolai" being neither more or less than the Turkish word meaning colonel. The *Viennese Medical Journal* receives letters from an imaginary doctor in the Turkish army, written in a calm, solemn, and philosophical tone from Kalafat, but evidently by some one who has never seen either Kalafat or Widdin, nor a single Turkish soldier, in his life. He describes hospitals at Kalafat that don't exist, and actually in a recent letter took upon himself to contradict the well-ascertained fact of Omer Pacha's illness, and to declare that he had just galloped past his (the surgeon's) tent at Kalafat, "with a suite more brilliant than was ever seen in Turkey." You are doubtless aware that, except for a short visit to Roustchouk, Omer Pacha has not left Shumla this winter, and has never been at Kalafat since it was occupied by the Turks. The next exploit of our German cousins was the announcement of the death of Colonel Dieu, a French officer of état-major, who is at present at Shumla assisting Omer Pacha, while making reconnaissance in the Dobrudscha; and this shameless falsehood was actually followed up by a touching tribute in a leading article in the *Times* to the deceased gentleman's bravery and attainments. Colonel Dieu had luckily taken prompt measures to convey to his family a contradiction of the report. This is not the first time during this war that this trick has been played.

VARNA, May 19.

The class that succeeds in carrying off appointments here is composed of persons with "an eye for the main chance," who are by no means blinded by romance or exasperated by hatred against Russia, but enter the Turkish army as if it were a genteel speculation. They reach Constantinople with powerful letters of introduction for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe or General Baraguay d'Hilliers, are received by the Turkish government "with smiles that might as well be tears," as though it does not want them, and forthwith invests them with commissions, and sends them off to the army. Men who hold the rank of sergeants at home become thus in one jump captains; captains become colonels, and sometimes even pachas, with rations for half a dozen horses and men and pay that would astonish an archbishop, and, better still, which is told down with the most scrupulous regularity, as the pride of the Turks makes them provide for the foreigners, let them suffer as they may themselves. It is quite true that the Ottoman army would be the better of a good mixture of foreign officers, but there ought to be great care exercised in selecting them. They should be men who speak the language well, who know the East and its people, and who have been accustomed to training and leading half-barbarous troops. A Frank would need all these qualifications and many more to make a Turk respect and follow him as he would his own countryman, but, even for decency's sake, he should have that at least. Instead of this many of these newcomers know and care nothing about the Turks or their army, do not even know the sound of the language, and, in more than one instance, have never seen a shot fired. They are sent to Shumla

or to Asia to place themselves at the disposal of the commander-in-chief; but he has no orders for men who can't execute them, nor communicate them to others; and they consequently find themselves leading a life of inglorious ease, but, being well paid and well fed, this circumstance does not prey on their spirits. Owing to the great numbers of these gentry, I have no fear that these remarks will bear any appearance of personality. I forbore noticing this monstrous abuse of their influence, daily perpetrated by the English and French embassies, as long as its results appeared only in a few isolated cases, but the evil has now reached such a pitch, that it is impossible to pass it over without remark.

VARNA, May 27.

When General Bosquet came here from Gallipoli a few weeks ago on his way to Shumla, the contrast between his French activity and vivacity and the Bulgaro-Turkish phlegm and *sang froid* formed a spectacle such as has not been witnessed in Varna within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." He rushed about on foot from place to place, inspecting everything, turning everything and everybody topsy-turvy, asking innumerable questions, and, in short, completely bewildering everybody from the pacha to the private soldier. He had all the troops paraded, and made a minute inspection of their arms and accoutrements, trundling them and their officers about like so many footmen, with an amount of assurance never before, I believe, displayed by a European. He called upon them to produce their ammunition, and an inspection of the contents of the cartouche box was not sufficient; those of the knapsacks had to be examined as well.

There was nothing to be remarked as regarded either, whether in praise or blame, but he took occasion to inform them that in France the soldiers always wrapped their cartridges in pieces of oil cloth, so as to protect them effectually against damp or any other injury, and then in a loud voice ordered the interpreter to inform the men *qu'un soldat doit conserver ses munitions comme il conserve sa maîtresse.* It is easier to imagine than describe the sensation produced by this announcement, as any allusion to the fair sex in Turkey is always objectionable. Hardly had the audience recovered from the effects of this giaour metaphor, when the gallant officer declared that when his division came here, he would sweep all the streets, give them names, number all the houses, bring the water of the lake into the town, and finally order his bands to play every evening, and make all the women dance to the music. *Je ferai danser ces femmes — je les ferai gaies.* He then turned round and suddenly commenced haranguing the Egyptians in Arabic, and took his departure, leaving everybody dumfounded. From considerations of humanity, it is to be hoped he will never have an opportunity of carrying his threats into effect, as I am persuaded most of the inhabitants would never survive the cleaning of the streets, numbering of the houses, and seeing their wives and daughters capering about to the sound of the last waltz, in company with little red-trousered chasseurs.

VARNA, May 31.

The French were brought in in boat-loads. Turkish soldiers ranged along the pier helped them to land by handing the men up with as much delicacy as if they had been ladies, and carried off their knapsacks and

muskets with great apparent gusto. The Zouaves, above all, excited the curiosity and admiration of the assemblage; their fez caps, bronzed features, and wide Oriental trousers gave them the air of true believers, and they were more than once asked if they were not Arabs — a supposition which received some support from the little brass crescent and star which they wear on the breast of their jackets. They were all soon after marched off and quartered in barracks. Next morning they made their appearance in loose linen fatigue dress, marching to the sound of the drum, and forthwith set to work with true French activity to prepare timber for making a pier for the landing of the troops and stores. This timber chanced to be lying to the west of the town upon the sandy beach between the sea and the lake, of which I have already more than once spoken. To bring it to the site of the intended jetty, it was necessary to pass it across a stream about two or three feet deep, by which the waters of the lake discharge themselves into the bay. One or two dozen men in the twinkling of an eye divested themselves of their nether integuments, and plunged in. Each beam was passed from hand to hand, till it reached the bank and was then seized upon by those in the water, and rolled across amidst shrieking, yelling, laughing, and splashing, which half-scandalized, half-astonished the grave Mussulmans, who had congregated on the spot to witness the operations. Every two or three minutes some unlucky wight would miss his footing, and roll over, and then rise dripping to resume his work amidst the derisive shouts of his comrades. Preparations for so deadly a game as war were certainly never ushered in by so much fun and gayety. I was greatly struck by the contrast which all this presented to the

demeanor of the English sappers. There has seldom occurred a better opportunity for comparing the happy mercurial temperament of the Gaul with the sober, plodding silence in which the Englishman does his duties. Twenty yards from this scene of merriment thirty or forty sappers were wheeling off spades, pickaxes, scaling ladders, and sacks of biscuit with as much solemnity and decorum as if each man had been digging his own grave, and had his thoughts fixed on the next world. Not a word spoken except in whisperings or mutterings, as load after load was borne off to its destination. I am certain that under this outward impassibility of manner, this apparent indifference to or freedom from excitement, there lies more dogged determination, more of "the courage never to submit or yield," which alone can achieve great enterprises, and leave behind lasting effects, but it certainly wants the charm which the Frenchman's gay and happy spirit throws over everything around him. There is a positive pleasure in asking one of these French soldiers a question; he replies with an air of innate politeness, is evidently charmed to be able to let you know all about it, delighted that you should feel any interest in the subject, tells you all about himself and his regiment, and when he quits you, leaves behind him the impression that he is a gentleman of nature's own making. An English soldier, on the contrary, in most instances, appears, as indeed do only too many Englishmen of greater pretensions and higher rank, to desire to make you feel that in answering any of your questions he is conferring a signal favor upon you, and that you are an ignorant brute not to have known all about it, without asking him at all. So much for manner.

VARNA, July 8.

In front of the escort was almost every Eastern celebrity of the day — all the men whose names have for the last year been on every tongue, and who have played and are playing the leading parts in the tedious drama which is now dragging its slow length along before our wearied gaze — Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, Lord Raglan, Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Forey, Bosquet, and Canrobert, Prince Napoleon, Colonel Rose, Colonel Neale, &c. But at the head of all, the observed of all observers, the centre of all eyes' attraction, rode Omer Pacha. Never, as Burke said of Marie Antoinette, have my eyes rested on a more delightful vision. His uniform surpassed and outdid all I have ever yet seen of gaudiest, gayest, and most brilliant. No theatrical king or hero, let the tinsel be lavished ever so unsparingly on his costume, ever shone so resplendent. His coat, from the throat to the skirts, both behind and in front, was a mass of gold, and two heavy massive epaulettes of the same resplendent ore crowned each shoulder. To analyse, to describe in detail, is impossible; all evidence of art, of taste, of ingenuity, was lost in a great and splendid display of wealth. The cloth was nowhere visible in front and rarely behind. The plate on the crown of his fez was of solid gold. Diamonds of the purest water shone like stars in the hilt of his sabre. His trousers were white, and his feet rested in golden stirrups. The bridle was so rich, so bedecked with everything costly, that any attempt at description would be thrown away. His horse was a small gray, whose slender limbs, light springy step, delicate coat, small elegant head, flashing eyes, and distended nostrils, bespoke the purest blood of the desert; and as he danced along, scarce touching the

ground with his hoofs, his neck gracefully arched, and his large dark eye beaming mingled fire and gentleness, one could easily fancy him conscious that he bore on his back the fortunes of a great empire. The general had Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud on his right and left hand; the crowd of minor generals were immediately behind, and then came the mass of officers of all ranks, grooms, chiboukgis, hussar orderlies, and a party of the French spahis, in their red cloaks and snowy bournous. As the glittering cortege passed on towards the troops, those who did not form part of it drew up on each side, and saluted Omer Pacha by taking off their hats. Trifling as is this homage, when paid spontaneously by a great crowd of strangers in the open air, it has its value, and it was certainly never bestowed upon a more worthy object. There are few men, if any, in Europe who hold a position so elevated, and not one who has shown himself better suited to his duties and his position. He bore the burden and heat of the day, and was firm and resolute when Europe was filled with doubts. This scene was his triumph — the finest troops in the world before his as his allies, his enemy in flight across the Danube, and a crowd of men who never saw him before, and perhaps will never see him again, collected from remote corners of the globe upon a wild Bulgarian plain, bowing to the greatness of his name.

BUCHAREST, Aug. 13.

I have now to refer to a matter mainly of personal interest. I was seated in my room writing yesterday morning, when the proprietor of the hotel entered, followed by three officers of Wallachian gendarmerie, and informed me, as I understood him, that these gentle-

men had been sent by Zadyk Pacha to bring me to his quarters for the purpose of giving me a house to live in. Five months ago I called on him at Shumla, with a letter of introduction from Iskender Bey, conversed for an hour, took my leave, quitted Shumla, and never met with him since. Having had no opportunity of recalling myself to his remembrance, I concluded he had forgotten me; but it must be remembered that I am well known to all the officers of his staff and, in fact, to nearly every European officer in the Turkish service. I supposed, therefore, that he was anxious to show some attention to Captain Maxwell. My companion and myself felt quite grateful for it, and informed the officers I would follow them directly, and made my preparations for going out accordingly. They inquired likewise for Mr. Hartmann, the correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette*, whose name is probably familiar to many of your readers as one of the principal German poets of the day. He had travelled with us from Giurgevo, and I concluded the same favor was about to be extended to him, and consequently gave his address (he was staying at the house of a friend) without the slightest hesitation.

This done, the officers walked outside, as if to wait for me. In a few minutes I passed out to the lobby, and found Captain Maxwell with his revolver buckled on, and in a state of great excitement. He then informed me that the officer of the police had intimated to him that he must make haste, as he had orders to take him by force if necessary. The truth was then apparent; my delusion about the house was dissipated in a moment. I had mistaken the meaning of what the hotel keeper said; these men were come to arrest us. I looked out of the window; there were two carriages and some cavalry soldiers in the courtyard. We now inquired on

what authority we were arrested. Zadyk Pacha's? Had the English consul backed the warrant? No. Was he aware of this proceeding? No. You are aware that, by conventions over and over again renewed and confirmed between the Porte and every European state, Franks, of whatever nation, are exempt from the jurisdiction of the Turkish authorities, and can only be arrested or imprisoned by authority of their respective consuls. This is a wise and necessary arrangement, as a European would otherwise have no protection against wild and brutal fanaticism, as there is no system of law in Turkey but the Koran, which is made for the benefit of Mussulmans and the detriment of infidels, and is administered by the cadis, the most corrupt, degraded, and fanatical body in the Ottoman empire. This even is the best view of the case. The law best known is the arbitrary will of the Pacha, under which no European would or could live for two months with safety either to life or property.

My arrest was, consequently, clearly illegal, and, in common with Captain Maxwell, I determined to resist it as far as my means would allow, and to yield only to superior force. I announced this to the officer of gendarmes, told him I was an Englishman, that my passport was at the police-office *en règle*, and warned him not to meddle with me. I concluded he would immediately have sent to his chief for fresh instructions. He did nothing of the kind, but mounted guard at the door. I saw that in this way the matter might hang on without anything decisive taking place all day. I determined to bring it to a crisis, and accordingly ordered my horse to be saddled. When he was brought to the door I mounted him, and was preparing to ride off, first, to inform Mr. Hartmann, who has a

French passport; and, secondly, to apprise the English consul, when a cavalry soldier seized the bridle rein and refused to allow me to pass. I warned him off by a gesture twice, but he persevered, and I then unbuttoned the holster of my pistol, and was about to draw it, and if need be to use it in defence of my personal liberty, and on seeing this he instantly loosed his hold and ran away.

I confess to having made it a settled point in my own mind, from the outset of this affair, that I would not be taken by Wallachian soldiery. These men have been raised by Russia, are clothed *à la Russe*, are officered by Russian agents, are the slaves of slaves — Russian to-day, Turks to-morrow, Austrians the day after — do none of a soldier's duties, and feel none of his virtues, and are altogether as great a mass of vileness and degradation as one can easily meet with. Once released I started off at a gallop, followed by two lancers. En route my pistol jumped out of the holster and left me without arms; and having a very limited acquaintance with the town, I speedily lost my way, and, for want of anything better to do, began to promenade up and down the streets, the lancers still at my heels. When I galloped, they galloped — when I walked, they walked — when I trotted, they trotted. I repeatedly turned short round, and rode right between them, but no attempt was made to capture me. The inhabitants, in the meantime, crowded to the doors and windows and seemed to relish the spectacle highly, and I soon began to enjoy it myself, and determined to ride back to the hotel and ask Captain Maxwell to mount and accompany me. He prepared to do so, and in the meantime we held a consultation, and determined to go straight to the English consul, having this time taken a man to show us the way. We had not

reached the gate of the courtyard when five infantry soldiers entered with fixed bayonets and barred the passage, while my two friends, the lancers, took up their posts in the gateway. We were separated from the street on two sides solely by a low wooden paling, and an immense crowd had assembled to look on, which was every moment augmented by the people coming home from church. We pulled up when we arrived at the point of the bayonets, naturally enough, and the soldiers then disposed themselves in a circle round us, keeping their weapons pointed against us in a charging attitude, and with a very amusing display of martial ardor. My horse plunged slightly and instantly received a thrust in the neck from the man nearest me, but happily without sustaining much injury, or, in fact, any; but this act of barbarity so enraged Captain Maxwell that he drew his revolver and declared that if it were repeated he would fire.

The hands of our guards on seeing this instantly flew to their cartouche boxes, but they were unable to open them and one of their comrades then went round behind them and performed that duty for them; they now proceeded to load, first holding up the cartridge that we might see the ball, just as a company of the line would do with a couple of thousand rioters in England, and proceeded to load with uncommon energy, all the while swaggering, threatening, and abusing. We now called for the officer commanding the party, to ask him to listen to reason, and conduct us to the British consul, and put a stop to this gross and public outrage upon two English gentlemen. But he had, from the commencement of the affair, ensconced himself behind the paling in the midst of the crowd, and had blood been shed would doubtless have disclaimed all responsibility, and thrown

it on the soldiers, whom he left without orders. I could distinguish the top of his Russian calpac above the heads of the others, and called to him repeatedly, but in vain. I then asked the hotel keeper, a German, who acted as our interpreter, and behaved admirably throughout, to inform him from me, that I would kick him up and down all the leading thoroughfares in Bucharest. In vain, he never stirred; Captain Maxwell next declared he would give him an indefinite number of *soufflets* in all the leading fashionable promenades, and generally whenever we met him, and we then severally defied him on foot and on horseback, in city and in field, in tilbury and steamboat, and applied to him every epithet that could possibly rouse a military man into action, *poltron, lâche,* &c., but all in vain. He began about this time to talk and gesticulate to those around him, and, as I afterwards learned, was doing a little political propagandism — asking what business we had here, could we not go home and make a *tapage,* that Wallachia was for the Wallachians, &c.; I have no doubt, as he is a Russian at heart, he felt a secret pleasure in humiliating us. We next wrote a note to the consul, Mr. Colquhoun, on our cards, and, addressing ourselves to the crowd, asked any one who could speak French to take or forward it for us. A gentleman immediately entered the gateway, but was not suffered to approach us. This lasted for about three-quarters of an hour or more, and at the end of this time the Préfet de Police arrived in a carriage, ordered away the soldiers, and apologized to us over and over again for what had occurred — he was *"désolé," "désespéré," "bien fâché,"* assured us it was all owing to a mistake, that had he known who we were he would have acted in a very different manner, but that nevertheless he had acted in obe-

dience to orders — the orders of Zadyk Pacha, a copy of which he showed. It had been delivered to him by an aide-de-camp at two o'clock in the morning, and he was urged to execute it with the utmost despatch. I enclose a copy of it:—

"A Monsieur Rossetti, Préfet de Police, à Bucharest.

"Monsieur le Préfet,—D'après l'ordre suprême donné par son altesse le géneralissime à S. E. Zadyk Pacha, trois individus nommés Moxolet, Gavenkin, et Hatman, qui séjournent illégalement à Boukarest, doivent être le plutôt possible découverts par le police, arrêtés et livrés à S. E. Zadyk Pacha, Commandant de Boukarest. S. E. outre les noms, n'a reçu aucunes indications de ces individus. Recevez, M. le Préfet, &c.,

"J. Pitoja, Capitaine.

"Boukarest, le 31 (O.S.) Juillet, 1854."

You will observe that all the names are wrongly written, and that there is but a very faint attempt at mine, and that at the very moment that we were thus designated, "*trois individus nommés*," or, in other words, three vagabonds, our passports were lying at the police-office. The police were accordingly sent to hunt us down, as if we had really been what his Excellency was pleased to describe us, no one ever thinking of looking over the passport list at the police-office, and making any more minute inquiry about us. In the meantime, having no trace of us but our names, the police found themselves at fault, and M. le Préfet was compelled to address a report to Zadyk Pacha, craving a little indulgence, on account of the great difficulty, with a badly organized police, of finding individuals of whom he had no trace but the name, "*vagabonds sans domicile*," as he termed us. Zadyk Pacha expressed as much regret about what

had occurred as any one else, but still refused to see us, and pleaded his order from the generalissimo, which came to him in the simplest possible form as his excuse. In the meantime he had no alternative, he said, but to send us on to Halim Pacha, who was encamped outside the town at about a league's distance. Carriages were ordered to be got ready for us, and one of his aides-de-camp was ordered to accompany us. Mr. Hartmann, hearing of our arrest, had in the meantime come in and surrendered himself. Colonel Symmons in the meantime arrived, as also the Belgian consul, under whose protection British subjects still remain, Mr. Colquhoun, though he has returned here, not yet having hoisted his flag.

To them we gave an account of the whole affair, and lodged in the hands of the consul a formal written protest against our arrest, our forcible detention, and removal; this done, we started for the camp. Halim Pacha is a coarse, uneducated man, who has risen from the lowest grade to his present position, like many other Pachas, God knows how. Col. Symmons and the consul therefore found great difficulty in conveying to him their opinion that our arrest was a scandalous outrage, likely to do great injury to England and Turkey, and give cause of rejoicing to their enemies; and in making him understand what they meant when they protested against the whole proceeding. He was for some time in doubt whether we were really British subjects or not, as, of course, he could not read our passports; but, when the matter had been thoroughly hammered into his brain, he got frightened, begged of us to go to Giurgevo of our own free will, and see Omer Pacha, &c. We declined unanimously going at all unless compelled by force, and then under escort; and he in his turn declined to adopt these measures. The result was that all parties agreed

to write to Omer Pacha, and we remained at liberty, on parole, until an answer returns. Thus the matter stands at the departure of the post.

You will now look for my opinion as to the cause of all this. When first arrested, I had not the remotest idea. From what I have heard I have since gathered that Omer Pacha was most anxious that no one should go from Giurgevo to Bucharest, and, above all, no journalist. I never attempted to start, nor did my companions, until I had received an assurance from Colonel Dymock, Colonel Symmons's aide-de-camp, originating with Colonel Symmons himself, that the road was open and I might go where I liked. I was confirmed in this belief by the videttes letting us pass so easily, as videttes are supposed to know their orders. No obstacle was placed in our way by the authorities here. The next charge against us, that we did not get our passports viséd at Giurgevo. If I were in Austria, or in Russia, or in France, and this accusation were brought against me, I would at once cry peccavi, and submit without a murmur to the consequences of my negligence. But in Turkey, where there is no police, no rules, no known law, — in Turkey, where I have travelled for eight months, from town to town, often in the presence of the enemy, often without a teskeric or passport, always without visés, and without ever once being stopped or questioned, — this charge becomes ridiculous. I always found it sufficient to say I was an Englishman, to secure civility and attention. I crossed from Rustchuk to Giurgevo, passed all the sentinels without pass or passport, obtained quarters from the commandant without any police formalities, because he knows me well, as does nearly every Turkish functionary in Bulgaria who speaks French. Several persons, some English and journalists, had entered

Bucharest before us, without passports, and no attempt had been made to molest them. And let it be remembered that a thousand newspaper correspondents might enter on the Transylvania side without let or hinderance.

I am writing this letter without any *arrière pensée*, and I shall now touch upon a subject which I never would have alluded to but for this unfortunate affair. Before England and France had declared themselves openly for Turkey, and when both were still vacillating, nothing could exceed the cordiality with which newspaper correspondents were received by the Turkish government and by Omer Pacha. Every facility was afforded them, every possible attention was shown them. When England and France declared war, they began to be treated more coolly, and this coolness became quite frosty when roving jacks in office from England began to make their way up to Shumla.

Lord de Ros, the Quartermaster-General, who makes no secret of his monomania on the subject of the press, did all in his power to prejudice Omer Pacha against us, he even implored him to send us away, and pointed out in a most feeling manner the prodigious evils that resulted from our presence. These representations were backed up by others who ought to have known better, and who, as Englishmen, ought to have been ashamed to talk thus to a foreigner of the greatest glory of their country, — the newspaper press. Omer Pacha, of course, does not understand these matters; and I imagine he at last came to the conclusion that correspondents, even in their own country, must be a sort of parias, friendless individuals, who might be pitched into with perfect impunity. My opinion on this subject is shared by most Europeans here. We might have disabused his mind by pointing to the English camp at Devna, where the *Times'* cor-

respondent receives rations for himself and three horses from the commissariat, by order of the home government.

Now, I can say with perfect truth, and without, I hope, an air of vaunting myself, that Turkey and the Turks owe more to me than I owe to them. Except extreme civility from individuals, the commander-in-chief included, I have met with nothing here but fleas, bugs, cold, hunger, fever, danger to my life, and hard beds. Last winter I was nearly frozen to death; this summer I have been parboiled. I have alternately run the risk of being shot, or drowned, or catching typhus fever. In return for this I have chronicled Turkish exploits, defended the Turkish army, praised the commander-in-chief because no man deserves it better, refuted Greek and Russian lies, and, in short, contributed my little mite towards inducing the English people to plunge into a bloody war on behalf of his Majesty the Sultan. What I have suffered all other correspondents have suffered; what I have done they have all done tenfold better. After all this I am not now disposed to suffer myself to be bullied and outraged because Omer Pacha has been led into error by some of my countrymen. Like every one else here, I have been doing my duty to the best of my poor ability. When the English public think that they will derive sufficient information regarding the events of the war in this quarter from the bulletins of Omer Pacha and Prince Gortschakoff and the doctored reports of the *Journal de Constantinople*, and when the Turkish government and its friends come to the conclusion that the Turkish nation is sufficiently *en rapport* with Europe already, and has no need of any organs beyond its own to record its achievements and its progress, I will, with your permission, return home to safety and comfort. In the meantime I look to my own

government to protect me in the exercise of a vocation of which I have no cause to be ashamed, and to disabuse every one in this part of the world of the notion that I may be hunted down like a felon, even if guilty of a trifling infraction of police regulations, of which I never heard before. I did not come to the Turkish camp as a strolling adventurer; and if I did err in ignorance, I expect to be informed of it in a gentlemanly way, that I may hasten to correct my mistake. No man can have a higher respect for Omer Pacha than I; but I must state frankly that no man in the Turkish dominions, be he who he may, from the padischah to the peseweak, shall outrage me with impunity.

Bucharest, Nov. 12.

When the night fell black as pitch, I was still nine miles from Tsiganesti, on the edge of a great forest, without the slightest chance of being able to advance beyond another mile, without the slightest knowledge of the whereabouts of the nearest village, even if I could have reached it; the rain was descending in torrents, had already penetrated the mat, and was turning the hay on which I was lying into wet litter: and I was desperately, horribly sick. At a roadside *cabaret* I had, in the absence of anything better, taken a hearty draught of country wine of this year's growth, in all respects detestable beyond description; nausea and headache, and all other concomitants of a fierce attack of sea-sickness, soon followed, and I was already perfectly insensible to the unpleasantness of our position. The wagon might stick, the horses might founder, the rain might pour — it was all the same to me. In about an hour afterwards — it seemed an age — I found myself before the door of a small inn, on the edge of the road. Lights were gleam-

ing; at least a dozen people vociferating; everything around was wet and soppy, and I was altogether intensely miserable. I was assisted to get out of the cart, staggered through the mud to the door, and was ushered into a room with a stone floor, a dirty divan, no fire, and no means of making one, though the thermometer must have been very low down indeed. By getting rid of my wet clothes, and creeping under the carpet of the divan, I managed to secure a tolerable amount of warmth; and having ordered cold water to be placed within my reach, desired to be left alone. But it was soon evident that such a course by no means suited the views of the women of the house, whose name was legion. They were animated by that ardent desire to exercise the noble art of healing which burns with greater or less force in the breast of nearly every member of the fair sex. It was plainly to be seen that they looked upon me as a fair case for a trial of their skill, and began by that indispensable concomitant of medical talent, a total and even contemptuous inattention to every request emanating from the unfortunate patient. To do the landlady justice, however, she endeavored to procure me a more comfortable room. She sent a message to a Wallachian merchant who had arrived before me, and had secured snug quarters, containing two divans and a good fire, asking him to permit a sick Englishman to share his apartment, assigning good and sufficient reasons for making the request. To all of which this gentleman replied that he had a large sum of money, and did not know me — he would on no account suffer me to approach him, and accordingly turned the messenger out and locked his door. There was no escape for me; I was fairly in the hands of the women. They commenced operations by refusing to leave my room and

informing me, apparently with considerable delight, that I had the cholera, and that I must drink a tumbler of punch and have a hot brick put to my stomach. I replied that I knew better than they what I had, it was not cholera, but simply nausea, brought on by sour wine, and that if I kept quiet and took nothing I would be well in an hour. The punch and the brick I declined with thanks.

They now held a consultation, and at the close informed me they knew perfectly what was the matter with me and would cure me in a jiffy. To this I made no reply. Two left the room, and in about ten minutes returned with something liquid in a tumbler, which they insisted on my taking. I refused absolutely without being previously informed what it was. Whereupon there arose a clamor that deafened me, and they unanimously implored me to swallow three mouthfuls, assuring me most solemnly it was nothing but water. I was weak, prostrated completely, and longed for tranquillity, so, to put a stop to their importunity, I complied, and then asked for an explanation: on which I ascertained that this learned body, on finding it was not cholera, had come to the conclusion that I had been struck by the glance of an evil eye. The experiments which were made confirmed them in this conviction. A piece of charcoal was put into a tumbler of water, and six times in succession fell instantly to the bottom. There was no longer any room for doubt. Nothing remained but to make the sign of the cross three times over the water, cause me to drink three mouthfuls, and fling the remainder against the four corners of the door-case, so that the malady might seize that opportunity of taking its departure. All this was related to me with the utmost gravity, and I listened to it without moving a muscle;

but unfortunately the story was hardly finished when I had a fresh and violent attack. This was a great blow for the advocates of the cold water and charcoal cure, but they got themselves out of the difficulty by stating that as soon as I fell asleep I would get much better; to which I replied that I was already aware of this fact myself, and that if they had nothing newer or more interesting to relate, I would again implore them to leave me alone. Instead of returning any answer, they held another consultation, and then informed me they were going to send off a man and horse for a doctor to Ploeschti. I asked who was going to pay the man and the doctor? They replied that, naturally, as they were to labor in my service, I was to pay them. I then announced that they were at liberty to send any number of men for any number of doctors they pleased, upon paying for the same; but that as for me, I should be on the road to Bucharest before any doctor could arrive, and that even if he caught me here I should decline his services. Instead of paying any attention to this they commenced a terribly clamorous discussion as to whether it would not be shorter to send to Bucharest than Ploeschti, in the midst of which, being much better, but greatly exhausted, I fell asleep. When I awoke it was four o'clock, the morning was dark and cold, but the rain had ceased; I aroused my postillion, had fresh hay put in the cart, and started once more. Near nightfall I reached Bucharest, after having spent twelve hours in doing eighteen miles, and running imminent danger of sticking fast several times. It rained hard on the night of my arrival, and on the morrow all the roads were reported impracticable for both men and horses. A day later, and I was caught.

Passing to Mr. Godkin's comments on affairs more purely military, we may note how early his eye detected the coming breakdown of the British commissariat. In a letter from Varna, May 12, 1854, he wrote:—

I do not know whether the commissariat officers know exactly what difficulties they will have to contend with, but certainly from what I heard and saw at Scutari, I rather think not. If any great and striking blunder is committed, I am persuaded it will be altogether the result of the false and mischievous notion prevalent in England that this country in any way resembles any other in Europe. A man may have raced up and down the Continent till his head grew gray, and voyaged on the Danube a score of times, without knowing one of the peculiarities of European Turkey, or how far it is able to supply the wants of a large body of English or Frenchmen who suddenly find themselves in the midst of it. I am supported in my conclusions on this point by the piece of folly committed the other day in sending out an officer to travel in Roumelia and Bulgaria, with the view of ascertaining what facilities there existed in them for supplying the English cavalry with horses. Considering that the English people are such great travellers, and that the government has its consuls and agents all over Turkey, the ignorance which dictated this step is scarcely conceivable. A single interrogatory addressed to the consul here at Varna, for example, would have at once elicited the fact that there are not five hundred horses in all European Turkey fit to mount an English dragoon, that the Turkish horses are admirable for speed, endurance, and activity, but are so light and small that under

a man of twelve stone with his accoutrements they are perfectly useless, either in a charge or on the march, and that to place our men on them would deprive our cavalry of one great cause of its excellence, the weight and muscle of the man and the animal. The French seem not even so wise as ourselves on this score; for instead of despatching a "commissioner" to inquire, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, decidedly the finest body of light cavalry in the service, have been sent here without their horses, and we shall see them this campaign mounted on ponies so bitted and trained as to be all but worthless in the hands of a European cavalier, at least for many months.

When mistakes such as these are made regarding matters on which information lies within the reach of the most careless observer, one is naturally led to fear that many blunders and oversights may be at first committed in departments where knowledge is more difficult of access.

An extract from a letter dated Bucharest, September 7, 1854, gives an idea of the descriptive power which the young correspondent had at command, and also of his discriminating judgment.

I was uncertain which way to turn when I noticed great crowds rushing on foot towards one spot, in the direction of the town, and cavaliers galloping furiously in the same direction. I concluded that at least two persons were engaged in mortal combat; and as nothing is so pleasant on such occasions as to follow the mass, I started off, and, with six other mounted spectators, came plunging up to the point of attraction, guessing vainly what the great attraction might be, when, to my dismay and astonishment, I found myself present at a conference

being held between his Highness Omer Pacha and General Count Coronini, both on foot, and surrounded by their respective staffs, the whole party firmly jammed by a large number of curious and admiring individuals. We beat a hasty retreat, and retired to a respectful distance. The whole party soon crossed the chaussé, their horses were brought, and they mounted and rode off towards the Austrian troops. Count Coronini was certainly very brilliant, with feathers and decorations, but Omer Pacha beat him hollow. He was dressed in the same manner as on the day when he reviewed the French troops at Varna, and I have already remarked that his costume on that occasion baffled description. They rode across the plain at a rapid rate, followed by everybody, those immediately behind being mainly foreign officers, *en amateur*, and aides-de-camp, but the group was as motley as possible. Generals of division rode cheek-by-jowl with chiboukgis, caregis shouldered and elbowed officers of *état major*, grooms took precedence of the descendants of the Greek emperors, and the whole way the horses maintained a running fight. When they arrived at the ditch which crosses the plain the excitement was tremendous. There was one narrow gap, through which one horse could pass at a time. The generals crossed immediately, but they were no sooner over than the critical competition arose between the vast crowd which pressed on their heels. Some attempted to leap the ditch and failed miserably; I noticed that whenever the horse balked, the rider was furious, swore roundly, and appeared as much annoyed as if the leaping of ditches on horseback was one of his daily amusements; if, on the contrary, the animal displayed no objection to the performance, his master looked awfully nervous, and I have no doubt cursed the beast in his heart. Some of the

horses attacked their fellows with the utmost animosity, causing their riders to boil over with rage and make reflections, according to the Eastern custom, upon the character of each other's female relations — the by-standers to fly helter-skelter in all directions. At last, after a deal of cursing, swearing, fighting, pulling, crushing, pushing, screaming, and vituperation, all got across one way or other, and sought to make up for the delay and annoyance by flying in pursuit of the generals at a furious gallop.

Omer Pacha and Count Coronini rode down the line, the bands playing, the officers saluting, &c. I noticed, and was not a little surprised, that the Austrian general, instead of doing as etiquette requires — as Lord Raglan did at Aladyn, and as Marshal St. Arnaud did at Varna — instead of allowing Omer Pacha to receive and return the salutes, he received them himself, and acknowledged them also, which was, in my opinion, to say the least, a piece of great rudeness. This over, they passed across the road to inspect the Turkish and Wallachian troops — a few battalions of whom were drawn up on the other side. I remarked that the Turks present formed but a very small portion of the army which is at present here; in fact, none but those who are well dressed were brought on the ground. The uniform of the greater part of these poor fellows is so terribly dilapidated that they would cut but a very sorry figure beside the Austrians and Wallachians, so that some picking and choosing had to be resorted to. I never felt so much hearty pity for any body of men in my life. There was their *élite* assembled on the roadside to add fresh *éclat* to the triumphal entry of the troops of another nation into the capital which their valor had wrested from the enemy; they, tattered, torn, war-worn — the

Austrians, the vanquished of a hundred fields, all brilliance, insolence, and assumption; they, broiling in tents outside on a dusty plain — the Austrians about to take possession of the best houses in the town. The whole affair was a fresh insult to the Turks. This is the real state of the case, however it may be disguised. The men who defended Arab Tabia, who have covered the banks of the Danube with their graves, who fought side by side with Butler and Arnold, and Burke and Maynell, were hiding their rags in their tents while the best-beaten, oftenest-thrashed troops in the world, were taking possession of Turkish conquests with drums beating and colors flying. It was the saddest commentary on modern diplomacy I ever saw; and when I heard their band strike up the Austrian national air, and saw the veterans of Silistria, Oltenitza, Csitate, and Giurgevo present arms to General Count Coronini, who rode past, glancing unutterable pride, I felt thoroughly disgusted. But, after all, it matters little; Europe knows that, badly armed, badly clothed, badly officered, in summer heat and wintry frost, the Turks worked, and marched, and fought, and conquered, and that under their tattered blue coats there are stouter hearts than ever beat under white ones.

The reference above to the heroic defence of Arab Tabia recalls an incident of it which Mr. Godkin noted:—

I have not yet done with the wonders of the Arab Tabia. The Russians, in order to dislodge the Arnouts from their ditch, carried their own trenches within a few yards from that paltry defence, which was formidable only because the bravest men that ever lived held it. So

near was the Russian ditch that the engineers threw the earth by shovelfuls into the Arnout ditch. This was effected with an enormous loss to the besiegers. On one occasion a Major Emmena, a gigantic Hungarian, issued from the ditch leaning on the pole of a wagon, and challenged the Russians in the other ditch to come out and fight him. They accepted the challenge by taking hold of one of his legs, and endeavored to drag him into their quarters. But the Arnouts took hold of his other leg, and pulled him in their direction, while Major Emmena, utterly unconcerned, flourished his heavy pole and laid it on the Russians. Skulls were cracked and bones broken wherever that formidable weapon descended, and thus being freed from his assailants the Arnouts drew Major Emmena over. That gallant officer's life was saved on this occasion, only to be lost on another.

An unquestioned service which Mr. Godkin's letters to the *Daily News* performed was that of giving the English public a truer idea of the fighting powers of the Turkish army. A few excerpts bearing on that subject follow: —

Dec. 25, 1854.

No one who visits Silistria, and the Arab Tabia, with a full knowledge of the fact that in the latter, a small and insignificant fort, constructed in the depth of winter, with a ditch that the most timid rider that ever took the field in England would not hesitate to cross in a standing leap, a handful of Turks, never above a thousand in number, resisted for forty days the attacks of an army of 60,000 men, well armed and well led, and provided with every requisite for carrying on siege operations with success, and thus, there can hardly be a doubt, changed the

whole course of the campaign, and transferred the seat of war to the Russian territory, can help feeling surprised at the strong feeling of hostility towards and contempt for the Turkish soldier, which has sprung up in the minds of many people in consequence of the unfortunate incident of the 25th November in the Crimea. Either the Turkish soldier is a good soldier, is personally brave and fights well, or Oltenitza, Csitate, and Silistria are so many dreams; and some hundreds of individuals from various parts of the globe, without personal interest in the matter and competent to form a correct judgment upon it, have entered into a conspiracy to propagate one of the most curious falsehoods and delusions recorded in the whole history of imposture and deceit. It is quite true, that at Kalafat the Turks were well led, and that many of their officers were Europeans — Hungarians, Poles, and others. At Oltenitza they fought under the eye of Omer Pacha, who himself directed most of the movements in person. At Silistria the whole defence was conducted by an Englishman and a Prussian. At Giurgevo they were led by Englishmen. At Benzeo, the last affair of the campaign, the Turkish cavalry, commanded by an Englishman, charged and routed a superior body of Russians. But no one ever contended that officered solely as they are at present they could be looked upon as good as European troops. At Sebastopol, owing to Lord Raglan placing too much reliance in their steadiness behind entrenchments, 300 men were placed in three redoubts, two miles distant from any support. When they saw 30,000 men advancing to attack them, they ran away, the officers leading the van. This is just what I would have expected. Again, when they were formed on the flanks of the Highlanders they likewise ran away, and everybody cried shame because the

Turks did not receive a charge of Russian cavalry standing two deep, as if they, poor wretches, led by the offscourings of the populace, the vile favorites, chiboukgis, and grooms of pachas, armed with flint-lock guns, half clothed and half starved, can be expected to do everything that the Highland regiments will do, in the highest state of discipline, well armed, animated by glorious traditions, and led on by men who fear dishonor more than wounds, and who are looked up to by the soldiers, not simply because of their military rank, but because of their greater intelligence, better education, and higher station in society.

The poor Turk knows well that no one of his officers is a whit better than himself in any one point of view, while in a great many he is vastly worse. The private soldier is in general an honest, good-hearted peasant, personally brave, as are all his race; his officer has in general been either a *pesevenk* or a *pusht*, coffee-server or pipe-bearer to some pacha, a wretch steeped in vice from his infancy, without honor or patriotism, who serves simply that he may plunder and embezzle. If you officered the British troops with the sweepings of the jails, selected the leading pimps, burglars, publicans, betting-house and brothel keepers of London, and made them captains, majors, and colonels, and then seized upon the able-bodied peasantry, armed them with flint-locks, clothed them in rags, and left their commissariat and pay in the hands of the officers, do you suppose they would receive charges of cavalry standing two deep, or that 8,000 of them would support the attacks of 40,000 during the long gloomy hours of a November morning? The fact is, Turkish troops should never be put in a position of any kind in front of the enemy without several European officers being with them to animate them by their

example, to prove to them that resistance is possible. In moments of great danger they have great confidence in the superior intelligence of the Frank, and will stick by him manfully. Captain Butler proved this in the Arab Tabia.

October 23, 1854.

A Turk is every inch a soldier; eats whatever is given him, obeys without a murmur, works like a horse, marches till he drops, draws his own water, cuts his own wood, ties his own horse to a tree, and sleeps on the ground, without moving a muscle of his face, or giving the smallest sign of impatience. The contempt with which the Austrian officers affect to treat such men as these is ridiculous in the extreme — as if good-fitting clothes and well-shaven cheeks were the main elements in the composition of an army. The fact is, that the Turks have all the leading military virtues in a greater degree, I firmly believe, than any people in the world; and if officered as they ought to be, and armed as they ought to be, might once again make Europe tremble.

Of course, there were other aspects of the Turk at war: —

Eupatoria, March 4, 1855.

There is one species of amusement, however, which we all enjoy by turns, and which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice, and that is the reconnaissance made by the Turkish cavalry under the conduct of Iskender Bey — military operations which one would deplore if he could avoid laughing at them, and which I shall describe with all the greater gusto because some people here seem anxious to shield them from all comment. I think I have already alluded to them at Kalafat last winter, when we often went out breathing

threatenings and slaughter, drove in the Russian videttes, and on the appearance of a few squadrons of their cavalry wheeled about and went home covered with glory, after having exchanged carbine shots with the Cossacks at 800 yards. This continued so long that many people began to believe the Turkish cavalry was spoiled, but were undeceived by the brilliant charge and the capture of a battery of artillery at Slatina, and afterwards by the affair of Benzeo. There was enough said, however, about this at the time to make me believe that this sort of expedition was at an end for ever, and that in future the Turks would put their cavalry to better uses. To my great astonishment, the old game is commenced here again. Iskender Bey — who, be it well remarked, is one of the best cavalry officers perhaps in the world, and who would make men and horses do anything that men and horses can do — is sent out nearly every day with one or two squadrons of cavalry and a batch of Tartar volunteers, who, mounted on their own ponies, are by no means despicable irregulars, and thirty or forty bashi-bazouks, drives in the videttes, and comes back. Two days ago, in riding over the plain outside the town, in company with two other friends, we spied cavalry in the extreme distance on the right, and heard scattered shots. We galloped off, passed two squadrons of Lancers, and getting ahead, found ourselves, in common with a party of Tartars, whom Iskender Bey was urging on, in pursuit of thirty or forty Cossacks. By dint of yelling and hurrahing the Tartars boiled up into a gallop, and we all set off in a manner that threatened the extermination of the enemy; but after going three or four hundred yards, two squadrons of Russians came up at a trot, and caused us to move off. Some of our party, however, hung behind, and then ensued one of those episodes that

Homer, and Homer only, could properly describe. The Cossacks and one or two Poles began to abuse each other in the choicest Billingsgate, in which, as is usual in these regions, the characters of their respective mothers and sisters underwent very rough handling; they hurled defiance at one another, instituted comparisons, anything but complimentary, between the Sultan and the Czar, and having exhausted the stores of slang contained in the Russian and Turkish languages, which is saying a good deal, fired four or five shots more, and quitted the field to the sound of the trumpet, and amidst the laughter of the spectators. The regular cavalry on both sides remained distant observers of the whole affair. Notwithstanding the amusement the whole scene afforded me, I could not help regretting to see men and horses dragged out and kept for two or three hours exposed to biting cold for such ignoble purposes, which can do no possible good, spoil the cavalry, and certainly render us ridiculous in the eyes of the Russians.

KALAFAT, Jan. 7, 1854.

There is one department of the army, however, deplorably inefficient — the medical. One would imagine at first that thousands of young surgeons who are starving in England and France would flock here to fill up the vacancies which exist in every regiment, as there are few, if any, Turkish doctors in existence. The anomaly is explained, however, by the fact I have already mentioned, that, as they would rank with the subaltern officers, they would be daily subjected to indignities that no man of education could endure for an hour, and be obliged to associate with those inferior to them in everything. The consequence is that the medical staff of the army is composed almost entirely of roving adventurers

of every clime under heaven, and of every profession but the one they practise — Italians and Germans mainly, jugglers, outlaws, runaway bankrupts, and, in short, men who in most cases had shut themselves out from all hopes of an honorable existence in their own country. Not one in a hundred has any diploma or knows anything of medicine beyond a few stray scraps which he may have picked up more by chance than study. Any plausible, clever fellow, who blows his own trumpet loudly, may manage by some means or other to palm himself off on the government at Constantinople as a thoroughbred surgeon, there being no person, or board of examination, to inquire into the nature of his qualifications. A man of this sort will walk into the hospitals, looking very grave and knowing, march up to each bed in succession, ask a few absurd questions, prescribe a harmless dose, and pass on. The soldier is a fatalist, and despises both the doctor and his medicine. If he gets better he says it is the will of God; if he grows worse it is His will also, and he blames no one. Any one who chances to find himself in Turkey friendless and moneyless should never despair until he has made an attempt to practise as a surgeon. If this fails him, then, indeed, all is lost. I am glad to say that in spite of the doctors the sanitary condition is excellent everywhere, the number of sick being extraordinarily small in all the cantonments. This is owing partly to the goodness of the food and quarters, but mainly to the hardiness of the men. All that has been said about their inability to support cold, as compared with the Russians, is so much bosh.

Eupatoria, April 2.

I have already informed you that a large force of bashi-bazouks was expected here. A considerable number

have already arrived, and, as far as numerical force goes, they form by no means a despicable corps. Those who took part in the campaign of last year, and rendered themselves so famous by their exploits in the Dobrudscha and elsewhere, were robbers from Anatolia and Kurdistan; those who are now being sent to the Crimea are robbers from Egypt, Tunis, and the confines of the desert generally. Between these two sections of the bashi-bazouk community, there is no very striking difference. They are armed, mounted, and clothed in very much the same style; wear the same gayly-colored handkerchief on the head, fastened by the same band of camel's hair; carry the same enormous bundle of bedding and baggage behind them on their horses; delight in the same fantastic bridles with red and green fringes, and tassels; carry the indispensable chibouk in the same manner, stuck down over the left shoulder, between the doublet and the skin, with bowl protruding close to the owner's ear; are headed by the same industrious drummer, who, with a conical tin helmet, set off with a foxtail plume, two little drums, one on each side of his saddle-bow, resembling in size and shape the two halves of a Dutch cheese, beats the alarm, the advance, the charge, and the retreat, with the same hideous monotony — the same sublime contempt of time and measure; are animated by the same thirst for plunder, the same hatred and contempt for giaours, the same fixed belief that two hundred bashi-bazouks are worth hosts of regular cavalry, the same abiding, withering fear of cannon, the same ferocious cruelty towards the wounded and prisoners, the same abject cowardice before a determined resistance of the smallest body of the enemy; and present the same insurmountable difficulties in the way of subordination or discipline of any sort whatsoever.

The gentlemen who at present grace Eupatoria by their presence, however, are said to excel their predecessors in the use of their fire-arms; the majority — so runs the tale — being able to bring down a hare with a ball while riding at full gallop. I have not as yet been witness of any of these proofs of skill, but I see no reason to entertain any doubts upon the matter. They are all armed either with long guns or lances; pistols with bashi-bazouks are never wanting. Some have sabres, which are always thrust between the left thigh and the saddle; the greater number also "sport" yataghans, the sickle with which good Mussulmans of the old school reap the gory harvest of heads on the battlefield, which in bygone days wrung grim smiles and large backsheesh from the presiding pacha. The best part of their equipment is, however, undoubtedly their lances. They are not the huge, clumsy, iron-shod poles of European cavalry, which are useful only in the shock of a whole line, and are a worthless burden when disorder begins, and every man is left to his own resources. The lance of the Arab is long, light, flexible, and keen. He whirls it, turns it, brandishes it over his head like a single stick, picks a ring off the ground with it at the wildest gallop, and hurls it with an aim that rarely misses. A Turk, match-less with his old curved sabre, rarely knows how to use a lance; in the hand of the Arab it is the queen of weapons for a cavalier. And what horsemen they are! — these rugged, wild-looking, beggarly savages, with their bare, brawny arms, their naked throats, their indescribable unmentionables, their woebegone slippers, and old rusty shovel stirrups! Any whipper-in would turn up his nose in disdain if he survived his first outburst of laughter at their "turn out," but if his life and limbs depended on his outdoing them in horsemanship, I suspect he would look

upon it as a very melancholy and deplorable business.

To see one of these tatterdemalion brigands giving way to his animal spirits, on a fine morning on the plain, is certainly pleasant to the eyes of any admirer of Man, the animal, let him deplore ever so deeply the neglected state of his morals. From perfect repose he starts into a gallop, and traverses perhaps a hundred yards at the top of his horse's speed, stops with as much rapidity as he started, wheels in the narrowest circle in which a four-legged beast can wheel, brandishes his lance, or loads or fires his gun,—steed and rider, eye, hand, and weapon ever moving in the nicest concert. They are quite a study, these men — not merely for an artist, but for a humorist, or moralist, or any one, in fact, whom human nature in a wild, untaught, untutored, and, if you will, uncorrupted state, with its savage passions, its doubtful virtues, its naïve ideas, its blind faith, its feebleness, its follies, can move to tears, or laughter, or meditation. Everything about the bashi-bazouk, strange as the statement may seem, is terribly earnest. Life for him is full as real and as serious as for any missionary amongst cannibals or secretary of a Dorcas society. He robs just as a barrister moves for a rule, because it is a simple and necessary incident in a profession in which he has been brought up, and which he pursues with ardor and enthusiasm. As to any ideas of the existence of certain moral laws prohibiting the appropriation of other people's property, I do not think such a thing ever enters into his head. The grooming and feeding of his horse, the cleaning of his arms, the prowling about for his prey, and the unrelenting destruction of his enemies are to him the great and leading duties of a life to which the gentler emotions which grow and flourish in a more

advanced state of civilization are unknown. His religious faith is, I imagine, as strong as that of any devotee of the age. He is an intensely selfish ruffian, but no one ever preached to him against selfishness, and in his eyes it is rather a virtue than a fault. Hatred of infidels, prayers, and ablutions form the sum of his doctrine and practice. He volunteers to fight the "Morsovo," partly from a sense of religious duty which impels to cut the throats of giaours and plunder their goods, and partly from a desire of personal gain. But in all this he is no light-hearted, gay adventurer, flattering himself he is leading a jolly life, and seeing the world: he is a serious, dignified personage, engaged in the performance of a great duty, and never in the smallest degree disposed to indulge in pleasantry. He is never guilty of debauch — coffee and water are his only beverages; rice and bread his main diet; in the item of meat he scarcely goes beyond a fowl; his only friend is his horse; his bed on any spot where the night overtakes him; and his dreams, I suspect, instead of running on absent loves, on home, on youth, mostly build up huge piles of smoking pillaf — put him on a prancing *at*, lay at his feet a dead Russian, covered with plunder, or an oka of Stamboul tobacco, and he wakes refreshed and happy.

Attempts to discipline these men are useless. They must be taken and used as they are, or not at all. They do the work of scouts excellently; they would annoy and alarm the enemy, threaten his convoys, harass infantry, &c., as well as any Cossacks, but they can never be prevented from plundering, burning, slaughtering the wounded, unarmed, defenceless. If the Turks are ashamed or unwilling to have such a corps in their service, they have done wrong, with their experience of

last year's campaign, to bring them here; if not, the sooner all pretensions to the waging of civilized, chivalrous warfare are abandoned the better.

How the humane in Mr. Godkin was from the first in indignant revolt at the indirect miseries of war, may be seen in the extracts subjoined: —

BUCHAREST, Nov. 26.

I promised to give you in detail some account of the manner in which the Austrian army of occupation conducts itself at Bucharest. I now fulfil my promise, and, after perusing it, your readers will do well to ask themselves if these things are done here, where the Austrians are not yet completely masters of the situation, what takes place at Venice and Milan, and in Hungary, where the people can look for succor or redress — nowhere but to Heaven!

On the 18th inst. a disturbance took place in a public house opposite the prison. The Wallach officer commanding the *corps de garde* in the building went out for the purpose of quelling it; whereupon the belligerents suspended their mutual hostilities for the purpose of attacking the common enemy, and after a vigorous onslaught drove the officer off to complain to the prefect of police. The latter immediately sent a police officer, accompanied by five men of the fire brigade, to arrest the publican and to disperse his customers. No sooner had they entered the house, however, than the door was closed, and the whole of the inmates set upon them with such violence that there was every prospect of the unfortunate men being either killed or maimed for life. One of the firemen, however, managed to make his escape, and apprised the prefect of police of what was going

on, who at once proceeded to the spot, accompanied by twenty soldiers, this time armed with musket and bayonet. On arriving at the tavern six Austrian subjects and two Austrian soldiers, the former armed with hatchets, and the latter with muskets and bayonets, issued forth and showed fight. On receiving the order, however, the Wallachian soldiers flung themselves upon them and disarmed the whole party without any other injury than a wound inflicted on one by a hatchet, and a bayonet stroke in the temple received by the other. An Austrian officer was in company with the prefect, but apparently the men paid no attention to him.

On the 17th two horses having been stolen from the stables of Mehemet Pacha, his grooms put themselves on the watch to discover the thieves. On the night of the 19th, or morning of the 20th, five Austrian soldiers entered the stable and were about to repeat the theft, when the grooms rose up suddenly from their places of concealment and were about to seize them, when they took to flight and took refuge in a neighboring tavern. The grooms still pursued them bravely, when the Austrians, being brought to bay, drew their sabres and struck about them right and left, dangerously wounding two of the Turks and other persons amongst the bystanders. On hearing of this Mussar Pacha sent a Wallachian picket to arrest them, which was effected, but not without a strenuous resistance on the part of the offenders.

On the night of the 20th, about ten o'clock, an Austrian soldier entered his quarters, a few yards from the prefecture of police, in a state of beastly drunkenness, and instantly began to break the windows and everything else within his reach, and finished by drawing his bayonet on the people of the house. On hearing the cries of the latter, a police officer hurried to the spot

accompanied by two men, and disarmed the soldier, but had no sooner done so than he found himself surrounded by thirty Austrian soldiers, armed with their muskets. The Wallachians were then obliged to retire, but were hotly pursued by the Austrians, who were reinforced on the way, into the courtyard of the prefecture of police, where the latter inflicted several bayonet wounds upon the two Wallachian soldiers. The Wallachian fire brigade on seeing this ran for their arms, and a bloody struggle instantly took place in spite of the interposition of the officer, who did all he could to restrain them. Seventeen of the Austrians were wounded, and several were afterwards disarmed, arrested, and handed over to General Popovitch, whom the prefect of police informed, on making his report of what had occurred, that if this state of things continued he would no longer be responsible for the peace and order of the town.

There is not a family in the town that is not suffering cruel inconvenience — that is not exposed daily to insults that make the blood of a freeman boil at hearing them recounted. Several cases have occurred in which families have implored the quarter commission to give them one or two of the few English and French sappers who are here to deliver them from the presence of the men who have been poured upon the principalities as if they were a legitimate prey, and who see in every citizen an Italian of Milan or Venice.

Tchorgoun, June 21, 1855.

Our host, like most of the Tartars of the southern portion of the peninsula, had thoroughly Turkish features, and was no doubt of Turkish descent. The Tartars of the north, whose blood flows still purely from

the original stock of Casan and Samarcand, the mighty warriors of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, exhibit unchanged the high cheek-bones, the small twinkling black eyes, and the receding foreheads of their Mongol forefathers. I had noticed that here, as in Eupatoria, many of the Tartar women, in deference to the notions of the Turk, veiled or hid their faces in some way in the presence of any of the soldiers. As we were accompanied by Turkish officers when we entered the house, the harem of our entertainer "bolted" precipitately, though we could see them peeping at us through a half-opened door. The old man passed nearly an hour in relating the various ways in which he and his neighbors had been persecuted by the Russians during the winter. Their horses and carts had been all taken; great numbers also of their sheep and cattle; and many of the inhabitants upon whom English or French money was found, paid for services rendered when the allied armies passed through on their march from Alma, were carried off bodily, and have never since been heard of. When the Turks had left us, the women, as we had expected, came in, and insisted on kissing our hands, and then laying them against their foreheads. This ceremonial over, they squatted down at a respectful distance. One was the wife of our host, and the other was from the neighboring village of Tchorgoun, from the ruins of which I now write; both were *passées*. The stranger's wan and worn face still bore traces of considerable beauty. Her story was a very sad one, and she had scarcely begun to tell it when her eyes filled with tears, and in spite of all her efforts they continued to burst out afresh every time she spoke during the remainder of our visit. When the allies pushed on their outposts towards the Tchernaya, on the banks of which Tchorgoun stands, the Cossacks wrecked

the houses, and carried off all the male inhabitants, lest they should render any service to the enemy. She thus lost at one stroke her husband and her home, and was now dependent on the charity of her neighbors for subsistence. Her case is but another drop, a little drop, in the great ocean of misery which war has caused to roll over the heads of mankind ever since wars began. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about battlefield horrors, it is not there that war wears its worst aspect. One easily becomes habituated to every variety of physical suffering, all the more easily because they are fighting men who endure it, but it is not easy to assume insensibility to the great mass of moral torture that is to be met with in every hamlet and village, but which, in the presence of great victories and great results, the world hears but little of.

The battle of Eupatoria and the final days at Sebastopol must suffice as specimens of Mr. Godkin's letters written on the very scene of conflict: —

Eupatoria, Feb. 17 and 19.

About half-an-hour before daybreak in the morning I was roused from a sound and comfortable sleep by the clang of arms, the heavy tread of marching men, going at double quick time, words of command yelled rather than shouted; and on listening more attentively, the dull heavy roar of the cannon fell on my ear, as distinctly as the roar of the surge outside would let it, and caused the windows to vibrate faintly at every discharge. I had hardly yet got all my senses into working order when my companion entered my room, booted, spurred, and armed, and announced the advance of the Russians. Upon going out I found the streets crowded with troops, all

hurrying to the point of attack — officers tearing at a mad gallop over the frozen mud, the steamers in the harbor getting up their steam with all possible haste, the morning breaking slowly through a thick haze on a cloudy sky, which every few seconds was lighted up by the flash of the rockets, which, in their fiery course through the air, threw a ghastly light upon the upturned faces of the Tartars clustered on the house-tops, or standing in groups at the corners of the streets, and watching the progress of the combat in silent expectation.

When I reached the entrenchment a furious cannonade was going on to the right, at an outwork thrown forward a short distance on the plain, and almost surrounded by diminutive windmills; for four or five minutes nothing could be heard but the rapid and tumultuous barking of the field artillery, and then the heavy pieces broke in with a roar which drowned all other sounds, and seemed to rend the clouds, from which the rosy light of the morning now began to stream faintly upon the town and the plain. The ground surrounding Eupatoria is a vast sandy plain, broken now and then by hillocks and, close to the entrenchments, by two or three small ravines. To the extreme right there is a large salt lake, which completely protects it on that side, and on the left an eminence of no great elevation runs away in a northwesterly direction till lost in the distance. Upon the summit of this were two large masses of Russian cavalry, lancers and dragoons, drawn up in squares, and further on to the right were huge columns of infantry, some displayed on the slope, but larger numbers still, I suspect, were behind the hill, the glittering of their bayonets when the sun rose being distinctly visible. In front of these, in a long line, were at least

seventy guns, about a third of which were pouring a torrent of shot upon the Turkish hornwork and the adjacent portions of the entrenchment in the rear, the fire being vigorously returned, not only from the point of attack, but from all the redoubts on the left and centre of the Turkish lines. Anything more picturesque than the flash and smoke of the guns, before the day broke clearly, can hardly be imagined; but, when the sun burst through the clouds, and revealed clearly the enormous masses of artillery and infantry that crowned the eminence and lined the slope, I confess — and there were many who partook of my fears — that I could not contemplate the result without considerable apprehension, above all when I remembered that the only means of retreat open, in case of reverse, was the Black Sea, which roared and foamed in our rear with considerable violence.

The cannonade lasted in this way without any striking result on either side till nearly eight o'clock, when the Russians brought down another battery of eight pieces at full gallop, and, taking up a position within eight hundred yards of the hornwork (the garrison of which, though the works were still unfinished, had defended itself with unshaken courage), opened a furious enfilading fire. To draw off a portion of this, a redoubt, the position occupied by the regiment of Colonel Ogilby, opened its fire, from one gun, and drew on it instantly a succession of discharges from four pieces out of the eight. Happily, though, in one or two instances, they got the range very fairly, and knocked clay off the top of the rampart in the men's faces, the majority of the shots went very high, and, after whizzing over some tents, fell in amongst some cavalry on the heights in the centre of the position, or dropped right into the sea, without

hurting any one. This lasted about an hour, during the whole of which the cannonade continued towards the outwork and on the extreme right with the same violence as ever, and now became mingled with a sharp rattle of musketry, which inspired some apprehension for those parts of the field from this point not visible. In the early part of the day I had planted myself in the redoubt held by Colonel Ogilby's regiment, but as soon as it opened fire it became untenable for lookers-on, partly on account of the smoke, and the impossibility of remaining upright without making one's person a target for such portions of the Russian artillery as might think it a suitable point of aim. On going higher up along the entrenchment I witnessed some splendid practice from the *Valorous* steamer in the harbor, which threw shells with great precision across the mounds of sand on the sea-shore, and in amongst the cavalry, on the left, causing them to shift their position several times, till they got fairly out of range. Throughout the Turkish artillery acquitted itself remarkably well; after every shot we could see the enemy's horses rolling over, or flying off riderless, across the field. Their artillery must certainly have suffered severely, as was testified by the number of dead horses and fragments of gun carriages found afterwards.

About ten o'clock a column composed of the Azovski regiment was pushed forward to the assault on the extreme right, where they had less to fear from the fire of the artillery, through a large graveyard filled with memorials of departed worth in the shape of stones of every size and form, from the simple cross or headstone of the peasant to the square and ponderous tomb of some wealthy shopkeeper or director of the quarantine. What induced them to choose such a spot as this for the

attack, it is hard to imagine, as the inequalities of the ground must have thrown them more or less into disorder from the first moment. A few minutes previously the *Furious* had sent a rocket party ashore, who landed on the extreme right of the town, and coming round amongst the windmills, opened their fire on the Russians just as the head of the column issued from the burying-ground and appeared on the glacis, and at the same moment the musketry commenced from the entrenchment. The column pushed on to a distance of not more than twenty yards from the ditch, but there gave way and fell into disorder. Selim Pacha now made a sortie with a brigade of Egyptians, and charged them with the bayonet; but, in the act of leading his men on, received a musket ball through the body, and fell dead. Ismail Bey was also wounded on the same occasion. The Russians now fell into disorder, gave way, and retired, leaving the graveyard strewed with their dead. The artillery limbered up, and went off, firing occasional shots till it passed the brow of the hill. The cavalry preceded it at a canter, but when on the other side the whole retreated in the most beautiful order, to a distance of about two miles, where they bivouacked on the plain. Immediately after the cessation of the firing, I walked down to the crownwork, and at every yard along the inside of the inner entrenchment found traces of the conflict in the shape of battered houses, dead horses, and here and there wounded or dead men. These were, however, the natural consequences of four hours' fierce cannonading, and I passed them without bestowing much attention upon them, till I was stopped in a narrow passage between the parapet and a ruined wall by two soldiers marching abreast, with a very excited triumphant air, and each carrying in his hand what at first I took to be

a pig's head, but which on nearer approach I found, to my infinite disgust, to be the heads of two unfortunate Russians who had fallen in the graveyard; one, from the long hair, evidently that of a Greek volunteer; the other the closely cropped skull of a soldier of the line — both gory and disfigured, and leaving bloody traces on the ground over which they passed. I had scarce recovered from my surprise and horror, when I met two other savages bearing aloft on the points of their bayonets two other trophies of a similar nature. They had hardly passed me, however, when they were stopped by the news that their two *confrères* who had preceded them on laying their hideous *spolia* at the feet of Omer Pacha, instead, as they expected, of being patted on the back, and receiving a good backsheesh, were instantly arrested, and marched off to prison. The two last instantly lost their enthusiasm, drooped their bayonets, and went back, with a very downcast air, all the way looking as if they wished to rid themselves of their burden without exhibiting their fears or their weakness to their comrades.

The scene in the interior of the outwork was terrific. Men lay on every side gashed and torn by those frightful wounds which round-shot invariably inflict. Here a gory trunk, looking as if the head had been wrenched from the shoulders by the hand of a giant; there an artilleryman, lying across a splinter of his own gun-carriage — the splintered bones of his thighs protruding from the flesh; another cut in two as if by a knife, and his body doubled up like a strip of brown paper. The artillery horses and their drivers were stationed amongst the windmills which stand in thick clusters between the outwork and the fortifications of the interior, and, as the whole of this space was swept for nearly two hours by the fire of the battery which was last brought up, the

havoc was dreadful. Nearly eighty artillery horses were killed on a small patch of ground, some by the shot, others by the splinters of wood and stone, which flew in showers from the mills at every discharge, and the soil was strewed with their blood and entrails. I saw all the horses of one gun knocked together into one indiscriminate mass, as if some mighty force had squeezed them up like so much butter. The mills presented a most ludicrous spectacle; some had one arm left; others, two; and some were tumbled into a mass of ruins, from which a wheel or a wing struck up in the air as if protesting against the outrage. None of all these things, however, attracted much attention from the defenders of the position. All were talking loudly, some few laughing; artillerymen, taking the harness off the dead horses, and making repairs on the damaged guns; some throwing up fresh clay where the works had suffered; others carrying off the wounded in blankets, many of the latter groaning loudly; others reverently covering the faces of the dead with the skirts of their coats, and all this amidst a hum and buzz of voices which rose as merrily and cheerfully upon the morning air, towards the sunny sky, as if it were the close of a *fête*, and no grim evidences of a bloody struggle lay on every yard of the soil. Omer Pacha rode round soon after, with a large staff and most of the European officers who were in the place, and in his train. I went down to the graveyard. The firing had certainly not ceased twenty minutes, and yet at least 2,000 Tartars had rushed out of the town, and stripped and plundered the dead Russians. When Omer Pacha reached the spot he drove them all away, but not before every one of the bodies was stark naked. The greater number seemed very young men, some mere boys; all wore an expression of perfect repose; no straining or

distortion was visible either in the features or the limbs; they lay like men who were weary and slept. Many were half buried and crushed under the tomb-stones, which the round-shot and the rockets had hurled from their places, and sent flying in pieces in all directions. Many of the Russians had still a shred of a shirt or an old pair of drawers clinging to their mangled remains, and it would have required no great stretch of imagination to have supposed them the peaceable tenants of the tombs around, who had risen to ask the cause of the wild tumult which raged above their abodes.

CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, Sept. 11.

The last act of the famous tragedy known as the "siege of Sebastopol" has at last been played: the great event for which the world has now for eleven months been looking on the tiptoe of expectation; which so many fine fellows have toiled, and suffered, and died to hasten; which has brought sorrow and mourning to so many firesides, planted wrinkles on so many brows that never knew care before, developed so much asinine stupidity, so much stolid courage and fiery daring; which has called forth facts that eclipse all that was ever related of the wildest days of chivalry, has at last taken place. This mighty fact, of which the bare announcement has ere this made every heart in Europe throb with emotion, here to the thousands of fighting men for the moment suggests but one reflection — "There are no more trenches"; every one can now sleep on and take his rest — the dead in their bloody graves, the wounded on weary narrow camp beds, dreaming dreams full of more bliss and calm than balsam or plaster can ever bestow. Those weary night watches are over, that awful incubus which weighed strong men down like a block of lead, and

made life itself a fardel, is removed; every one breathes freely.

On Saturday the arrangements were all complete; the bombardment was supposed to have continued sufficiently long to have thrown the enemy at least into some confusion. It was known that the Russians changed their guard at ten o'clock in the morning, that the men who were going off duty remained about two hours after the arrival of the relief, just to be sure that nothing was stirring and nothing would happen. Between twelve and one they were sure to be gone. A few minutes before one the first division of the second corps, under General M'Mahon, which had been carefully concealed in the trenches before the Malakoff, jumped out, threw a bridge over the ditch, and a whole regiment flung themselves into the place, the bombardment ceasing at the same instant. The Russians were taken completely by surprise, and, as it appeared, had not the smallest expectation of an assault just at that moment. The greater number of the men had taken shelter from the fire of our batteries in their bomb-proof huts, and great numbers were killed by the French as they ran out. The struggle which followed was short but decisive. After a few minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, in which both parties proved themselves fully alive to the tremendous importance of the conflict, the garrison was driven out, and the signal preconcerted was made by hoisting the tricolor.

The English had in the meantime attacked the Redan with an assaulting column drawn from the Second and Light Divisions, and numbering, I believe, about three thousand men. As usual, the whole affair was wretchedly managed, and a great many lives sacrificed uselessly. The reserves were too far back — in fact, nearly

upon the camp, and nearly an hour's march from the scene of action. General Simpson was ill, and sat wrapped up in a capote in an arm-chair in the Greenhill Battery. So was General Bernard. The assaulting column rushed bravely forward, were decimated by grape in going up the slope, crossed the ditch, mounted the parapet, and found inside a second ditch, or covered way, and behind it another parapet armed with field pieces vomiting grape, and then three lines of infantry — the first rank kneeling with the bayonet presented as if receiving cavalry, and the other two firing over their heads — were repulsed, but the supports, instead of giving them time to rally, ran up too soon, got mingled in the retreating crowd, and after that the whole was a scene of horrible confusion. For three mortal hours the men remained on the parapet, penetrated twice into the interior, to be massacred uselessly in detail, but no efforts of the officers could induce them to go forward and fling themselves on the enemy *en masse*, because the soldiers were not men, but mere boys just come out, without either physical strength or moral pluck, or discipline to make up for the want of them. At last the Russians threw stones over at them; those who were struck fell into the ditch, which was filled with their comrades; one man knocked another down, and at last they were all struggling and writhing at the bottom in terrible disorder. An officer, who was on the glacis at this moment, states that he could compare the scene to nothing but "a mass of worms wriggling on a plate." To rally the men, to get even half a dozen of them together, was no easy task, and in attempting to do so, great numbers of officers paid the penalty in their own persons of the faults and mistakes of others. More than a hundred have been killed or wounded. Still every one

is loud in praise of the conduct of the British troops, but everybody says they were badly directed though heroically led. The regimental officers did all that men, and men of the highest mettle, could do; but the supreme direction of the affair, from beginning to end, elicits very severe comments from both French and Piedmontese.

After three hours of this sort of work those who were not disabled came back, but the ditch was full of killed and wounded, and the slope leading up from the sap bore many gory evidences that our engineers had not done their duty. In fact, experience and an inspection of the ground have now proved clearly that it was only possible to take these works by sapping up to the ditch as the French did, and then entering instantaneously. Such is a brief outline of this very melancholy affair, which certainly to some extent deprived the English army of what should have been the great reward of its trials and exertions — the credit of having taken a successful part in the final and decisive blow.

The signal from the Malakoff that the French were successful was to be repeated at the Lancaster Battery, to the right of the great ravine, leading up from the inner harbor, and again at the Maison Blanche to inform General de Salles, who commanded the French force on the extreme left — the Second Division of the first corps, supported by the First Division — destined for the attack of the Central Bastion. In case it proved successful, it was to be immediately followed by the advance of a brigade of Piedmontese, numbering about 1400 men, against the Flagstaff Battery. They were all mustered in the trenches from an early hour, and were distinctly perceived by the Russians, who were fully

prepared for them. . The day was very cold, and the great masses of dust accumulated on the roads and in every hole and corner of this monster camp were raised by a high cutting wind and filled the air in all directions. The consequence was that, although General de Salles himself, all his officers of état major, those of the Piedmontese état major, everybody, in fact, who could produce one, had their telescopes levelled on the Maison Blanche, the signal could not be seen. Time wore on: half-past one at last came, and then, losing patience, he sent off two aides-de-camp *ventre-à-terre* to learn how matters stood. They learnt on their arrival that the signals had been duly made, but had received no reply. Rocket after rocket was again sent up, and this time were distinctly perceived and replied to, and the next minute the general drew his sword, shouted "En avant!" and the column rushed forward *au pas de course*, some sappers bowling along in front carrying small wooden bridges to be thrown over the ditch. This was done in a second — little masses of men shot across, and mounted the parapet.

"Now comes the tug of war," thought every one; but every one was mistaken. The parapet was greatly battered and knocked about by the shell; there were small caves in it, of all possible dimensions, and in and on these, in all possible postures from the sublime to the ridiculous, the assailants stood, sat, or squatted. The officers shouted, waved their swords, entreated and commanded in vain; — the fact is — it is a fact which in these matters it is not fair to overlook — that when, as in this case, you have run a hundred yards or more exposed to showers of grape, and arrive breathless on such a pleasant spot as the wrong side of a parapet, behind which

some thousand of fellows are waiting for you, and thirsting for your blood, it is no easy matter to get you to make up your mind to pitch yourself across, knowing as you do perfectly well that the first hundred men who go in are almost certain to be fallen upon and massacred like so many wolves. Things remained in this state for exactly four minutes; it seemed an age; and during the whole of the time the Russians were flinging hand grenades across in showers. At twenty minutes past two General de Salles raised himself above the parapet of the French trench, took off his *kepi*, and waving it over his head, shouted out "Vive l'Empereur!" Everybody around him took up the cry; the men in reserve repeated it; enthusiasm began to boil up; the soldiers on the parapet caught the infection, jumped up, yelled out the famous old war cry once more, sprang across, and disappeared in the interior of the fort, like divers taking their plunge. After this, for several minutes the only sounds to be heard were those arising from a deadly fight, man to man, "tooth and nail," shouts and execrations, drowned or interrupted ever and anon by the crash of the musketry, now dying into dropping shots, and then in one burst rising into a passionate rattle, as if oceans of hate and rage and courage and enthusiasm found an outlet in those furious volleys. At last the sounds began to wax fainter; the Russians had been driven out and the French were advancing. The Russian reserves, however, had now come up, in two columns, and approached the French to the right and left; there was really little to fear, and the Piedmontese were forming for the assault on the Flagstaff Battery, when some one amongst the French in the Central Bastion — one of those unhappy individuals upon whom the God Pan so often seizes at moments when great

destinies or great interests are at stake, and makes him the instrument of ruin and disorder, — shouted out, "Nous sommes tournés!" In an instant all was confusion; the whole force wheeled about and bolted bodily, flinging themselves across the parapet, vastly quicker than on the previous occasions, and ran back for dear life towards the trenches, under showers of grape from the flanking batteries in the bastion, and from the lunette on the left.

On seeing this, General de Salles became pale with rage, rushed out, and threw himself in the path of the fugitives, crying, "Canaille, vous allez déshonorer la France! arrêtez! arrêtez!" and, addressing himself to the officers, "Messieurs, est ce que vous laissez filer vos soldats comme cela? En avant! en avant! Vive l'Empereur!" he seized hold of some of the men, whirled them to the right about, and inflicted upon them some of that compendious vituperation of which only the French language is capable. There was one little conscript, — beardless, slender, hardly able to trot under his musket, evidently not long in the ranks, and fitter to be by his mother's side than amidst the horrors of a heady fight, — who, in an evil hour for him, attracted the general's notice by his desperate efforts to reach some place of shelter. The latter rushed towards him, tore one of his cotton epaulettes off his shoulder, and shouted in his ear, "Comment? vous n'êtes pas Francais, donc!" The reproach stung the poor boy to the quick; all his fiery, chivalrous, French blood rose up in him to repel it; his face flushed up, and constantly repeating, "Je ne suis pas Francais!" he ran back, mounted the top parapet, whirled his musket about his head in a fury of excitement, and at last fell into the ditch riddled with balls.

Mr. Godkin received every token of approval from the proprietors of the *Daily News*. It frequently referred editorially to his letters, praising them on one occasion for their "pleasing natural eloquence." As a special mark of esteem his employers sent him a handsome sum of money, out of which they requested him to buy an Arab horse for his own use. War correspondence was then just beginning, and the young Irishman had done much to add to the prestige of a newspaper that built up its reputation, not in the way of the London *Times*, as described by Kinglake in his "Invasion of the Crimea," but by having strong opinions of its own and boldly uttering them.

Recurring to this subject in the last years of his life, Mr. Godkin wrote:—

If I were asked now what I thought the most important result of the Crimean war, I should say the creation and development of the "special correspondents" of newspapers. Letter-writers from the headquarters of an army in the field there have always been. During the Peninsular war there were plenty, but they were private, and nothing reached the newspapers except very irregularly. The writers were generally officers in active service, and there was then among military officers a dread of newspapers which now seems ludicrous. I remember getting from Col. Neale, the British Consul at Varna, a very amusing account of the alarm excited in Gen. Sir George Brown, one of the old Peninsula Veterans. He still believed in "Brown Bess," and had come out to the Crimea in command of a division, to

see to it that the army was ruined according to the regulations. The *Times* had sent out at first, when the English troops came, an elderly gentleman, of the most correct deportment, who had long represented it at Paris or Brussels. Sir George Brown met him one day at the Consul's. The correspondent was introduced to him as a very desirable acquaintance, even for Sir George. He, however, took a very different view. A shudder seemed to pass through his frame at the mention of the *Times*. He maintained a dead silence while the correspondent remained in the room, as if the slightest utterance in his presence might endanger the monarchy.

Of course, this state of mind did not prevail among the younger men, but very few, even of them, had the faintest idea of the influence on events which special correspondence was to have. I think, though I am not sure, that I and a representative of the *Morning Chronicle* were the first correspondents despatched by journals to what was called "the seat of war." Even if we had had instructions to supply telegrams we could not have done it, as the telegraph did not come further east than Buda Pesth. I once sent telegraphic news of the battle of Eupatoria by the courier who carried the Government despatches as far as Vienna, but my despatches got to London first, because of the time consumed by the British Embassy in deciphering theirs. As the day of "beats" had not yet come, neither the *Daily News* nor I thought it was anything to boast of. What we were to write was as good descriptive letters as we knew how, which might cover not only warlike operations, but anything that interested us.

My letters excited some attention in England mainly owing to their novelty. I do not think they had much other merit. The real beginning of newspaper corre-

spondence was the arrival of "Billy" Russell with the English army in the Crimea. He was then a man of mature age, had had a long newspaper experience, and possessed just the social qualities that were needed for the place. A large fund of Irish humor was supplemented in him by a great abundance of good stories, collected through much experience of men and things, and told with inimitable drollery. He was a welcome guest at every mess-table, from the moment of his arrival in the camp. In his hands correspondence from the field really became a power before which generals began to quail. It probably was during that campaign, as well as afterwards, of real value to the British service. The British army then suffered, probably more than any Continental army except the Austrian, from the evil which afflicted all European armies until Napoleon rode in amongst them — I mean the evil of good family connections. It has needed time and much experience to impress upon the modern world the lessons the Swiss taught at Sempach and Morgarten — that on the field of battle all distinctions vanish. I therefore cannot help thinking that the appearance of the special correspondent in the Crimea, to whatever evils and abuses it may afterwards have led, was a troubling of the waters which was a good thing both for the British army and people. It led to a real awakening of the official mind. It brought home to the War Office the fact that the public has something to say about the conduct of wars, and that they are not the concern exclusively, as that delightful old charlatan, Lord Beaconsfield said, of "sovereigns and statesmen."

The Englishman who has been mentioned as one of Mr. Godkin's Crimean intimates, Captain Max-

well, lived to become a major-general, and exchanged occasional letters in later years with his fellow-campaigner. One encounter with Russell of the *Times* may be traced in the young correspondent's records. Something in the *Daily News* reflecting upon the journalistic autocrat, he had attributed to Mr. Godkin's pen, and had replied with acrimony. When set right as to the facts, he made the following handsome apology: —

Balaklava, Dec. 3, 1854.

Sir: —

You have overwhelmed me with shame and regret. I have this instant received your letter, and you may well judge what my feelings must be at having under the influence of such excitement and misapprehension as I was laboring under at the time addressed one who has treated me so kindly in such terms. The way in which I was deceived so grossly was this: —

I received a note at the post-office at Balaklava one day enclosing a slip from the *Daily News*, and calling attention to it in the following words, "As a well wisher I think you ought to see this — signed J. S." I am not quite certain of the phrase used, but it was to that effect. I at once set to work to ascertain who was at Devna at the time alluded to, and by two or three persons I was directly informed that you were there at that very time. This was a misapprehension as it appears, and very deeply I regret it.

You are entitled to an apology for my language and violent menace, and I beg to tender it to you and to assure you I never shall cease to remember the lesson I

have received not to act on hearsay evidence. The best revenge you can have is my confession of the feeling with which I reperuse my own letters.

Yours very faithfully,

W. H. Russell.

It was, however, between the Italian, Captain Govone, and Mr. Godkin that the warmest friendship appears to have sprung up. After the fall of Sebastopol, in giving Mr. Godkin a letter of introduction to friends in Turin, Govone wrote of him as "un buon diavolo, allegro, che ha spirtu e parla poco." A scattering correspondence was kept up. Here is one of Govone's letters:—

Gaëte, 12, Juillet, 1861.

Mon cher Godkin:—

J'ai été enchanté d'apprendre de vous nouvelles. Comme depuis quelque temps je ne fais que changer de résidence, vôtre lettre ne m'est arrivée qu'après un long retard. Je suis depuis un an général de brigade, et mes troupes après avoir séjourné tout l'hiver et le printemps sur les rives du Pô, prêtes à repousser *les barbares* ont été au commencement de l'été envoyés dans les provinces Napolitaines. J'ai été quelques semaines à l'Aquila dans les Abruzzes, autre fois terre classique du brigandage mais aujourd'hui patrie de braves gens. De l'Aquila on m'a envoyé a Gaëte pour être sur la frontière des états du Pape, d'où partent les bandes de brigands qui viennent piller les villages sans défense de la frontière. Jusqu'aujourd'hui je n'ai presque rien à faire à cette égard. Si une bande a la malheur de tomber entre mes mains, et je puis la cerner,

je la fais détruire et je ne laisserai survivre qu'un seul brigand pour qu'il aille apporter les nouvelles a ces confrères éloignés. Je crois que vous ne connaisez point ce pays-ci. Ça m'a un peu de l'air de la turquie. Toute est achetable, justice, impunité, etc. Je vous assure que l'ignominie de l'administration des Bourbons justifie tout ce qu'on a pu faire pour les renverser. On aurait même le droit de fusiller Francesco II par la raison qu'il est fils de Ferdinand II. Enfin tout cela changera. Ces pays-ci comme le reste de l'Italie espèrent un meilleur régime; on l'introduit peu à peu. Les piémontais ont un grand prestige pour ces populations. On n'a foi qu'en eux; on demande des employés piémontais, des troupes piémontaises partout. A l'Aquila où j'étais dernièrement on m'a donné des témoignages de toute espèce, et on vien de m'elire député. Vous serez étonné de me savoir général. Cependant toute l'ancienne armée piémontaise a beaucoup avancé avec l'acroissement de l'état; j'ai été fait colonel le jour après le bataille de Solferino comme récompense pour le bataille, ce qui m'a fait beaucoup de bien.

On attend patiemment d'avoir Rôme, et ça viendra. Nous avons pleuré M. de Cavour comme jamais homme d'état l'a été. Vous verrez que M. Ricasoli ne fera pas mal non plus. C'est un homme sec, maigre, roide, un grand seigneur d'une très grande énergie. J'aurais un million de choses à vous dire sur le présent, l'avenir, et sur le passé aussi — quand nous étions à Widdin!

Je suis depuis bien longtemps dans l'inquiétude a l'égard de Maxwell. Il m'a écrit de l'Inde à l'époque de la guerre; il m'écrivait d'être blessé. Depuis tout je n'ai plus su comment d'avoir de lui nouvelles, ou lui écrire. Veuillez, vous qui connaisez les moyens, vous en informer et m'en écrire. Pauvre et cher garçon.

Je suis moi aussi marié depuis presque deux ans et j'ai un joli petit garçon de trois mois. Je serai enchanté de vous voir en Italie. Je ne puis prévoir où car depuis quelque temps on me fait courrir d'un pôle a l'autre. Rapallo est toujours marié avec la duchesse de Gênes — dont il passe toujours pour le *chevalier de compagnie.* Vous devez connaitre cela. Il n'est plus dans l'armée. Il est à part, car la princesse est souvent à la campagne. Crespi est officier d'ordonnance du prince de Carignan. Il est toujours jeune, profond politique comme vous l'avez connu. Le temps ne passe pas pour lui. Il doit avoir 45 ans pour le moins.

Ecrivez moi de vous nouvelles. Soignez votre santé. Prevenez moi quand vous viendra en Italie. Je désire vous voir. Je vous serre la main en ami sincère.

J. Govone.

The tribute which Mr. Godkin paid to Govone, towards the end of his own life, must close the account:—

When we arrived at Bucharest our little company broke up, the Englishmen rejoined their regiments. The brightest, gayest, most companionable of all, Captain Govone, had already left us to throw himself into Silistria, which the Russians were besieging. Eighteen hundred men had garrisoned a small redoubt which commanded the town, and for a whole month refused to be relieved, although repulsing daily assaults of the Russians. There is not in the whole history of war, a more brilliant exploit. Daring soldiers like Govone were attracted to the scene from nearly every country in

Europe. An Englishman named Butler was killed in the place. Govone headed more than one of the desperate sallies with which the Turks repulsed the Russians at the point of the bayonet. In fact, the Turkish troops, who had been rather despised since the victory over them of Mehemet Ali's Egyptians at the battle of Ez-Zahir, were beginning to reveal to the world signs of the desperate courage to be thereafter displayed at Shipka Pass and Plevna. Govone was a thorough type of the accomplished European soldier. He was a staff officer of the German kind, learned in all the arts of his profession, and probably one of the most charming companions who ever sat around a mess-table. He went to the Crimea before the Piedmontese troops came out, as a military attaché, to watch the operations. At Balaklava, he was sitting on his horse, talking to Lord Cardigan, when Captain Nolan arrived with the fatal order to charge. Govone's practised eye saw all the folly of the movement, but he thought it would be unbecoming for an officer in Piedmontese uniform to ride away from a fight. So he galloped down the slope with the Light Brigade, and had almost reached the guns when his horse was killed. When making his way back on foot under a hail of shot, an English lancer seeing the strange uniform, charged him and called on him to surrender. Govone, whose store of English was slender, had difficulty in convincing him that he was there for fun.

He returned home at the close of the campaign, "grasped the skirts of happy chance," rose steadily in rank, became a General of division, was sent as ambassador to Prussia to conclude the alliance with Italy, before the war of 1866, and served at Custozza, where his division was the only one which retired from the field with unbroken ranks. He afterwards became Minister

of War. It was while he was in this position that some reflections, made in Parliament, on his administration of the office, so galled him that he committed suicide. I know nothing of the circumstances; but that he was driven to this fatal deed by anything but a morbid sensitiveness, it is impossible for any one who ever knew him to believe. My acquaintance with him in youth is among the happiest recollections of my life, and I am glad of the opportunity, even at this late period, of throwing one small flower on his grave.

CHAPTER IV

THERE is clear evidence that the call of America came early to Mr. Godkin. Ireland was strongly under the attraction of the United States in the days of his youth; he may have been in touch with the oral as well as written tradition that bound the two. Certainly in his own first writings, we find him with a keen eye for American locutions, which he used with point and humor. But it was not to America the refuge of the starving and over-taxed Irishman, that he looked; not to the land of well-to-do people across the sea who loaded ships with food for those perishing in the Irish famine; but to America the living demonstration of those democratic principles of government which with him were bred in the bone. It was with something of the enthusiasm of Shelley, tempered by the cast of a philosophic mind like Mill's, that Mr. Godkin thought of the republic of the West. To turn his footsteps thither was a resolve which he brought back with him from the Crimea.

On his way home he skirted Greece. There always stayed with him the remembered thrill with which he lifted up his eyes and, from the steamer's deck, saw sunrise on "Sunium's marbled steep."

Passing through Italy, he tarried in France only long enough to visit a sister there at school. This was Annie Godkin, whose flashes of wit he often recounted, saying that her laughter was the best he had ever known. In London, which he must have reached sometime in September, 1855, he was well received on all sides, for his correspondence had made him known; but he pressed on to Dublin, where his father was then editing the *Daily Express*. A few days he spent at Enniskillen, where an uncle's regiment was stationed, and where he saw another sister. Thereafter, his course lay to Belfast, the home of many friends. He gave some public lectures on the Crimean war. In the *Daily News* of March 24, 1856, one reads: "Mr. Godkin, formerly the Danubian and more recently the Crimean correspondent of the *Daily News*, has been delivering lectures on the war with great success in Belfast." Possibly his subjects are hinted at in this entry upon a stray leaf of one of his note-books: —

Crimean Notes for British (Home) Circulation

Balaklava,	A Night in the Trenches,
Kadiköi,	Camp Sales,
Canteens,	Chances of War,
Sanitary,	Travelling Pickwicks,
A Flag of Truce.	"Tom Dashwood of Ours."

A chance editorial vacancy on the staff of the Belfast *Northern Whig* soon brought him work.

It was then a tri-weekly paper, not becoming a daily till 1858. Mr. Godkin had occasionally contributed to it prior to April, 1856. From April 12 to October 19, he wrote the principal leading articles. He was not obliged to be at the office, but lived at Holywood, four miles out of Belfast, sending in his "copy." An entry has been unearthed from the books of the *Whig*, under date October 19, 1856:—

Edwin L. Godkin, Editor.

Salary from 12th April 1856 to 12th October 1856 (6 mos.)	150.0.0
do " 12th to 19th October, 1856 (one week)	6.0.0
For articles contributed previous to 12th April, 1856	3.0.0
	£159.0.0

When a friend, William M. Neill, asked him what sort of work he did for the *Whig*, Mr. Godkin replied that he had chiefly devoted himself to the religious department of the paper. This was his waggish way of saying that the young writer was fervid in denouncing the narrow bigotry of the leaders of the Presbyterian church in the North of Ireland, and also in exposing and ridiculing the intolerance of the Orange faction. But he gave high satisfaction to his employers. They offered him the editorship; but, great as the compliment was to one of his years, he declined, on the ground that he had no desire to be a

journalist, but intended to practise at the American bar.

"I arrived in America in November, 1856," wrote Mr. Godkin in his fragmentary reminiscences. To quote them further: —

"When I landed in New York, it was on the eve of the Presidential election. The air was full of the discussion about slavery. The excitement was tremendous, greater than I could at first realize. The night of the day on which I landed, I attended a Fremont meeting in the old Academy of Music, at which the Hutchinson family sang songs about freedom, which were rapturously applauded in the intervals between speeches that astounded me by their heat and extravagance. But in a few days I became aware that themes were under popular discussion which had never before been so discussed — the rights and wrongs of slavery, the equality of man, the provisions of a written Constitution, the position of leading public men on questions which were half moral and only half political or legal. Nothing else was talked of. I went one night to a thronged meeting in Tammany Hall, which was addressed by a Southern Senator, whose name I forget, but I was struck by the fact that he seemed to have no answer to the Northern arguments except denunciation of the Abolitionist, and he brought down the house by the assertion that every one of those present "would be the better of a good nigger to wait upon him." To my preconceived notions of senatorial dignity this was a good deal of a shock. I got more light from hearing Mr. Carl Schurz, who was then just beginning his political career.

I had made the acquaintance of Frederic Law Olmsted

immediately on landing, and spent many pleasant days with him at his farm by the sea on Staten Island. I found him a delightful expositor of nearly everything that puzzled me in American manners or politics. He had for some years been trying the life of a farmer, both in Connecticut and New York, but with only moderate success, and his mind was then turning towards the profession of landscape gardening in which he afterwards achieved so much distinction. Some of my pleasantest recollections of those early years in New York are of hours passed with Olmsted and George Waring, Jr.

Olmsted had made journeys in the South on horseback, I believe for the benefit of an invalid brother, and had written letters giving accounts of slave society.

The New York *Times* had lately been started, as a sort of *via media* to suit the numerous moderate or timid people who were coming over to the Republican party from both the Whigs and the Democrats, but were as yet unequal to the strong anti-slavery drink of the *Tribune*. The *Times* signalized itself by publishing Olmsted's letters from the South, since more widely known in book form. These I read with intense interest, all the greater because I was contemplating a journey of two or three months on horseback in the South that winter myself. Olmsted's narratives are, like Arthur Young's Travels in France and in Ireland, pictures of a vanished society, and will therefore grow in value as the years roll by. But Olmsted's work in vividness of description and in photographic minuteness far surpasses Young's; and if the society he describes had been better known to the literary and intellectual world, it would be considered already far more valuable. I took the three books

with me when I went South, followed very closely Olmsted's trail, and found him a most instructive guide.

Mr. Godkin's Southern tour was partly that of an observant traveller, partly that of one intent on business. He was to send information to Neill Brothers about the cotton crop. This he faithfully did, at the same time that he wrote letters to the London *Daily News*. His itinerary was New York to Wilmington, thence to Montgomery and Selma, from there to Vicksburg and New Orleans. To cite again his later account:—

> I saw nothing of the "peculiar institution" which Olmsted had not already recorded, but certain incidents made a deep impression on my memory. One night, in a respectable planter's house in Mississippi, some visitors from the neighborhood came in for a chat. The talk turned upon the speaking at a recent political meeting near by, and particular mention was made of a very ferocious attack on some one by one of the orators. A young Presbyterian minister was among the visitors, and his remark was, on hearing the language in question, "If any man talked that way about me, I should lie in wait for him and kill him." I should have been horrified by this, even if it had come from a layman; but by the rest of the company it was evidently considered a not unnatural *obiter dictum*, and passed without notice.

Turning now to his correspondence for the *Daily News*, one extract follows from his letter of November 8, 1856, giving his first impression of American electoral methods:—

On the Friday preceding the election, a "mass meeting" of working men convened in the Fremont interest was held in the Academy of Music, at which many of the idiosyncrasies of American electioneering were very fairly exemplified. The Academy of Music, I may mention, is, *tout bonnement,* that which on the other side of the water is called an opera-house, and received the euphonious designation with the view, it is said, of thus entrapping the religious public into patronising the lyric drama. The flimsy device, I need hardly say, has not succeeded, and the Academy is just as great an abomination in certain circles as if it had been called by its right name. A theatre it is, and a very fine one, splendidly decorated and lighted, and fitted up with boxes and stalls, pit and gallery, just as if it were admitted in this country that all men were not equal, and that somebody had a better right to a good place than anybody else. The theory of social equality so rigidly carried out in railway travelling here, and which at least has the inconvenience of occasionally bringing one into unpleasantly close contact with excellent citizens of dirty habits, seems to be recognized nowhere else. The custom which prevails of some people living in finer houses than their neighbors brings down no special reprobation, and the much more galling distinction of places in the theatre seems to meet with as large an amount of approval as in the most aristocratic country of the Old World. The rich man goes to the boxes and the poor man to the pit, and nobody grumbles. So much for theories. But if any one had found his republican sensibilities outraged by the line of demarcation between rich and poor on representation nights, he found some amends in the demonstration of this day week, when the whole house, from top to bottom, was abandoned indiscriminately to

the sovereign people, who came something like five thousand strong.

Colonel Fremont occupied one of the stage boxes, but did not show himself. There was a band of music in the orchestra, and the proceedings, as soon as the chair had been taken, were opened by singing a song composed for the occasion, and dilating on the wrongs of Kansas, to the air of the "Marseillaise." A portion of the audience joined in the chorus, but the principal performers were four professional singers, of dilapidated appearance, who seemed sorely puzzled, as they stood at the footlights, to know how to dispose of their hands. After nearly every speech there was a song, sometimes heroic but often doggerel, now in praise of Fremont and now in ridicule or denunciation of some of his opponents. All the little arts that can influence the feelings of the uneducated were unsparingly resorted to. In the refrain of a long lampoon upon Brooks, the editor of a Know Nothing journal, an imitation of a dog's barking produced a prodigious effect; and Buchanan's name, pronounced *Buck*-anan, regularly brought down the house. The leaders on the stage seemed to enjoy this as much as anybody, or at least enjoyed the effect it seemed to produce on the audience. The speeches, with one or two exceptions, were of a much more flowery cast than would generally be tolerated on a similar occasion in England. The style of oratory which seemed most effective was of decidedly a Young Ireland tenor, such as that for which Mr. Meagher of the Sword was at one time famous. One of the speakers, who seemed quite an adept in it, boasted every second or third sentence of his extreme youth, of the very short period which had elapsed since he was a baby in his mother's arms, and defended Colonel Fremont against the accusation of being a young

man, with great fire and energy; he was vigorously applauded. The music and the songs are, as you will perceive, a mode of influencing the feelings of the electors never used in this way in England, side by side with speeches. During the proceedings a volunteer corps of artillery, whose banner was suspended over our heads on the stage, and whose motto was, "We never surrender," made their appearance, marching in single file right on to the platform. Outside, at the door, they had one of their guns, a three-pounder, from which, at the conclusion of the proceedings, they blazed away furiously in honor of Colonel Fremont. This, in a quiet street, in a fashionable quarter of the town, was also something new for an Englishman. I was forcibly struck by the extreme order and decorum by which this as well as most of the other election meetings was characterized.

Saturday was generally devoted to the more silent work of organization. On Sunday Dr. Bellows, the Unitarian, and Henry Ward Beecher, delivered political sermons to crowded audiences — the one in the morning and the other in the evening. The latter has earned for his church amongst his opponents the title of "Church of the Holy Rifles," in allusion to his efforts to raise subscriptions to purchase Sharp's rifles for the emigrants to Kansas. He has discarded the pulpit, and preaches from a platform, provided simply with a low desk; he stalks about on it from end to end while speaking. The building was crowded to suffocation, aisles and all. He seems to rely on none of the professional aids to which our ministers in the Old World cling so dearly. We were horrified to see him mount the platform with his great coat on, and wearing a common black tie, and a shirt collar hanging limp and disordered about his throat. His subject was the connection between liberty and

religion, and the discourse was of course made to bear upon the coming event. Christians were called upon to protest by their votes against the extension of any system which prevented a man's being as much of a man as he could possibly be in this world. The style and delivery were more those which we are accustomed to consider appropriate for a speech than for a sermon. His tone and phraseology were rather too energetic and secular for those who look for nothing but doctrine from the clergy. Mr. Beecher is essentially a "soldier priest," a man of immense combativeness, but combativeness ordered and disciplined by chivalry of the highest order. I have seldom heard anything more powerful than the terms in which he replied to the attacks of those who find fault with his meddling with the affairs of the world in his sermons. The audience were far from preserving the sobriety and solemnity of demeanor by which congregations are generally characterized. When anything good was said, there was an audible hum of admiration through the building, whispered comments passed about very freely, and no one seemed to have any hesitation about smiling right and left. The discourse, I should think, was likely to do more for Fremont than a dozen of stump speeches, because it reached and affected people upon whom newspaper articles and speeches do not make the slightest impression.

The dates of the Southern letters run from December 6, 1856, to April 7, 1857. Excerpts again speak for themselves: —

To be weatherbound anywhere is bad, uncomfortable, tantalising; but to be weatherbound in an inn, and that an American inn in a country town, is a position which

might rouse the gods into impatience. For travellers in most parts of Europe the weather has ceased to have any importance, and for travellers in most parts of the United States it is likewise a matter of no great moment; but in some of the Southwestern States — and Mississippi is amongst the number — it still retains its ancient supremacy. There are some places out of which there are only two ways of getting — in a stage-coach or on horseback; and either of these, when once the rainy season has set in is attended with horrors that have been unknown in England for one hundred years or more. The stage in this part of the world is unlike its English prototype only in the lowness of its centre of gravity and the absence of outside seats. It is about as comfortable, and fully as well horsed, but instead of resting on steel springs is slung on leather straps. It can hardly be called a vehicle. A brig, or a sloop, or a schooner, or a barque, or a "craft" of some sort, would be a much more appropriate appellation. It rolls and pitches and tosses, heaves and lurches, heels over and is taken aback, is thrown on its beam ends, and, in a word, goes through every description of maritime motions and manœuvres. It travels day and night, sometimes with four horses, often with six, along tracks through the forest which no road-maker save Dame Nature has ever touched — over ruts, and holes, and ravines, and through torrents and swamps, and across broken plank bridges and corduroy causeways, and through oceans of mud, either upsets on a hill-side, or breaks down through a bridge, or sticks fast in a quagmire, or is carried away by a torrent, or run away by the horses, at least once in the twenty-four hours, or, rather, once in every trip, let the trip be long or short. Men talk of it in bar-rooms, as boatmen in a fishing village talk of craft that have been

caught at sea in a gale. They make guesses as to what has happened to it "this time," feeling assured that something or other must have happened it. Passengers, when they get to their journey's end, tell tales of the road which in England would make men's blood run cold, but here hardly call forth a passing remark. Long walks on foot, knee deep in mud through forests in pitchy darkness, the rush of angry streams through the interior of the vehicle; yawning ravines revealed by flashes of lightning, just as the off-wheels graze the brink; the horrible gloom of swamps on which muddy waters run to and fro in the light of a stormy moon, wiping out all trace of road or bridge, and leaving the luckless Jehu, and more luckless traveller, to the dubious instincts of the horses — all these, and more, are incidents of nightly occurrence and daily narrative. In no country in which the distances to be traversed were not so enormous, and in which restlessness and love of locomotion were not so prevalent as in America, would stage-coaches under existing circumstances have ever been thought of. In the Southern States they combine every danger and *désagrément* known in travelling, and are only tolerable for their tolerable speed and the partial protection they afford against rain. When winter has once ploughed up the roads, they become merely a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. The passenger is almost invariably obliged to walk in precisely those parts of the road in which he would pay any sum in reason for a conveyance, and has to perform, in addition, the disagreeable duty of hauling them out of the mud every time they stick fast.

I must protest, as far as my personal experience goes, against the notion generally current on the other side of the water, that travellers in this country are apt to be

baited by impertinent curiosity. As far as I have seen, in no country in the world so thinly settled, and in which a traveller is still in some sort a book which his entertainer has the right to read, could a reserved man's reserve be more rigidly respected. You come and go in the most out-of-the-way places, pass idle listless dogs in small towns, where every man knows, or thinks he ought to know, every other man for two hundred miles round; you may be strangely dressed, strange in voice, in accent, or in manner, but no one ever pretends to feel enough curiosity about you to be unable to conceal it. Your genuine Southerner is too independent and too proud to manifest much interest in other people's concerns. Remain silent, and you may sit silent in the most crowded bar-room as long as you please. Be communicative, and you will find your communications received in a quiet, calm way, which accepts freely what is given and makes no attempt to pump any man who does not choose to be pumped. I am certain I could not have ridden three hundred miles through an agricultural district in England, and met with so little rudeness or incivility, and so much positive civility, as I have met with here. You find no deference paid to you because you are better dressed or carry more marks of wealth about you than the person you happen to be speaking to, but civility is not the less welcome for that. In England, unless known to somebody, you are generally treated as nobody.

They are nearly all more or less what the evangelical world calls "pious," and are divided pretty equally between two sects, the Methodists and Baptists. Itinerant preachers, carrying all their worldly goods in their saddlebags, pass and repass in all directions every week, and hold forth sometimes in log chapels, in fine weather in the open air, in case of necessity anywhere. As far

as I have been able to observe, however, cant or technical jargon forms a large part of what the audience carries away from these gatherings. I have heard respectable men swear roundly, define for what reasons — some of them often to our notions atrociously trifling — they would shoot a man down, and the next minute break out into a religious strain with an unction and fervor quite bewildering for one to whom this inconsistency is new. I was sitting before the fire in a farm-house some evenings ago, in company with a group of travellers like myself overtaken by the storm, when the conversation, as conversation always does in these parts, turned upon negroes, and each declared whether he would or would not kill a slave attempting to make his escape if there were no other way to prevent his flight. All were agreed in thinking it proper, under such circumstances, to pepper him with small shot; but one proclaimed with an oath that he would shoot him dead on the spot. To my great amusement, I found in the course of the evening afterwards that this was the most pious man of the party in his talk. He and a heart-broken looking old woman, who occupied the chimney corner, and was returning way-worn and disappointed with her family from Texas, poured out Scriptural consolation to one another for an hour together, his being intermingled with observations addressed to the assemblage generally, in a slightly different tone, upon the price of land, of mules, of slaves, cotton, &c. What surprised me in the matter was not that he should be a hypocrite, because hypocrites are plenty in all climes and in all sects, but that he should take so little pains to conceal his hypocrisy, and that his mixture of slang and cant, of pious precepts with tap-room morality, should appear to excite neither astonishment nor disgust amongst his auditory. This union

of puritanical strictness in doctrine with rowdyish laxity in language and behavior is very common.

The merits of the various preachers form almost as prominent a subject of discussion as the merits of rival politicians, and the good and bad points of the leaders are sometimes discussed with great heat. There is a preacher in the northern part of this State, one of whose sermons, as I was assured, having come under the notice of Mr. Macaulay the historian, that gentleman pronounced it, emphatically, to be the most finished piece of English composition he had ever read. Stories of this sort about England and Englishmen are generally told with so much positiveness that there is no use in denying or questioning them.

The notions about England prevalent amongst the planters, owing, no doubt, to the small amount of communications with the mother country, though the Anglo-Saxon race is in no part of America so pure as in the Southern States, are often bizarre enough in their way. Most of the farmers are firmly persuaded that Prince Albert is the leading political personage in the state, and does most of the work of government. "The lords" are currently believed to make the laws, which are supposed to bear very stringently upon the "commoners." One old gentleman told us he was quite sure he couldn't bear to live under our Queen, as he "expected" she would always be "ordering him about"; nor should he very much like to pay a visit to England, because he thought the police would seize on him on landing and make him tell his business. Great surprise was frequently expressed at my assertion that I believed more real liberty was enjoyed in England than here, because in England a man was protected against the tyranny of his neighbors, whilst here he was at their

mercy. No matter what length of time I spent in proving my case, I generally found my eloquence was expended in vain. That a man can be as free in the Old World as here, is a proposition which sounds to them outrageously absurd. I sometimes ventured to touch upon the question which prevails here, of expelling, by lynch-law, from the State men who have given utterance to abolitionist sentiments, in illustration of my argument; and I am glad to say I invariably found that it silenced the readiest and most violent. The only answer to this I found to be declamation upon the horrors that might result from slave rebellion. The fact is, I imagine, that while every man in the country feels it to be necessary to the safety of the existing state of things to prohibit, absolutely and completely, all discussion as to the right of the masters to their slaves, no one likes to establish a censorship of the press by statutable enactment. This would be rather too close an imitation of absolutism. As long as it is only "the mob," or "the public," that maltreat a man for free speech, the credit of the state is saved, while slave property is secured, as "the mob" and "the public" are two bodies who have neither character to lose, memory to dishonor, nor history to sully. There is no more disagreeable and embarrassing police duty in despotic countries than that of gagging the press. The Emperor of Austria would, I have no doubt, be only too glad if deputations of "citizens" were to wait upon all persons guilty of uttering sentiments hostile to his government — guilty, for instance, of questioning his right to dispose freely of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, and give them 24 hours to quit the country. If he could only bring about this state of things, he might safely come before the world as the sworn friend of free speech, and say it was the mob, the

uncontrollable, unreasoning mob, who stopped men's mouths.

There is in the South, nevertheless, I think, a larger amount of kindly feeling towards England than in the North, except amongst the cultivated portion of the New Englanders. There immigrates yearly into the Northern States a large mass of England-haters, Irish and foreign, who growl, howl, and lie against Great Britain as long as their lungs last them. Very few if any of that class make their way into slave territory. The old race, as it landed in Virginia and Carolina, is here still tolerably pure from foreign adulteration, and looks back to the mother-country still with much pride and a good deal of affection. Every name one hears is a good old English name, and I have not met an honest farmer yet who was not gratified to learn that his cognomen was a common one on the other side of the water, and who was not visibly delighted to be able to tell which of his ancestors it was who first set foot on the soil of the New World, English born and English bred. And, moreover, I have sat at no fireside without being assured by a thousand tokens that I was all the more welcome for having so lately quitted the mother country.

The population in many "sections" seems to be composed of colonels, governors, and doctors exclusively, and I was consequently by no means unprepared to find one of the last-named class seated in conversation with my host in the gallery in front of the house — a slender and jaunty gentleman, with exceedingly light boots, and a black coat of the most diminutive dimensions, who at once, though but a guest himself, waiting for the passage of the mail buggy, charged himself with the task of entertaining me, and consigned the owner of the house to complete obscurity. The quantity of information which

he managed to convey to me in the course of the evening by dint of unwearying volubility was perfectly astonishing. He traced at some length, with divers quotations from their works, speeches, and letters, the career and labors of John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay, of whom he affirmed that it might be safely predicted that they were the greatest men who ever lived or ever will live in this or any other country. He sketched the history of the State of Mississippi, ran over the leading features of its constitution, and the leading events in the lives of its most promising politicians, whom, however, he pronounced to be in the main d—d rascals, whose tendencies were all downward, and of whose improvement there was no hope whatever. His narrative was enlivened with anecdotes of personal encounters occurring between rival candidates on election days, from which it appeared that in this state any unwillingness on the part of either to engage in mortal combat was sure to cause him the loss of the election. Upon the slave question he was extremely eloquent. I heard from him, for about the one hundredth time in the course of my journey, that the condition of the negroes was much superior to that of free laborers either in the North or in England; that the slaves were so strongly attached to their masters that, in the majority of cases, the very thought of freedom was perfectly loathsome to them; that the institution was strictly patriarchal, and the devotion of niggers to their owner's family frequently very touching. He also added that, in his opinion, the great end which Providence had in view in establishing slavery in America was the civilization of the negro race through the instrumentality of whipping and cotton raising.

A long ride through a pine forest next day, in heavy

rain, without seeing a house at any less interval than ten or fifteen miles, brought me at nightfall to another planter's, beyond Louisville, who, on learning I was from the old country, welcomed me very cordially, and reckoned I must find myself in the enjoyment of much greater liberty here than at home, and was greatly astonished at finding that I did not take this view of the case. I brought the matter home to him by asking whether he dared preach anti-slavery doctrines. He acknowledged he dared not; but then this was a different thing. I endeavored to make it clearer to him by saying that there was nothing a man might write or utter in America which he might not write or utter in England, and there were many things which he dared not say in America which he might say with perfect impunity in England. This, he acknowledged, seemed to turn the scale in favor of the old country, and was a view of the case which evidently puzzled him a little. Early in the evening I was asked, as usual, what I thought of their "institutions"? which always means, "What do you think of slavery?" I stated my opinions regarding it in as moderate a way as I could, and as usual was again immediately informed by the whole assemblage that the negroes were much better off than the laboring classes at the North, inasmuch as they were sure of food and clothing as long as they live, and are not exposed, as poor whites are, to the risk of dying of want in their old age when no longer able to work. "True," said my host, "they must be whipped to keep 'em right; just as one whips one's children; but it's agin' a man's interest to whip 'em too much."

I have had a good deal of experience of unpleasant travelling, and yet I believe if I were asked to mention

that kind of travelling which united the greatest amount of discomfort with the greatest amount of wearisome monotony, I should say travelling on horseback on a wet day in the State of Mississippi; wet weather in that part of the world is invariably very close and sultry. The wind, if there be any wind, is hot as if it came from a furnace; the air, if there be no wind, is so close and heavy that it almost seems as if one might cut it with a knife. If you put on waterproof overalls, you melt with the heat; if you don't, you are drenched with the rain. The moisture rises from the ground, and seems to issue from the trees in steam. The gloom is profound, oppressive, almost funereal. You may ride twenty miles, feverish, thirsty, damp, and mud-covered, without seeing a house, or meeting a human being, or anything more remarkable than a wild hog to distract your attention from your own pitiable plight. The best part of the roads are bad enough; in the "swamps," as the low grounds on the banks of the streams, and covered by the overflows, are called, riding on horseback becomes a work attended with some danger as well as difficulty. The swamp is not simply morass; it is a morass covered with a thick growth of timber, and still thicker growth of underwood, whose normal state is one of inundation. After heavy rains the water rises over the road, already converted into bog pure and simple, and your only guide through the waste of waters is afforded by the opening in the trees. In some cases there is a sort of wooden causeway, called a "corduroy road," composed of pine or other logs, unhewn and in their primitive rotundity, laid transversely on the track. They secure you against the risk of disappearing in the quagmire; but, by way of compensation, your horse incurs imminent risk of breaking his legs by inserting his foot in the interstices.

Sometimes even the corduroy is covered by the rising waters, the bridges are swept away, and you make your way from end to end, plunging, floundering, swimming, fagged, wet, bewildered, in doubt after each step whether the next will not bring your career and labors to an untimely close. I am assured that in spring and summer the swamps are scenes of passing beauty. I am told that when the trees put on their foliage, the wild vines, climbers, and parasites hang their garlands of flowers round trunk and branch, and clothe the forest in splendor and fill the air with fragrance, the swamp is one of the most pleasing works of nature. Though my faith, I am sorry to say, is not strong, I am prepared to take all this and twice as much more as gospel truth on mere hearsay, sooner than attempt to test its accuracy by personal observation. Were I an enthusiastic lover of wild-duck shooting or a runaway negro, I would pass my life in the swamp. I should love its muddy waters, its unfathomable mire, its tangled brakes, its eternal gloom, its pendant wreaths of Spanish moss; but, with my present views of life, and of man's mission, I conceive one trip through it to be as much as human nature can be fairly called upon to endure.

The population is scanty; and the houses, such as they are, for the most part are inhabited by that most wretched, most cadaverous, most thinly clad, most lean, most haggard, most woebegone, forlorn, hopeless, God-forsaken-looking portion of the human race, the poor niggerless whites of the slave States. I have seen many varieties of the genus *homo*, and many varieties of the misery to which he is at all times liable, but I think I have never seen men in whom hope, energy, and courage, to all outward appearance, seemed so utterly

extinguished as in these. Their attenuated frames, hollow cheeks, fireless expressionless eyes, drawling feeble accents, spiritless movements, and ghastly complexion, spoke either of a race degenerated beyond redemption or of the extremity of physical misery. I never met one of them without going away with the feeling that I had just seen a man on whom either famine or fever had done its worst. Their position is certainly most demoralizing and disheartening. They are despised alike by negroes and planters. They manage to draw a wretched subsistence from a patch of Indian corn round their log cabins, but they will not work for others, as this would put them on a level with the slaves. Those who can muster up enough money for the journey invariably make their escape to the Western wilds; but a great number, of course, are compelled to stand their ground, and get along as best they can. Society they have none. There is amongst them none of the hearty enjoyments of existence; none of the pleasures, frivolities, gayeties of peasant life in all European countries. They are generally far removed from all neighbors of their own rank; they cannot associate with negroes. They chew, spit, "loaf," and die, melancholy, taciturn, surly, and sickly. With these passing remarks, let me drop the curtain on them. They are an unpleasing vision. The world has for years been ringing with the wrongs and miseries of the Turkish rayah and the Irish peasant. I have seen a good deal of both. In physical comfort the rayah occupies a position of which "poor whites" hardly dream; in lightness of heart, in the joys of the mind, the Irish peasant is a king in comparison.

I was frequently surprised to find men whose monthly religious periodical brought to their notice numerous

instances of swearers dropping down dead or suffering various other judgments just when engaged in the manufacture of an oath, swearing, nevertheless, themselves, with an originality and profuseness that might drive even a Hungarian prisoner to despair. Squire B——, however, as was evident at the first glance, had no taste for religion. His library was intensely political and slightly legal. The table groaned under speeches, manuals, compendiums, and reports. After getting my horse put up, we sat down in the gallery or verandah of his house, tilted back our chairs, cocked up our feet on a level with our heads on the railing, and commenced talking. On learning that I was an Englishman he opened up a very fierce denunciation of the manner in which "that woman," Mrs. Stowe, had been received. He thought this exceedingly bad policy on our part, considering that we are completely dependent on slave labor for the very subsistence of a large portion of our population. He admired very much the conduct of Colonel Brooks in licking Mr. Sumner. If he had been in Congress, he'd have licked another abolitionist, and that would have made two. He wouldn't have Northern meddling with Southern institutions. He was disposed to excuse us English on the ground of our ignorance. We didn't know anything about the condition of the negroes, or we wouldn't put such stuff in our books as we do. Some of the negroes were good fellows, but the majority lazy rascals, who needed to be constantly watched. They were very good at religion. He thought they were every bit as good preachers as the whites. He had a fine preacher himself that he'd sell to a church willingly for fourteen hundred dollars, and believed they'd have a good bargain of him at that. He would just

as soon listen to him as any white preacher he knew. There was a black preacher in the neighborhood bought in this way by his congregation. He thought there were far too many preachers, both black and white. He wanted to know how much it would cost to keep a boy at school in England. He himself had two sons at school (or "college," he called it) in Tennessee, but he was obliged to bring them home, because he was afraid they'd be killed. All the boys carry "six-shooters," and are continually shooting at one another; and if the teacher attempts to correct 'em they shoot at him too, so he lets 'em alone.

He thought this was all owing to the amount of preaching and praying the pupils have to undergo. There was so much "bawlin' and groanin'" that they were fairly driven wild. He was rather staggered when I told him what the expense of tuition at a first-class school in England was, but said he had fully made up his mind regarding the seminary in Tennessee. One of his sons, a fine young man, was present. He had obtained admittance to West Point Military School, with the view of entering the army, but his mother's fears prevented his going on. He was now "hanging about" in a state of uncertainty. The father asked whether I thought, if he went to England, he would find any difficulty in getting married to a nice factory girl. I said I thought it would prove perhaps one of the easiest tasks to which a young man of talent could address himself, but endeavored to set before him the enormous difference in social position which exists between American and English factory girls, and not in social position only, but in manners and education. This surprised him very much, and he could hardly understand it. The old gentleman and I slept in the same room, but so eager was he to communicate his

views on all possible subjects, that it was with much difficulty I managed to get asleep.

As long as one is in the country in the South, and lodges each night with the farmers, one finds numerous compensations for the badness of the roads and poverty of accommodation. It is our hosts' naïveté, prejudices, furious fanaticism; the absurdity of their opinions, and the childishness of their threats and prophecies; their complete ignorance of the great world outside their own State, combined with their frank manners, which make an evening with them pass, if not pleasantly, at least not tediously. What they give you they give cordially and with good will, and it is always the best they have at their disposal. It is only when you reach the towns, and have to put up at the hotels, that you realize in its full force and bitterness the discomforts of travel in a country where that portion of the population which possesses brains and training to do anything well, is almost too proud to do anything at all. There is a notion widely diffused through England, as well as through the Northern States of the Union, that Southern Americans are fiery, hot-headed men, swift to shed blood, quick in resentment, boiling over with independence, and ever on the watch for slight or insult, in order to avenge it. There is a good deal of truth in this; but if there be, it is not exemplified in the sort of treatment which they undergo at the hands of innkeepers. In all the hostelries of the country one sees "high-toned gentlemen" submitting with perfect meekness to arrangements which in England are only to be witnessed in second-class boarding-schools.

In Kosciuzko I found a great conference of Methodist preachers had thrown the whole place into a fever of

excitement. You can form little idea in the Old World of the important place which these gentlemen occupy in these Western wilds. Through thousands of square miles they are the only known and familiar representatives of the church, are the only men who can call people's attention away for even one hour from politics, cotton, and niggers. The work of civilization on the Southwestern frontier is said to be carried on in quite as great a degree by the saddle-bags as by the axe. Saddle-bags are the receptacles in which these itinerant ecclesiastics carry their whole worldly goods in their long journeyings from one log church to another, and, as a general rule, mark the owner's profession. He probably does not pass through any particular neighborhood more than once in the month or two months, so that his audience, who hear him only, and him but rarely, are not over-critical, and place much more value on quantity than on quality. Without the Methodist preachers, there is no question, a large portion of the Southwest would lapse into heathenism. They are, however, wise in their generation, and, like all other ministers in the South, they take care not to make godliness too bitter a pill. The "peculiar institution" they handle with peculiar delicacy. At the conference which I found sitting at Kosciuzko in a small wooden meeting-house, which bristled with black coats and white neckcloths, attention was called in very earnest terms to the prevailing want of acquaintance with the Scriptures on the part of the negroes. The way in which it was proposed to remedy this was amusingly characteristic of the place and the men. To put Bibles into their hands would have suggested itself to people in every other quarter of the Protestant world as the best and only course to pursue. But this would have, of course, involved teaching them to read. So

the negroes are to obtain familiarity with the Book of Life by "oral instruction" only.

About nineteen miles from Canton I sought lodging at nightfall at a snug house on the roadside, inhabited by an old gentleman and his two daughters, who possessed no slaves, and grew no cotton, and whose two sons had been killed in the Mexican war, and who, with the loudest professions of hospitality, cautiously refrained from giving himself any personal trouble in support of them. He informed me there was corn in the husk in an almost inaccessible loft, there was fodder in an un-get-at-able sort of cage in the yard, water in a certain pond about half a mile off, and a currycomb in a certain hole in the wall. Having furnished me with this intelligence, he left me to draw my own conclusions as to what my conduct ought to be under the circumstances. Having attended to my horse, I was about to join the family circle at the fire, when another traveller came up in a buggy and demanded quarters for the night, and was accorded them upon the same terms as myself. He proved to be an ex-official of high rank in the State. In the course of our conversation afterwards he displayed much greater knowledge of the working of the English constitution than is usual amongst the general run of planters of his standing and education. Many of them, as I have, I think, already told you, imagine Prince Albert to be the leading person in the government, and the whole system to be something very like that which prevailed at Venice under the Council of Ten. There were one or two things which, however, he regarded as fraught with danger — notably the national debt. I granted him that it was objectionable on the score of the heavy taxation which it caused, but claimed some merit for it as affording a means of invest-

ing their spare money safely and profitably to a large portion of the non-speculating and non-commercial public. I found, however, that he looked upon it as dangerous and objectionable, not because it pressed heavily upon the people, but because it enlisted a large body of the public in defence of the existing order of things. In other words, it caused too large and too influential a body to look with disfavor and distaste upon revolution. This is a view of the subject which could certainly only occur to an American democrat. Our legislators and statesmen he considered decidedly inferior in point of general attainments to those of the Federal Congress, and instanced, as I expected, Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun, as three scholars, orators, and politicians, whom Pitt and Fox may have approached, but with whom no other Englishman of modern times would bear any sort of comparison. We, of course, very soon got upon the slavery question. Though he was an old, grave man, who had himself, as I have already said, been at one time charged with the execution of the laws, he was quite prepared to suspend or ignore them whenever opposition to slavery in whatever form had to be dealt with. He approved of the Sumner assault, and objected only to the place in which it was committed. In like manner, he could see no harm in lynch-law when directed against abolitionists or Fremonters. He considered it a necessity of the case. He declared that he looked upon the Free-soil party as more dangerous and objectionable than the rank abolitionists, because more plausible and insidious. To restrict slavery within certain limits looked a more harmless proposition than to abolish it outright, but in reality was just as fatal. Room for the expansion of their "institution" was, he said, an absolute necessity for the South. If

the slaves became massed together, insubordination would be the result, and it would he impossible to keep them in subjection. Even now, he declared, many men could not lie down quietly at night, though the blacks were scattered over a wide extent of territory, and though they still bore a reasonable numerical proportion to the whites. What would it be if the whites found themselves in a miserable minority; and if the blacks, crowded together in a confined area, began to discover the strength which lay in numbers? This day, he knew, would come some time or other, even if the South had it all their own way; but it would not, and should not, come in his time; and as to the future, it should take care of itself. If each generation did its duty, it might be staved off for a long time. I asked him if he did not consider this a mournful picture to draw of the future of his country. He confessed it was; *mais que voulez-vous?*

I made the best of my way to Canton, a small and rising town, 25 miles from Jackson, the capital of the State, through heavy rain and a sea of mud, buoyed up by the prospect of passing the night in "a splendid hotel," which my host of the previous evening assured me I should find at my destination. In the main street I certainly did find an edifice which, judging from the number of loungers to be seen in front of it, must have been of a public character. A pretentious sign board suspended from a tree in front of it announced that its style and title was the "Mansion House," a very common name for taverns in this part of the world. The landlord was seated in the verandah outside the door, on a chair tilted back against the wall, *les jambes en l'air*, and spat at least six times before he gave any indication, beyond a calm stare, of his being conscious of

my presence. He then came out, took my horse by the bridle, and asked if I would not dismount, which I consented to do, upon hearing that I could have a bed. In the "office," as usual, I found a large party of "gentlemen," sitting round the stove, and amusing themselves by spitting upon it. The dried and emaciated skeletons of previous salivation covered it thickly already, and gave it very much the appearance of a geological map, as each deposit had received a different hue under the combined influence of oxidation and variation in the degrees of heat. The dinner bell was momentarily expected to ring, and I accordingly soon joined the expectant throng who, after washing their mouths free of tobacco juice at the common bucket and common ladle outside, stood packed round the dining-room door. On getting admittance, we rushed frantically to the table, and commenced "pitching in." The fare was, as usual, very tough beef, very fat pork, and any quantity of hominy, sweet potatoes, and half-baked wheaten bread. After the meal, which most of the guests had finished in about seven minutes, I began to make inquiries after my bed, and was shown into a room in which there were four — three already occupied by two travellers each, and I was to make the second in the fourth. It was rather a diminutive apartment, without either table, carpet, or curtains. The beds were all four-posters, and the undressed posts towered aloft toward the ceiling like the charred trunks of trees in a cotton clearing. The sheets and coverlids were both of the meanest calico, and had no doubt once been clean, but that period in their history was evidently already very remote. After inspection of it in company with the negro waiter, who observed, with a grin, that "quite a heap slept in this room," I went down and presented to the landlord the alter-

native of having my horse brought round, or giving me a room to myself.

He chose the latter, and I was speedily installed in a chamber which was filled by another four-poster, except a very small space near the door. There was a table, however, though covered with a thick coating of dirt and grease, and a carpet which had apparently been many years used as a spittoon. Having deposited my saddle-bags in it, I descended once more to the office, and took my place at the door. There was a great crowd round it, whom the landlord was entertaining with an account of some very successful gambling he had once performed in the upper part of the State, which had led the man befleeced to suspect him of being "Buck Jones," — a very distinguished gambler, who some years previously had flourished in "this section," — and caused him to challenge him to fight. Hearing that I wanted to get my horse taken on by railway to Jackson, he strongly advised me to sell him, and offered to buy him himself; or, failing this, he offered to keep him for me till a purchaser could be found. His stables, he assured me, were about the best in the State. On inspecting them, I found that two wretched negro boys formed the whole staff of hostlers, and these had an average of twenty horses per diem to attend to, rub down, clean, feed, saddle, unsaddle, and water. They were rarely in bed before one or two in the morning, and were generally up long before daylight, and, of course, a great number of the steeds were left to pasture. The white man who superintended them by means of sitting on a cane-bottomed chair at the door, and talking with the droppers-in, complained bitterly of the "old man's" not supplying him with more "help." "God d—n him if he could stand it any longer; every one here wanted

to have his horse washed, and rubbed down, and curried, but it wasn't possible for two niggers to do the work of ten."

The subjects mostly discussed are the price of land, niggers, and horses. If the stable happens to be so near the hotel that the ringing of the bell for meals can be heard, the first note causes a general spring forward from the recumbent position, a simultaneous discharge of the quids from the mouth, and a rush towards the buckets of water in the verandah. Once there, every man seizes a ladle, fills his mouth, gargles the water with terrible contortions of his features, expels it in a cascade into the street, and hurries off to the dining-room. In a quarter of an hour you will find most likely the same set on the same spot, picking their teeth with penknives half opened, so that the blade forms a right angle with the handle. You must not suppose that this feeble sketch is true only of a low and disreputable class. It applies generally to ex-governors, full colonels, and men subsisting on the wages of two negroes let out for hire. I once heard a furious political discussion between two loungers at a livery-stable, which may serve to give you an idea of the class of topics which these gentlemen dilate upon. A Texan present inquired of his *vis-à-vis* what the sugar crop was like this year. "I don't know nothing about it," was the reply; "I ain't from the sugar country; I'm a Merrylander (Marylander), and thar we only sweeten our coffee with it, and vote for Fillmore. I'm proud of my State, I am. There ain't no State like it in the Union. We're all Americans there; and there ain't no State as has more Southern feelin', and's fonder of Southern principles."

"I'm d—d," interposed a Mississippian, "if there's much Southern feelin' in it."

This led to great excitement on both sides, very loud talking, and the consequent collection of a large addition to the audience. As a final resort to hostilities seemed by no means improbable, and as the antagonists, in most of these "difficulties," deliver their fire, to say the least, with great vagueness, I was contemplating a retreat from the scene, when calm was restored by the Mississippian being called on to explain himself. The explanation was to the effect that he had gone to Baltimore last summer to buy some niggers. He saw an advertisement in the papers announcing that a certain individual had some niggers for sale. He called on him and asked to see his stock. "That thar gal as opened the door for you was one of 'em," said the owner; "but before I show you the rest, whar are you goin' to take 'em to?" "To Mississippi." "Then I'm darned," was the reply, "if you'll have any of my niggers." "Now, do you call that Southern feelin'?" continued the Mississippi man.

The Marylander was evidently floored for the moment, as it was clear from the expression of their faces that the feeling of the audience was against him. He had previously been talking a good deal with me on the slavery question, and had taken great pains to convince me that the owners of negroes were generally most considerate in their treatment of them, that the sale of negroes was a thing which a "high-toned" man never thought of, and that, in short, the institution was strictly patriarchal. I half expected now that he would take high ground on the matter, and would glory in the humanity of his countryman, who had refused to allow his slaves to be carried South. I was mistaken, however. As soon as he rallied he turned savagely on his opponent, and asked him what he meant by judging a whole State

by one man. By working this point dexterously he recovered lost ground. His adversary parried the onslaught by a furious attack on the Know-nothings. This brought up Buchanan's qualifications for the Presidency and the whole policy of the Democrats, and here the Marylander carried all things before him. Buchanan's speeches, Clay's, Webster's, and Calhoun's were at his fingers' ends. He quoted them by the yard, and showed a familiarity with the political history of the last twenty years which completely bewildered the Mississippian, and hugely delighted the bystanders. The former as a last resource asked him how he dared to talk of Mr. *Buck*anan in that way; which caused the Marylander to spring to his feet and gesticulate so fiercely that a general butchery again seemed imminent, and would most probably have taken place if the Mississippian had not "backed down," and acknowledged that "a gentleman of course had a right to think so and say it, if he thought it." The Marylander told me, in confidence, afterwards, that he felt he had disgraced himself arguing with such a fellow. This view of the case would never have struck me.

I was overtaken by a horseman who, on learning that I was from the old country, as usual began to inquire my opinions regarding slavery, which I stated frankly, and he received them, as was generally the case, with great calm and good temper. They make great allowance for an Englishman's supposed ignorance of the subject, and bear with a great many observations from him, which, if they fell from a Northerner, would place the utterer in imminent danger of being tarred and feathered, or worse. My companion had no fears of Indian or African competition ever lowering the price

of cotton by one farthing, and as to abolition of slavery, it gave him no more concern than an attempt to liberate mules or oxen. He "never thought no more of his niggers risin' agen him than his horses. The thing ain't possible no how; and there ain't no use in talking about it. He knew how it was that I wouldn't like to take a feller's breeches off, lay him down, and give him two hundred right away; because I wasn't used to it, or to see it. But if I was living there I'd soon get accustomed to it, and see the necessity of it. All the Northerners and Englishmen that settles there did as everybody else did, and often treated their niggers worse than the Southerners. Niggers is niggers, and will be niggers till the end of the world. He had been a volunteer in the Mexican war, and would volunteer again for an expedition against Cuba, if one was proposed. Cuba they would have one day or other. He would offer the Spaniards a fair price for it, and if they wouldn't sell it he'd take it by force," &c. I asked him how he would like me to bring this mode of acquisition to bear on his horse. He acknowledged it would be unjust, but said that in the case of nations expediency was the law which should regulate their policy in their dealings with one another. His head, as many another head in the South, was full of the idea of a great Southern confederacy, embracing Mexico, Nicaragua, and the West Indian Islands, a scheme which he hoped to see carried into execution at no very distant period. He considered this alone would offer sufficient security to Southern institutions. The union with the North he thought would not survive the next Presidential election.

I met a real Border Ruffian at the hotel at Jackson, a small wiry man, with long black hair flowing down his

shoulders, and a black beard, trimmed *à la* Vandyke. He occupied the bedroom next mine, and sat next me at dinner, so we soon scraped an acquaintance, and he readily began to recount his experiences. He was a stone-cutter by trade, and had been resident in Kansas for some years, and rose in arms for slavery last year, in company with 38 other artisans who shared his own views. He said they were mainly influenced in the course they took by early education — in fact, that they were all born and brought up in slave States, and, if only from association, were therefore more or less attached to the institution. As to direct interest in the triumph of the pro-slavery party in Kansas, he could claim none beyond the fact, if it be a fact, that in slave States workmen in his trade receive much higher wages than in the free. I have since heard this contradicted upon authority of the same value as his, but probabilities seem on his side. Where slave labor exists, skilled labor is scarce, and handicraftsmen not easily met with. Negro masons and carpenters bring enormous prices, and are hired out at very high rates. A white man in the same trade, all other things being equal, can command much higher wages than the black, from his greater zeal and intelligence. My neighbor formed one of the 38 who defended the log cabin at Hickory-parish against the Free-soil forces. His account of this affair was, of course, grandiloquent in the extreme, though in talking of the struggle generally he seemed to display great candor and impartiality. He represented the actual fighting which took place as small in amount and very poor in quality. The number of encounters on open ground between parties of any force he set down at two or three, and presented the other affairs as mere "difficulties" arising in bar-rooms, and ending in that sort of sangui-

nary street row which occurs occasionally in most Southern and, above all, in most border towns. Robbery of various sorts, and above all horse robberies, he charged very freely against his own party. He said the colonel of his "regiment" (the regiment consisted of 40 men), as did the colonels of all the regiments, instituted a system of "pressing," by giving the men written orders, authorizing them to seize horses for their personal use wherever they found them. The system was of course very soon extended to every article of which any of them might fancy himself in need, and large numbers of the belligerents made a regular practice of carrying off horses from settlers in one district and selling them in the next, seizing them in others, and so on to the end of the chapter.

After all, he doubted very much whether Kansas was really won for slavery. He confessed — and his confession was but an echo of what I heard everywhere along my route — that the immigrants from the South were not *bonâ fide* colonists, but young adventurers who came for the sake of the "lark" and the plunder, and went back again the minute the sport was over and tobacco and whiskey began to get scarce. I suspect that in all accounts which have hitherto been published of the Kansas struggle the amount of the reinforcements derived by the Border Ruffians from Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, has been greatly underrated. Too much has been set down to the account of Missouri and of the Border men. In analyzing all troubles and rows in the South and West, we must ever keep in mind the existence of a large *classe dangereuse* through all the slave States, composed mostly of the sons of planters, ever ripe for mischief, and ever on the watch for a "free

fight," a filibustering expedition, *n'importe quoi*, in which some excitement is to be had, and which holds out, in addition, some small prospect of gain. People not familiar with Southern plantation life are often at a loss to account for the appearance there of the hordes of idle adventurers, who seem to spring in swarms from the soil, at the call of any freebooter who chooses to dub himself "general" and declare war on his private account against any neighboring State, who are found in crowds in bar-rooms, on steamboats, in volunteer regiments in time of war, and generally in all places in which the law is weak and the revolver omnipotent. It requires such large capital to procure a stock of negroes sufficient to work a plantation of any size, with advantage, that few planters are able to start their sons in the world as farmers. Fewer still have hands enough to clear and cultivate the whole of the lands in their own possession. The young men, grown up wild about the house, pass their time in hunting, cock-fighting, and chewing tobacco, drinking, and running riot amongst the negro women. By the time they reach the age of fourteen, they have acquired the language and manners of coarse bullies.

To commercial pursuits they are by nature averse; planting is not open to them for want of money — so they either become lawyers, or doctors, or nothing. A few years at a "college" — a sort of bad imitation of our high schools — in Virginia, South Carolina, or Tennessee, with just as much study as they like, and without the smallest discipline or restraint of any kind, generally send them home at the end thorough-bred ruffians. The lawyers, who swarm in all parts of the country, possibly open a "law office" in the nearest town, and try to get practice by a diligent attendance at the bars of taverns.

If this fails, they will quit the professional career to open a tavern in a wooden shanty on their father's plantation, or else the young man starts, in default of briefs, as a professional politician. Failing a seat in the legislature, or place in the public service, they relapse into their old ways. The doctors begin to practice nominally in the same way, but the neighbors are scarce and won't fall sick, the distances from house to house are enormous, and the fees miserably small, the prospect of improvement or reputation *nil*. They, too, speedily abandon physic, and devote all their energies to whiskey and tobacco. After a few years, life without employment or object becomes burdensome; the South wants recruits in Texas, in Kansas, or in Nicaragua — to defend her rights or extend her area, and off they go, rifle in hand. This is the more favorable side of the picture, however. By far the greater number have no profession at all, or the name of any profession, and linger on as hangers-on of their fathers or somebody else, haunt bar-rooms, shoot, fight, swear, and gamble to the last, considering themselves all the while in the midst of their dirt, their ignorance, their drunkenness, and turbulence, as "Southern gentlemen," in proud contra-distinction to Northern farmers and mechanics. These men are mostly dressed in shabby black, wear filthy linen, and fasten their shirt-fronts with a diamond pin, "take a drink" every half-hour, spit on an average six times in a minute, and swear "by God" thirty times in a conversation of five minutes. I give you these statistics from observations I have made, watch in hand.

Large numbers of this class went to Kansas, and so soon as the excitement was over took care not to remain very long where friends were few and money scarce. I found in every district through which I passed, that

those who had gone at the beginning of the trouble had all, or nearly all, come home. This was openly stated, with much lamentation, in the local newspapers.

Though there may not be a tavern on the road for forty miles, a planter generally receives the stranger gruffly, and makes him pay to the last farthing for his food and lodging in the morning. In some districts, where the plantations are large, a traveller runs imminent risk, let his necessity be ever so great, and the weather ever so wild, of passing his nights, or some of them at least, in the woods. But in no State, and no part of the country, and amongst no class of the community, is any stranger, except he has brought a letter of introduction, exempted from disbursing the full value of his supper, bed, and breakfast.

The only exceptions to this rule with which I met were, as I have already said, in Louisiana. One of these was at the house of a small planter, but, as I found to be frequently the case, a man of more native refinement and intelligence than much wealthier proprietors. His wife was the first Southern woman whom I saw in the country districts who seemed to have a jot of heart or hope left her, or a smile or pleasant word at command. And, moreover, he was the first man I met who appeared to have retained any glimmerings of common sense or humanity on the subject of slavery. He conceded slavery to have been a sin and a wrong in the beginning, and to be so still, but had come to the conclusion that, in the present state of the laws and of public feeling in the South, it would be sheer cruelty to his negroes to turn them adrift. I believe he was sincere in this feeling, and had a full appreciation of the advantages possessed by free over slave labor. He dwelt upon the

fact, which few Southern men can be got to see, that if he could set free the capital which he is forced to invest in negroes, he could purchase and till a farm three times as large as that he held, and procure an ample supply of labor to meet all his wants, if free labor were to be had. He said that slavery was a terrible incubus upon the men of small means, and would eventually extinguish them as planters. He thought that in a very few years the whole of the rich bottom lands would fall into the hands of monster planters, and the small fry would be driven to the hills, and forced to subsist on the much less profitable trade of corn-growing and hog-breeding.

That a tendency towards this state of things exists is undeniable. The whole valley of the Mississippi is rapidly being consolidated into huge farms, in the possession of a few men, frequently non-residents, whose business is attended to by overseers, and who spend the proceeds of the sale of their cotton in Europe or in the North. This is, of course, leading to the virtual extinction of the white race in this region, and the deliverance of the whole country bodily to blacks and their drivers; the cessation of all importation of goods, except the coarse and scanty clothing of the slaves; the disappearance of literature, education, morality, and even religion, and the steady growth of an appalling and repulsive barbarism. In one county through which I passed, in the eastern part of Mississippi, the white population mustered 250, the black 6,000. These figures were given to me by an ex-governor of the State, a calm and moderate old man, steadfastly devoted to the South and her institutions, but evidently full of alarm as to the future. He said this disproportion between the two races was yearly increasing, and was now felt to be so

alarmingly great that many people never lay down at night without fears that their throats might be cut in their sleep. In many places two overseers find themselves in charge of two or three hundred negroes, without another white man within ten miles. How long this state of things will last it is, of course, impossible to say; that it cannot last very long, every one must feel, and when the end does come it will certainly be fearful.

Mr. H——, the planter of whom I have been speaking, had a brother staying with him, who was born and educated in a Northern State, a doctor by profession, and had come South in the hope of getting into a practice. His experience so far had been most melancholy. He found the people hardly ever were ill enough to call for a doctor, and yet they were hardly ever well. Ailing was, in fact, their normal state. Sometimes he was sent for when somebody was just dying, and it was too late to do any good, and then he had to travel fifteen or twenty miles, often through swamp and forest, and would only receive two or three dollars by way of compensation. There was an old surgeon in the neighborhood, a regular fire-eater, who had killed his man, not once or twice, but half-a-dozen times, and been so often in "difficulties," that his hands and arms were crippled and contracted by the effects of shots and cuts, but not so as to prevent his performing a similar operation upon any one who attempted to cross his path, with skill and success. This gentleman, he was told by everybody, would, as soon as he found he was come to set up in opposition to him, assuredly kill him. For the first month, therefore, he lived in daily fear of a catastrophe, and confessed that he avoided the old fellow as much as he could, without risking any imputation on his courage. The crisis came at last, however. A man came one night to secure his

professional services for a child, supposed to be already *in articulo mortis*. He got up at once to go, but just as they were leaving the house the father informed him that this child had been attended for nine months by the old gentleman, who had not, as yet, been formally dismissed. This information had such an effect upon our friend that he positively declined to go, unless his rival's consent were first obtained to his being called in. The father at first consented to this, but turned back after he had been gone a few minutes, stated that the child was his, and not old Dr. ——'s, and that he didn't care a darn if he was riled. This led to the junior complying. He prescribed, went home, loaded his revolver, and began to carry it constantly on his person. He met his antagonist a few days afterwards, and prepared for a regular "shootin' affair," but, to his astonishment, received a pleasant salutation instead of a bullet, and rode along for some distance, chatting in a friendly manner. "The neighbors," he said, "were greatly astonished when they heard how the matter had ended." This may help to give some idea of the way in which the laws of professional etiquette are carried out, or expected to be carried out, in those parts.

Two miles from Mr. H——'s I descended from the dry ground into the swamp, which lay below shrouded in Stygian gloom and flooded in its whole extent. The bayou which bounded it on my side was no longer fordable. The muddy water had risen over the banks, and rushed silently downward through hoary trunks till it was lost under overhanging garlands of Spanish moss. Eternal twilight reigns in these lugubrious wastes, and to-day it had darkened down almost into night. The great sheets of lightning that, ever and anon, threw their

glare down through the trees only revealed more awfully the desolation of the scene. I had passed the last house a mile and a half farther back; there was not another for twelve miles in front, and, in spite of all reasoning and all efforts, I spurred into the stream under a load of despondency more easy to account for than describe. In two yards my horse got his fore feet into a hole and fell headlong, and we scrambled out in a pitiable plight, but not any wetter than before the catastrophe occurred. During the remaining ten miles, as the road was in a perfect quagmire, I had to grope my way through the trees, over fallen trunks, through roots, brushwood, and wild vines, mud-covered, face and hands bloody, and clothes in rags, and all the while wading through from two to three feet of water, besides swimming two more bayoux. Half-way I fell in with an emigrant party, on their way to Texas. Their mules had sunk in the mud; one of them bid fair to remain there, as he had only his neck above the surface, and his owner had apparently exhausted all his resources in the endeavor to extricate him. The wagons were already embedded as far as the axles. The women of the party, lightly clad in cotton, had walked for four miles knee-deep in water through the brake, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and were now crouching, forlorn and woebegone, under shelter of a tree. The men, apparently despairing of any immediate deliverance from their *embarras*, were making feeble attempts to light a fire. Promethean fire would hardly have remained alight under such a rain as that.

"Colonel" (brevet rank given by courtesy in these parts to any decent-looking individual to whom one wishes to be civil), said one of them, looking up as I rode past, "this is the gate of hell, ain't it?"

"I'm afraid the gate of hell is easier to get through than this," I said.

(A pause — reflects.) "Hum — I reckon you're right."

The hardships the negroes go through who are attached to these emigrant parties baffle description. In wet weather they often do not get in shelter of a house for a fortnight at a time or perhaps a chance of drying their clothes. They trudge on foot all day through mud and thicket, without rest or respite. The white man is generally either mounted on horseback, or takes occasional rides in the wagons. In addition to this he is stimulated by hope, or affection, or self-interest. We all know what an influence *morale* has in supporting men under physical fatigue, how the spirit spurs on the body to almost incredible exertions when great gain is in prospect or great interests are at stake. We know how much more hardship a leader can bear up under in a forced march than the private soldier, in whose ear ambition whispers no golden tale, and before whose wearied eye glory conjures up no golden visions. But the meanest Russian mujik that ever toiled along the steppes of Perekop, to find a nameless grave on Mount Sapoune, carried within him a thousand stimuli to patience and endurance in his loyalty, his religion, his patriotism, his *esprit de corps*, which the bands of negroes, who yearly journey westward in the train of their owners, never know and never feel. Hundreds, aye, thousands of miles of swamp and forest are traversed by these weary wayfarers without their knowing or caring why, urged on by the whip and in the full assurance that no change of place can bring any change to them. East or west, in Alabama or Texas, hard work, coarse food, merciless floggings, are all that await them, and all they can look to. I have never passed them, — staggering along in the rear

of the wagons, at the close of a long day's march, the weakest furthest in the rear, the strongest already utterly spent, — without wondering how Christendom, which, eight centuries ago, rose in arms for a sentiment, can so long look calmly on at so foul and monstrous a wrong as this American slavery.

Natchez owes its origin and growth rather to the tide of colonization which flowed from New Orleans up the banks of the Mississippi, than to that which rolled westward from the Carolinas and from Virginia. It is consequently a much older town than any other in the interior of the State. It was established and flourishing when the greater portion of the interior of Mississippi was still a howling wilderness. Some years ago it acquired unenviable notoriety by becoming the headquarters of bands of robbers, nigger stealers, and gamblers, who had been compelled to "clear out" from Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. They appear for some time to have had the town so completely in their hands that travellers arriving by the steamboat were afraid to land and walk to the hotel on the height from the wharf below, and the few sober and orderly people who ventured to reside in the place were obliged to shut themselves up in their houses after nightfall, and sleep without other protection than their weapons and their good luck. Things at last reached such a state that a vigilance committee was formed, and the rowdies were requested to "absquatulate." The greater part accordingly took their departure, most of them for Texas. A good many proved contumacious, and refused to go; the result was, that the last day of the term allowed them for decamping the enraged and virtuous citizens lynched them *en masse*. Since then, Natchez has been as peaceable and

orderly as any town in the Union in which the "peculiar institution" is allowed full sway, and the action of vigilance committees, ever roused, is directed against those enemies of property known as abolitionists. The town is the centre of about the wealthiest and most "fashionable" district in Mississippi, or perhaps in the Southwest. The plantations in the neighborhood are all large; the carriages one sees in the streets are more capacious, and the negroes fatter — I allude to the house servants — than those usually met with in other towns. The carriage of the cotton-planter in the more remote districts, even in the case of the greatest "swell-heads," would excite considerable surprise in Longacre. It is the facsimile of the "family coach" in which squires and their wives travelled up to town in England one hundred years ago — a roomy, full-bodied machine, slung high, with ample facilities for rolling without upsetting in heavy roads. It is mostly navigated — driving is hardly the word — by an old negro in livery. The livery very often consists simply of a coat, under the long tails of which rugged "pants" and rough tanned "brogans" are occasionally visible. Those who are familiar in the old country with the appearance of the "man" of genteel families, that nondescript individual, who drives the one-horse brougham, takes care of the horse, waits at table, and makes himself generally useful will have no difficulty in conjuring up a picture of the devoted "Pompey" or "Cæsar," when he drives "Missus" into town to shop and pay visits.

Natchez is on the whole a clean little town — a pleasant stopping-place for about two hours, but for no longer. The people are famous for their coldness to strangers, and the hotels are infested by "Southern gentlemen," chivalrous individuals, sons of planters in

the neighborhood, generally smelling strongly of brandy at all hours of the day, for ever rushing in and out of the bar-room to "take a drink," swearing most inveterately, and chewing and spitting incessantly. They generally dress very flashily, and wear a great deal of jewellery. Any time they are not in the purlieus of the bar-room they are sure to be found at the door of the livery stable, engaged in the manner described in my last letter or in driving fast trotting horses in buggies. I saw a very strongly worded notice upon the gate of the "horse mansion," stating that no more credit would be given for "horse keep" in that establishment, from which I inferred that some of the chivalry were given to the time-honored practice of "doing" their creditors.

I took my passage to New Orleans on board the *Princess*, the finest boat on the river except one. It is necessary to state that the captains of these boats are not, as one might suppose from their style and title, in any way charged with the navigation thereof; their position is almost analogous to that of a head steward, or *maître d'hôtel*. The quality most essential is pleasing address and general suavity of manner. A good captain is exceedingly polite to everybody, particularly to the ladies; plays "poker" with the gentlemen at night in the barber's shop, a handsome apartment in the vicinity of the paddlebox; regulates the distribution of the staterooms; attends to every complaint concerning them, and all other species of accommodation. He and the clerk have a most difficult task to fulfil in allotting staterooms to the passengers when they come on board. The main point they have to keep in view is to satisfy everybody, and, above all, not to offend any man, great or small, who is likely to have much cotton to send down to New Orleans, inasmuch as freight, and not passengers,

forms the main support of the various steamboat lines on the Mississippi.

The passengers are magnificently lodged and magnificently fed, and surrounded with all sorts of *petits soins*, in order to make sure of large cargoes of cotton and sugar in the autumn, coffee and nigger clothing in the spring and summer. A captain who has great skill in discovering from a man's outward appearance the exact position he holds in society, or, more correctly, the exact number of "hands" he works on his plantation — in distinguishing, in short, the man who is "some pumpkins" from the mere "cracker" or "hoosier," as the poor whites are termed, possesses one of the most essential qualifications for his office. He is thus enabled to assign to each one a place in that part of the boat to which his standing in society entitles him. Now, among the first requisites of a Southern gentlemen are a black coat and black trousers, a conspicuous waistcoat and cravat ditto. When I consequently presented myself at the office in a travel-stained English shooting dress and flannel shirt, I had no reason to complain, and I was not surprised at finding myself billeted in a stateroom exactly over the boiler. About two in the morning I was awakened from a doze by shouts in the saloon. A man was shrieking at the top of his voice, "Come here, sir! God — you; I'll wear you out." This was repeated a great many times; then there was a noise of running round the tables, and finally there was a sound of scuffling, then thwack, thwack, thwack, and high above all the shrieks of a negro. The process of larruping lasted about ten minutes, and of course wakened up the whole of the passengers, of whom there were about one hundred on board — a large proportion of them ladies. I heard

no comment upon this in the morning from any one.

The lower end of the saloon, that next the stern, is partitioned off by doors of stained glass, so as to form a handsome drawing-room, generally supplied with a piano, and often with a great number of those elegant nothings which give drawing-rooms their charm. To this none but ladies, or gentlemen who have ladies in charge, are admitted. This is the harem, the women's apartment, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the boat. The profane vulgar, who congregate around the stove forward and spit upon it, shrink from approaching its sacred precincts with as much reverential awe as a giaour from a mosque. All through the Southern States of the Union, but particularly in the Mississippi boats, to travel without a lady places a man in a position, if not of degradation, at least of very marked inferiority. The ladies and their cavaliers, on board the *Princess*, lived altogether apart from the rest of the passengers. Although there was no difference whatever in the price of the places, there was as broad a line drawn between the inmates of the harem and the unhappy swains who had no woman to protect them, as between cabin and steerage passengers in England. The former had their cards placed on their plates and places reserved for them at every meal. When the bell rang no one dared to sit down until they were first seated.

While passing over the lake between New Orleans and Mobile I was present while one of "General" Walker's agents preached filibusterism to the passengers in the cabin. The facility with which these men are, or rather were, allowed to harangue, beat up for recruits, collect supplies and arms, and despatch them to the scene of

hostilities, is a curious commentary upon Mr. Marcy's terrible letters to Lord Palmerston. From the high moral tone assumed by the United States government in its correspondence upon the Crampton affair, one can hardly be got to believe that Walker's agents have had recruiting offices open in all the seaports, with flags flying from the windows with offers inscribed upon them of a free passage to, and free farms in, Nicaragua, for more than a year past, and that every steamer for the isthmus which has left New Orleans or New York has carried with it a contingent, great or small, for "the man with the blue-gray eyes." Any attempts that have been made to put a stop to these proceedings have been such transparent shams as only to have excited amusement on all sides. The United States marshals under the late Administration were of course all members of the pro-slavery democracy, and on cordial terms with the filibusters, who submitted to the various little farces that have been got up from time to time, in the shape of mock prosecutions and mock detentions, with that good humor with which agreeable men usually support the jokes of their friends.

My travelling companion was a thin, dyspeptic-looking old gentleman, apparently past 60, with a pleasant benevolent expression, but a wild and rather restless look about the eye, that somewhat belied his otherwise venerable appearance. He first revealed his character by taking part in a conversation on deck between two men; one of them was on his way north from Western Texas, and was describing to the other its various peculiarities of climate and soil. They asked him if he would not like to settle there, as he had evinced some curiosity about it. This led to his opening up most volubly with a repudiation of any further desire to better his own con-

dition in this world, which he said was quite good enough, though he had scarce any property to boast of; he had worked long enough for himself; he intended to devote the remainder of his days to working for others, as the only real source of comfort in the evening of life. The apostolic character of this declaration, delivered in a loud tone, of course brought all the loungers in the vicinity round him, and, finding the group sufficiently large for his purpose I suppose, he proposed adjourning to the cabin before fully revealing his mission.

When we were all below he got his back to the stove, and asked us if we knew how the "Israelites" got into the promised land. It was this way: Moses led 'em through the wilderness for a long while, but they were always grumbling and growling, and were on the whole a discontented, ungrateful pack. He brought 'em at last to the top of Mount "Pisgaw," and showed 'em Canaan down below, full of the finest valleys they ever set eyes on, aboundin' in all sorts of tropical fruits; but these valleys was inhabited by giants, which was niggers.

One of the negro stewards, who was engaged in arranging the staterooms just behind the orator, had ceased working in order to hear this bit of scripture history. He listened in rapt attention, and when this novel fact regarding the early history of his race in Palestine came out, his huge eyes visibly dilated, whether with pleasure or astonishment it would be difficult to say.

Them giants — the speaker continued — was mighty big fellows, he could tell us, twice as big as the biggest nigger we ever saw on a sugar plantation in Cuba, though them Spanish niggers is very big — that's a fact. When the Israelites saw 'em they was darned frightened, he could tell us, and told Moses they'd see

him blowed before they'd go down with him. The consequence was, that he had to lead 'em back again into the wilderness, and to punish 'em for being such cowards God declared that none of that generation should ever enter the promised land. So they had to go wandering and roving about till another generation grew up. As soon as they were in good fighting order, Joshua, which was a plucky little fellow, and a damned sight better general than Moses, who didn't know much about fighting, put himself at their head, and took 'em into Canaan. So they pitched into the damned niggers in splendid style, he could tell us. Were there any white men in Canaan? No, sir, except those that the niggers had waylaid in the neighboring countries, and carried off, and kept prisoners, to get a ransom out of 'em. At last they came to Jericho and marched three times round the walls, a-blowin' horns as hard as ever they could, and down came the walls, and in they went. They're warn't many niggers escaped out of that town — that's a fact. So at last they conquered the whole country, and settled it, and took the giants for slaves, and made 'em work, and cultivate the soil, and the land became the most fertile in the whole country. All of us no doubt had heard of this story before, but that was the right way of it. Well, what was he drivin' at?

Why, just this — that Billy Walker was Joshua, and Nicaragua was Canaan. The Lord had delivered it into his hands that it might be Americanized, and improved, and made what it ought to be. It was the finest country in the world. Sow an' reap, an' reap an' sow, was the word of the place; and it was an eternal word, for it was always so. There ain't no kind o' fruit or vegetables that didn't grow there. Some said

there was fever an' ague in it; well, he reckoned they were liars. There ain't no fever or ague either. Billy Walker was the man for that country; he might be down fifty times, but he'd rise agin. He was a reg'lar jack-in-the-box. He was a brave man, and a very brave man; he had the bow of his cravat shot away once, and was always rushing into the heaviest fire. Now, that was what he called foolish, and damned foolish, because it ain't his business to go riskin' his life. It was his head they wanted, and not his hands. They could get men enough to run among the bullets. Now, what he wanted 'em all to know was that this business in Nicaragua ain't Walker's business, or his (the speaker's) business, but the business of every true-hearted American; and, above all, of every Southern man with Southern principles. He didn't know where we were all from; many of us, no doubt, came from New York; but he would say that if Billy Walker succeeded — and succeed he will and must — New York wouldn't be very long the place it was. Charleston'd be the capital of the country. He could make all this a darned deal clearer, if he was sure he was talkin' to men of the right stripe — real Southerners. If he was he could tell 'em a few things that would open their eyes.

At this stage in his oration he produced a large bundle of yellow handbills from the pocket of his coat, and handed one to each of us. It contained a list of the estates belonging to the natives in Nicaragua which Billy Walker had confiscated, and now offered for sale at very low prices, I suppose about a fifth or sixth of their real value. The sum total of the prices set down on the list was 70,000 and some odd dollars. At the foot of it was an announcement signed by Walker's "marshal," stating that any person wishing to inspect the farms

might obtain guides and horses upon application at his office. After an inspection of the document, I observed that the countenances even of the most excited of the audience visibly fell. There could be no surer way of testing their faith in Walker's final success than asking them to invest capital in land to be held under a title derived from his "marshal." There was, consequently, dead silence, broken only by spitting, carried on apparently more vigorously than ever. These wholesale confiscations evidently had produced a bad effect, because amongst Americans of all shades of opinion and "sections of country," no matter how wild their political views may be, there is a deep-rooted respect for the rights of property.

The missionary saw he had made a false move, and sought to retrieve his position by showing that this property belonged to a few worthless malcontents — traitors not to Walker only, but to their countrymen; and that the mass of the people were ready to sacrifice anything to him. To illustrate and confirm this statement, he told us a story of the evacuation of Granada — one of the most disgraceful passages, by the bye, in the whole of Walker's career. Billy Walker, it appeared, was fightin' the Costa Ricans, an' whippin' 'em every day, an' takin' their towns from 'em, but as fast as he took 'em he had to leave 'em again to go some where else, because he had not men enough to garrison 'em. So when he had to leave Granada he made up his mind to destroy it, so that it should not be of any use to the enemy anyhow. There was a Spanish lady in it that owned a whole street, and she came herself to General Walker, when she found he was going to leave and implored him to burn the town to the ground, if it would be of the slightest advantage to him, and that

he might commence with her own houses; she had removed all her furniture and valuables, and was quite ready. Walker's "inspector of brigade," on hearing this, was so pleased with her, that he exclaimed on the spot, "You're a fine little woman, and by G—d, I'll marry you or die."

CHAPTER V

"I RETURNED to New York in the spring [1857]. . . . I occupied myself in preparing for admission to the bar, and in writing letters for the London *Daily News*." His legal studies, Mr. Godkin pursued in the office of David Dudley Field. There he naturally was in touch with prominent men and large affairs. Advancing rapidly with the aid of what he had acquired in his London apprenticeship, he was admitted to the bar of the State of New York, February 6, 1858. Henry G. Davies, presiding justice, signed the certificate. His name appears as counsel for the plaintiff in the case of Wickelhausen *v.* Willett, reported in 10 Abbott's Practice, 164. This case, which involved an interesting question of parliamentary law, was tried before Judge Hoffman in the Superior Court, in March, 1860. He doubtless appeared in other cases. But it does not appear that Mr. Godkin sought practice. His health was uncertain, and journalism and politics were his deeper if as yet unavowed interests, and they pulled him away from the law. Of all the social phenomena under his eye in a new world, he was from the first a "very interested observer." His opportunities were excellent. Through his friends Brace and

Olmsted, he early made the acquaintance of Bryant and Dana, Mr. John Bigelow and Dr. Bellows, George Ripley and others. Indeed, some of the longest and warmest friendships of his life dated from those years. He early became much attached to the Nortons and Gurneys in Cambridge. Premature deaths in the latter family loosened, he used to say, his own hold on life. In the Ashburner and Sedgwick households he was long an intimate. Professor Child and Lowell and the James family meant indelible Cambridge memories for him. With others, he thought John Holmes the wittiest of his name. With S. G. Ward he used to say that he enjoyed "more than forty-three years of friendship," and the roll of other friends that early meant much to him would include Francis Parkman, Chauncy Wright, George P. Marsh, John C. Ropes, Professor W. D. Whitney, Dr. Gilman and Professor Fisher, George Schuyler, Judge Nott, Henry and Charles Francis Adams and George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, Eastman Johnson, Rev. J. R. Thompson and Dr. Bellows, Howard Potter and James C. Carter, John Murray Forbes and George Cabot Ward.

Looking back to his first studies of things American, after more than forty years, Mr. Godkin wrote:—

> The *Tribune* in particular excited my warm admiration. The staff was composed of men like Charles A. Dana, George Ripley, George William Curtis, and Bayard

Taylor, whose travels, though dull, were in everybody's hands at a time when "going abroad" was comparatively rare. In fact, the paper was an institution more like the Comédie Française than anything I have ever known in the journalistic world. The writers were all, as it were, partners in a common enterprise, and Greeley, though all-powerful, was simply looked upon as *primus inter pares*. He was, however, adored by the farmers in New England and in the Western Reserve, who believed he wrote every word of the *Tribune*, not excepting the advertisements. The influence of such a journal was deservedly high. Greeley from the very outset had supplied the spirit which made the paper an authority in the land, for he sacrificed everything, advertisers, subscribers, and all else, to what he considered principle. The paper would probably have suffered from his want of education and general knowledge, if he had not surrounded himself with writers who made ample amends for his defects.

During the three or four years before the war, to get admission to the columns of the *Tribune* almost gave the young writer a patent of literary nobility, and Greeley in those years welcomed talent, male and female, from any quarter and in every field. But I did not become fully aware how much of his influence and success he owed to the anti-slavery cause until 1864, when the war was nearly over. In the early spring of that year I was invited to a breakfast by the late Mr. John A. C. Gray. I found there Wendell Phillips, Bryant, the poet, and one or two other men. Greeley entered a few minutes after me, and approached the host, who was standing near the fireplace conversing with Mr. Bryant; Bryant took no notice of him. The host asked in a whisper, but in my hearing, "Don't you know Mr. Greeley?"

The answer, in a still louder whisper, was, "No, I don't; he's a blackguard—he's a blackguard." This, I thought, was due to one of Greeley's striking peculiarities, his treating every opponent with a sort of ferocious contempt. I concluded that Mr. Bryant had met with some of this mauling at Greeley's hands. But at the breakfast table Greeley revealed more serious defects in his character than addiction to rough language. The talk turned on the war, and more particularly on the defence of Washington. On this subject he poured forth opinions so comically absurd that they might have figured in the "Grande Duchesse." They were received by the rest of the company in a silence which, I fear, was not respectful.

His defects might possibly have attracted earlier attention but for the presence in the office, as managing editor, of Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was then "the rising hope of the stern and unbending" Radicals. He had the general knowledge of men and affairs in which Greeley was so deplorably wanting, wrote well, and kept in touch with the normal world of the day. He had pleasant evening receptions, at which I was present a few times, and to which I was glad to be invited. His having been at Brook Farm was a feather in his cap with the numerous *fidèles* that thronged his parlors. At that time the wildest reporter of a yellow journal could not have foreshadowed his solar career.

George Ripley was the "literary editor." He was considered by the literary class a model critic because he never found fault with anybody. The critic's function then was considered to be not the promotion of literature or art in the abstract, but the encouragement of any American, male or female, who wished to write or paint. The consequence was that Ripley was, until his

death, the idol of all struggling authors and artists. That he was a man of wide cultivation and learning, there is no question, and he would have been abundantly able to play the part of a real critic, but for the fact that his heart was too much for his brains.

The *Evening Post* was, in 1857, under the editorship of Mr. Bryant, stealing into large circulation, partly through the slavery question, partly through the aureole of his poetry. This, besides the austerity of his character, took him out of the rough and tumble of journalism. His executive officer was Mr. John Bigelow, who, when the war broke out, went to Paris as consul, and left the journalistic field. Not many men have brought to the journalistic profession so much scholarly taste and ambition as Mr. Bigelow. Between him and Mr. Bryant they gave the *Evening Post* a *hors-concours* air which made up for the comparative smallness of circulation.

To cull one extract more from Mr. Godkin's later notes on that period:—

The State was still in a stage in which men were admired and had influence. There were still worshippers — I met them every day — of Andrew Jackson, of Calhoun, of Daniel Webster, of Henry Clay, and of Silas Wright. They could tell you of the opinions these men held, and the language in which they expressed them. One of Andrew Jackson's office-holders, James A. Hamilton, a district attorney, still lived, in green old age, in a house on the Hudson where I spent many pleasant evenings. William H. Seward, too, had his disciples and admirers in New York. I used to read his speeches, both for instruction in politics and as models in the art of persuasion. Indeed, the worst charge I ever heard brought

against Thurlow Weed was that of unscrupulous devotion to Seward's political fortunes. He apparently toiled not so much for himself as for a leader of a higher type than himself.

I am far from pretending that the politics were all pure and the politicians all patriotic. That is said never to have been true of the State of New York since the Revolution. But the air was full of the real "Americanism." The American gospel was on people's lips, and was preached with fervor. Force was worshipped, but it was moral force; it was the force of reason, of humanity, of human equality, of a good example.

An influence gentler than that of a profession soon came to bind Mr. Godkin to America. During the summer of 1857 he went to New Haven, carrying with him letters of introduction to, among others, President Woolsey and Mr. Samuel Edmund Foote. Both families were prominent in culture, wealth, and patriotism. Mr. Godkin saw these friends frequently, and in the summer of 1858 became engaged to Frances Elizabeth, Mr. Foote's elder daughter, to whom he was married on the 29th July, 1859, at Trinity Church, New Haven. She had beauty, intellect, and marked social gifts. Mr. Moncure Conway, recalling her as a girl on a visit to the Footes of Cincinnati, dwells upon her remarkable grace and charm. And it was to her that Henry James, Sr., wrote several years later: —

I have seen no one since I saw you in Ripton to be compared with you; no one whom I admire so much,

whom I esteem so much, and whom I love so much; women generally are such slips of things, with so little root in nature, as to inspire only frivolous attachments, while your qualities justify the manliest. But I don't mean to argue the case, I only desire to say come and enjoy to the full the tender friendship and sympathy so many hearts feel for you.

Mr. Godkin's marriage was one of great happiness.

As before, extracts from his letters as a journalist will be allowed to bear their own witness to the subjects which were assuming master interest in his mind in those years, as also to his surely tightening grip on that instrument of language which was to do such execution in his hands. The order observed is chronological:—

April 29, 1857.

I am almost afraid that if I attempted to give you an exact and literal account of the class of persons by whom the various civic offices are filled in New York, I should lay myself open to the charge of practising upon your credulity. It would reveal a state of things so utterly opposed to all Old World experiences as to be, to the mass of your readers, absolutely incredible, unless backed up by stronger testimony than can be furnished in a letter to a newspaper. I cannot convey an idea of my meaning better than by putting a case nearly parallel. I say "nearly parallel," because it will fall somewhat short of the truth, not because it will be somewhat of an exaggeration.

If you can suppose all the landed gentry, all the leading professional men, all the well-to-do merchants

and shopkeepers in London, to occupy themselves solely with their business and their amusements, and to repudiate all connection with, or interest in, city matters, as disreputable and disagreeable; if you can suppose a series of meetings to be convened by the leading publicans and prize-fighters in St. Giles's, Whitechapel, and Mile-end, and attended by their customers, by pawnbrokers' clerks, cabmen, and costermongers, and candidates to be then and there put in nomination for the various city offices and boards, common councilmen, aldermen, sheriffs, police commissioners, paving and lighting board, police magistrates, and, in fact, for every possible function connected with the government and administration of London; if you can suppose these candidates, thus proposed, to be elected by the votes of the male denizens of the worst portions of the east end, to meet under the presidency of a fraudulent bankrupt, who had failed in obtaining his certificate, and to vote taxes *ad libitum;* if you can suppose the police to be selected from amongst the most turbulent Irishmen from the alleys on the Surrey side of the river, particularly from the Borough and Lambeth, and the inspectors to be chosen from amongst the keepers of the best-known sporting public-houses, some of them having been guilty of gouging and biting off noses, and all of them known friends and associates of prize-fighters, thimble-riggers, and other disorderly characters; if you can suppose the city thus governed, to be taxed seven times, or thereabouts, over and above the just and necessary expenditure — the pavement in all the leading thoroughfares to be so bad, and the mud so deep, that hansom cabs had to cease running; and the dust, owing to the absence of any means of watering the streets, to be so great as to destroy, each week, some hundreds of thousands of

pounds worth of property, besides doing irreparable injury to the health of the inhabitants; if you can suppose all this, and then put it together, and conjure up before your mind's eye a picture of what London would be under such circumstances, you would have a tolerably accurate, though probably a still somewhat defective notion of the state of affairs in New York at the present moment. The meetings of the Common Council are marked by slang, ribaldry, and drunkenness, and the members are mainly low Irishmen of intemperate habits, who have been unable or unwilling to gain a livelihood in any honest calling. The population of the city is little more than twice that of Manchester, and the expenditure is seven times greater, and yet it is neither paved, cleansed, nor watched. All the better classes deplore and mourn over this, but sooner than put their shoulder to the wheel by going to the polling booth, they pay their contribution, look after their warehouses, and try to make up for external discomfort by luxury and splendor at home.

JUNE 1, 1858.

The excitement about the British outrages in the West Indies continues unabated — if there is any change at all, it is on the increase. On Saturday, the braggarts of the Senate had a regular field-day, and fired broadsides of Buncombe which made the welkin ring. Amongst a certain class of politicians, both of the press and of the Legislature, there seems to be a race going on for precedency in patriotic fervor. The *Herald* of this city, of course, leads the van in bombastic denunciations of British aggression, and two or three times a week has a leading article showing the enormous advantages which the United States would reap from a war with England, the immense impulse which it would give to home indus-

try, and the facilities it would afford for extending the area of the Union. By the time peace would be made, the Federal organ declares, we should find ourselves in possession not only of thriving manufactures sufficient to supply all our wants, but of Canada and the whole of Central America. The *Times* is the only other journal of large circulation or much influence in this city, which is doing everything to force the war flame. It deprecates hostilities as a terrible calamity for the whole of the human race, but insists upon strenuous and immediate resistance to the visitation of our vessels. The *Tribune* and the *Evening Post* both take the British side of the question. The small fry, of course, all clamor for war and rarely take the trouble to give any reason why. Amongst the public there is really, however, very little difference of opinion on the merits of the controversy. Most people would consider a conflict with England an unmitigated misfortune, but they will not submit to have their vessels overhauled by your cruisers in the present indiscriminate way. At the North I believe there is a very general feeling in favor of fresh stipulations, and fresh exertions on our part for the suppression of the slave trade, but until these are made you must keep your hands off. At the South, I am persuaded, any vigorous action for the suppression of the traffic would meet with determined opposition, and the Administration will certainly not do anything against the wishes of the slaveholders.

The controversy here and at Washington is now expending itself altogether upon the question whether there be any distinction between the right of visit and the right of search or not. The British government has always maintained that there is, and the Americans as stoutly that there is not, that the one leads naturally to

the other, and to be really effectual must include it. Masses of diplomatic correspondence have been brought to light on the American side of the question quite enough if not to prove our case, at least to prove our consistency in maintaining it. The right of search you have never claimed in time of peace, and have always acknowledged to be a belligerent right; and if our position, that the search and visit are the same thing, be tenable, you have no ground to go upon. It is very amusing to find Lord Stowell now quoted in Congress and in the newspapers very glibly as a great master of international law, in order to get the benefit of his famous decision upon the points now at issue in the case of "Le Louis," whilst he has hitherto been held up to execration for his application of maritime law to the rights of neutral vessels during the last French war.

In the Senate on Saturday, Messrs. Seward, Toombs, and Douglas, all of whom have expectations more or less remote of being the next President, behaved in a way which reflects little credit on either of them or the august body to which they belong. They are all three men of mark, of position, of mature age, and ripe experience. Seward in particular has always been remarkable for his cold and impassive temperament, his rigid worship of intellect, and somewhat ill-disguised contempt both for party obligations and popular applause. Yet the three raved against England, and shrieked for war with an absurdity of which nobody but schoolboys should be guilty. They talked with the greatest coolness of capturing the British fleet, bringing them into port, hanging the officers of the *Styx* and *Buzzard*, though they know perfectly well that when the whole American naval force is concentrated in the Gulf, it will not number half as many guns as the British, and though they know that

American merchant vessels swarm within reach of British cruisers. Putting out of sight altogether the shameful indifference the whole trio displayed for the moral results of the advice they were giving, the spectacle was sad enough. They were vigorously supported by Mr. Hale, a Northern Senator of the gravest and most respectable antecedents, a vigorous opponent of slavery, in the same strain of silly braggadocio. The whole thing is a singular and striking illustration of the inability of the strongest natures to bear up against the crushing influence of a powerful democracy.

July 6, 1858.

Your recent article, commenting upon Edward Everett's conduct with regard to the slave trade, and instituting a comparison between that gentleman's course and that of Turgenieff, the Russian reformer, has excited considerable fluttering amongst his friends and admirers. A Boston writer, in commenting upon it, mentions as a fitting subject for a climax to your invective Everett's having for twenty years urged upon the Massachusetts legislature the propriety of punishing abolitionists for denouncing slavery, and intimating his opinion that it might be legally done. There certainly could hardly be a more curious illustration of the oddities of democracy than the respect in which Everett, in spite of the weakness of his character, his vacillation, his ridiculous affectation, and his subserviency through his whole life to the party in power, is held throughout the country. Owing to the rarity of high literary attainments, his are held in great estimation, and he delivers two lectures, one on "Charity" and the other on "Washington," any number of times every year, with unfaltering success, in all parts of the country. In most of the cities and towns, either of them will draw a vastly greater audience than the

largest building can accommodate. They are florid and ornate to the last degree, wordy beyond the ordinary measure of American orations, full of the most vapid commonplaces and tricks of rhetoric which no respectable English audience would tolerate for half an hour, and are delivered with the most elaborate and carefully got up elocution. He has evidently a pose and gesture prearranged for every clause, a look for every word. You feel all the time in listening to him that some things he could not possibly say with the left foot advanced instead of the right one, and that in many passages he would falter if his hand were withdrawn from the inside of his waistcoat.

July 13, 1858.

In the political world everybody's attention is absorbed by the canvass for the Illinois election in the autumn, where Senator Douglas will have to struggle against a host of foes. It was rumored at one time that the Lecomptonites were disposed to forgive him his bad conduct last winter, and in order to preserve the unity of the party receive him once more into the Democratic fold. These expectations are, however, now at an end, and it is ascertained, beyond all question, that he will have to encounter the unrelenting hostility of his old friends, as well as of the Republicans. With the latter his services to the Free-soil cause during the last session of Congress have not sufficed to wipe out the recollection of the Missouri compromise, and a hundred other stabs administered to freedom by the same nervous arm. Douglas made his entry into Chicago on Saturday, and delivered a long address, reviewing his recent course. He was received with mixed demonstrations of applause and disapprobation. In spite of his treason, his chances of victory are

probably greater than those of any other man in the Union would be under the same circumstances. He is a model demagogue. He is vulgar in his habits and vulgar in his appearance, "takes his drink," chews his quid, and discharges his saliva with as much constancy and energy as the least pretentious of his constituents, but enters into the popular feelings with a tact and zest rarely equalled, and assails the heads and hearts of the multitude in a style of manly and vigorous eloquence such as few men can command. There lies in his bullet head and thick neck enough combativeness, courage, and ability for three men of his dimensions. The slightest touch of what genteel people would call improvement would spoil him. If he were one degree more refined he would be many degrees less popular. When he mounts the stump he holds the crowd in front of him in the hollow of his hand. This division in the ranks of the Democrats gives the Republicans a better chance of victory in Illinois than ever they have had before; and a Republican victory in Illinois, the headquarters of Douglas, would create the most tremendous "sensation" of latter days, and would very materially influence the next Presidential election. 178

October 9, 1858.

The elections in the State of New York, particularly that of governor, owing to the commanding position in the Union which she occupies, naturally excite great interest throughout the country, and it is heightened now by the gradual approach of another Presidential conflict. We are accordingly plunged into a vortex of agitation, and if an English prime minister could only get a glimpse of the scene, he would fix the general disorganization of society, and the commencement of the reign of anarchy, for Christmas at the farthest. Speechifying, "stump-

ing," denouncing, inveighing, disinterring dead speeches and by-gone slanders, the utterance of awful prophecies, the drafting of windy and magniloquent resolutions, the getting up of "glorious mass meetings" — all form a tempest of fearful violence. Each side assures us that if its opponents triumph, America is doomed. All the speakers and writers are busy in "endorsing pure patriots," or exposing unparalleled villainy. It is undoubtedly a proud boast for any country that its political system can not only permit such saturnalia without injury, but be positively strengthened by their violence.

November 16, 1858.

The great topic of the quidnuncs for the last few days has been Edward Everett's extraordinary undertaking to write for the New York *Ledger*, a two-penny weekly magazine, circulating nearly three hundred thousand copies, somewhat resembling the London *Journal*, only much inferior. It is filled with tales of the "Demon Cabman," the "Maiden's Revenge," the "Tyrant's Vault," and a great variety of "mysteries" and "revelations"; and, in short, barring its general decency of language, belongs to as low and coarse an order of literature as any publication in the world. The proprietor was four or five years ago a journeyman printer, but by lavish use of puffery in aid of this periodical has amassed a large fortune, *à la* Barnum. He wrote to Edward Everett a few days ago offering to pay over to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association in aid of the purchase of the house and tomb of Washington — a project in which Mr. Everett is greatly interested — the sum of $10,000 in case the latter would undertake to write one article in the *Ledger* every week for one year. To the astonishment of the whole Union the ex-ambassador,

ex-secretary of state, ex-president of Harvard University, ex-editor of the "Greek Reader," the scholar, the exquisite, the one aristocrat of "the universal Yankee nation," has accepted the proposal; the money has been paid over, and he begins a series of contributions, to be entitled the "Mount Vernon Papers," in a few weeks, and Bonner, the proprietor of the publication, will, no doubt, shortly fill the whole sides of the newspapers with announcements of the fact. If you knew the sensation which this incident has caused here amongst genteel people, you would hardly expect me to add a line to my letter after reciting it.

Feb. 8, 1859.

President Buchanan is said to be a worn and weary man, and has given up all hopes of reëlection, and along with it all hopes of signalizing himself. His party have thrown him overboard, acknowledge him to be a failure, and are accordingly looking round for his successor. It would, in fact, be hard to imagine a position more thoroughly pitiable and forlorn than that of an American President at the close of his term of office. He has generally disappointed the expectations of his own partisans — in fact, in the nature of things he must always do so; he has not accomplished one-half of what he promised and expected to accomplish. His enemies are delighted, and his friends disgusted by his shortcomings. In the second year of his Administration his successor begins to appear on the horizon, and all eyes are turned towards him; the outgoing incumbent falls into contempt and obscurity, and is finally turned out of the White House, generally towards the close of his life, with nothing to hope for in the future and nothing to look back on in the past. Poor Buchanan's case is peculiarly pitiable. He has no domestic ties to console

him for his public failures, neither wife nor children. All his early political friends, such as Forney, of Pennsylvania, who stuck to him faithfully in his upward course, have deserted him in disgust since his accession to the presidency, and he will next March return to Wheatland an old, disappointed, and unsuccessful man.

Douglas is daily less talked of as his possible successor. It would be quite in accordance with the lessons of experience if by next year he were not talked of at all. Men rise in American politics pretty steadily through the various inferior gradations of popular favor, until they stand on the threshold of the White House, but then the multitude seems to hang back. No one likes to assume the responsibility of seating the able, pushing, eloquent, and energetic demagogue in the Presidential chair. Hence most of the greatest men of America in latter days have found it impossible to attain to the summit of their ambition. The nominating conventions toss men like Clay and Webster aside, and fish out from amongst the obscurities Pierces and Buchanans, as likely to prove more pliable instruments in factious hands.

March 16, 1859.

We have had two British celebrities here since I last wrote, Messrs. Cobden and Smith O'Brien. The latter was received on landing by a deputation of his countrymen, and salutes from a brass cannon and a band of music, and has been fêted as much as he would permit everywhere he went. Cobden, who has done for poor men the greatest work of the age, passes unnoticed, save by his private friends. The difference, without meaning to depreciate Mr. O'Brien in the least, illustrates capitally the value mankind places on noise as an element of patriotism. Smith O'Brien has been travelling through

the country and devoting a good deal of attention *en passant* to the condition of his countrymen. I do not think he will find in it much that is very encouraging. The great mass of them have not, so far as I can see, very materially improved their condition, socially at least, by emigration. Physically, they are perhaps better off, though even in this respect their life in the large cities is pretty much what it is in London and Dublin. They earn larger wages, but everything is dearer. The few that have a little capital and move West get on well. There is no prejudice against Irishmen as Irishmen which offers the least impediment to their prosperity, but the creed and mode of life and habits of the American public as they may be supposed to have descended from Cromwell's Ironsides. More incongruous elements it would be difficult to bring together than the jolly, reckless, good-natured, passionate, priest-ridden, whiskey-loving, thriftless Paddy, and the cold, shrewd, frugal, correct, meeting-going Yankee. There was a time when the Irish emigration was small, and purely American influence predominated in the country — when the Irishman, at least of the second generation, lost most of the traces of his origin, and was absorbed into the American population. But that time has passed. The prodigious influx of Irish during the last twenty years has created a large Irish class, apart from the rest of the people, poor, ignorant, helpless, and degraded, contemned by the Americans, used as tools by politicians of all parties, doing all the hard work and menial duties of the country, and filling the jails and almshouses, almost to the exclusion of everybody else. Were the emigrants Protestants, I think the American church organization, which is immensely powerful, would be brought to bear on them. The religious public would feel itself respon-

sible for their condition, and community of faith and strong religious sympathies would probably wipe out all traces of the old Puritan contempt for the "Irish papist." But, unhappily, to other divisions between the new-comers and the old inhabitants is added the crowning and damning one of difference of creed. The churches take but little interest in the half-barbarous stranger for whom the priest is waiting on the shore the moment he leaves the ship; and the speculative New Englander, who has been bred in a theological atmosphere, where intellect has been sharpened ever since he learnt to speak by controversy on "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge," feels little brotherhood for the poor Paddy, who never discussed a point of doctrine in his life. Fifty years ago, however, the Paddy would have been surrounded by a purely American society, and with his usual adaptability would soon have converted himself into a tolerable likeness of "a Descendant of the Pilgrims." Now this is no longer possible. As soon as he arrives he is lost in the crowd of his countrymen, who encompass him in such numbers that his glimpses of American manners, morals, and religion are few and faint.

The priests do all in their power to encourage this clannishness and keep their flocks apart from the American population. They refuse, as far as possible, to allow the Irish children to attend the common schools. Archbishop Hughes is vehemently opposed even to emigration to the West, because there the emigrants are scattered and isolated, and less able to resist the insidious advances of heresy. All the influence he possesses is exerted in keeping them together in masses in the large towns, where, though their life is miserable, their earnings precarious, and their dwellings squalid and unhealthy, their spiritual wants are more closely attended

to. The result is that the line of demarcation between the English colonist and the "mere Irish" of the seventeenth century in Ireland was hardly more strongly marked than that which to-day separates the Irish American from the native American, political inequalities of course excepted. Emigration, instead, as is commonly supposed in England, of effacing all distinction, has traced it more deeply. The mass of Celts is now too large and unwieldy for American temperament to permeate it; and I despair of any change for the better, until the supply of the raw material from the old country is so checked as to allow the supply we already possess to become scattered and the native element to work upon it more freely.

JUNE 22, 1859.

The latest bit of excitement we have enjoyed has been caused by the reception of Mr. Paul Morphy, the chess champion. The Chess Club of this city has presented him with a set of gold and silver chessmen and a gold watch of American manufacture, accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by two "orations," containing sketches of the history of chess from the earliest times to the present moment, besides divers prophecies upon the future greatness of this great country, and a great deal of self-gratulation as to her past exploits. He has since gone to Boston, and has there received still greater glorification at a banquet, at which all the leading literary, legal, and social luminaries were present, Dr. Wendell Holmes reading a poem composed especially for the occasion. On all these occasions Morphy's skill in the noble game has been unhesitatingly declared by the speakers to indicate the possession of the highest order of intellect, and general fitness to attain the topmost place in any position in life. Morphy has, however, had the

tact and good sense to see the absurdity of these eulogies, and to parry them by constant reminders that chess is after all but an amusement, and can never be anything but an amusement, and that it ought never to be placed in the same rank with the more serious pursuits of life. As is usual, the reaction set in in a few days, and every one who took part in these demonstrations is now more or less ashamed of them, and trying to shift the blame on some one else. The whole thing furnishes one more illustration of the curious mixture of rough English common sense and French excitability which enters into the American character. There seems to be pent up in the bosom of the public a supply of frantic enthusiasm which is constantly on the verge of explosion, and which does explode whenever it gets any reasonable excuse.

No people was ever so devoured by that sort of hero-worship which expends itself in speeches, processions, fireworks, and poetry. There is a constant craving in the breasts of the inhabitants of the large cities, and particularly of New York, for a great somebody to fondle and eulogize, and when they get hold of a celebrity, no matter how small, they never think of proportioning their praise to his deserts. Every one of them, whether he began to work at early morn or at the eleventh hour, receives precisely the same wages as the rest, and that at the highest rate that the powers of language will admit of. When Kossuth came and Jenny Lind came, the excitement was of the maddest kind, and you may remember the wild extravagancies that were committed in their honor. No other opportunity for an outbreak on so grand a scale offered itself until the Atlantic cable was laid, and then the tide reached a higher point than it had ever attained before. Cyrus Field was seized on as the specific object of the outburst, and there was

nothing too wild or absurd to be said in his praise. He was compared to Moses, to Alexander the Great, and Cyrus the Great. All the conquerors, philosophers, and statesmen of the world were declared to lose their lustre in comparison with his achievements. The cable had no sooner vanished into thin air, than Morphy providentially appeared on the horizon, and the enthusiasm once more rose to fever heat. The persons who expended their eloquence on him here in New York were not men of much repute either for ability or good taste; but Boston, which prides itself upon its perfect propriety of behavior, brought its leading lights upon the stage, and it must be confessed they were as absurd and ridiculous as any occasion could require. Chief Justice Shaw, perhaps the first lawyer in the Union, laid it down emphatically that to beat everybody at chess was to afford practical demonstration of preëminent fitness for any pursuit requiring the highest kind of intellect. The conclusion was obvious, that Morphy was the greatest man in the world. All the other speeches were in the same strain.

If I had to stop here, the picture of an intelligent, fairly educated, and generally practical community, giving way periodically to such preposterous fits, would be a somewhat disheartening one. So far, all is thoroughly French, minus that which alone makes French demonstrativeness passable — the peculiar fitness of the language for the expression of this species of fervor. But here the old English common sense generally breaks out in a few days after the spasms are over, and the eruption seems to restore people's nerves to a healthy condition. Every one laughs at the folly of which he has been guilty, tries to throw the blame on somebody else, and moralizes over the whole matter as cynically, super-

ciliously, and with as much affectation of superiority to ordinary human weaknesses, as ever the *Saturday Review* could display under the circumstances. The Kossuth fever, the Jenny Lind fever, the telegraph fever, were each followed by a reaction; the Morphy fever has now passed over, and Boston and New York are sitting, each clothed in its right mind, and laughing at the other for the absurdities perpetrated during the delirium.

CHAPTER VI

In midsummer of 1860, impaired health led to Mr. Godkin's going to Europe. Lurking germs of fever which he had brought with him from the Danube sprang up and laid him low repeatedly. Physicians advised a change of air. Travelling alone, he went directly to Ireland, to be with his father's family. In the autumn he met his wife at Havre, with their infant son, born May 31. They proceeded in leisurely fashion to Paris, stopping at Caen, Bayeux, and Le Mans. For the winter, they took apartments in the Rue de Ponthieu, where Mrs. Foote joined them. Mr. Godkin was not so invalided as not to be able to extract much enjoyment from the French capital.

In the early summer of 1861, the benefit of a sojourn in Switzerland was sought — first at Lake Geneva, then in the Valais. While at Brigue, the inn-keeper urged their going up to the Bel-Alp, where a new hotel was then just opened. There Mr. Godkin stayed a month, delighted and aided. After a second winter in Paris, Switzerland was again tried in June of 1862. While staying at Glion, the mules ordered to bring them up the mountain from an excursion below failed to appear, and

Mr. Godkin, though dreading the consequences, climbed on foot. Instead of injury, he got exhilaration, and from that day ceased to call himself an invalid. When assured that his vigor was restored, he went again to Ireland. After a considerable stay in Dublin and Wicklow, he sailed with wife and child for the United States, arriving in the fall of 1862, "just after the battle of Antietam" (September 17).

Mr. Godkin was thus out of his adopted country at the moment when her very existence was put to the hazard of war. Yet even in his days of ill-health, the tremendous events of 1860 and 1861 seized fast hold of his brain and heart. No one perceived sooner or more vividly than he the immense moral and political significance of the civil war. From the very first it gripped his sympathies and quickened his hopes. A stout champion of the North, he was depressed to find the tone of the European press, both in England and on the Continent, "hostile and slightly contemptuous." In Paris the most favorable opinion he heard of the Union was that it was "une bonne cause mal soutenue." He was speedily to throw himself into the fight to help sustain it better.

In order to bring together the extracts from Mr. Godkin's letters bearing upon the civil war, I will go back to 1859 for one citation. It is from the letter on John Brown at Harper's Ferry. At first, this

raid appeared to Mr. Godkin to be only a piece of fanatic folly, but the larger aspects of it soon seized his imagination. Under date of October 26, 1859, he wrote:—

The affair has excited profound sensation, and, let me add, profound consternation at the South. The secrecy with which the plot was brought to maturity, the large quantity of arms and ammunition which Brown had collected, the facility with which he surprised the village and seized the armory, the desperate tenacity with which he held it, the resolution displayed by all his followers from first to last, and more than all, Brown's dauntless bearing since his capture, the lofty tone of moral superiority which he assumes over his captors, have made a profound impression on the Southern people. They have long been in the habit of accusing the abolitionists of tampering with the negroes and instigating them to flight or revolt, but it was always supposed to be in an underhand, sneaking way. The popular notion of an abolitionist made him above all things a coward. But here is at least a small taste of servile war, avowedly begun by this detested crew, and what manner of men do they find them to be? Why, 15 of them suffice to raise the whole State of Virginia into wild affright, to call out all its militia, to bring Federal troops from the capital, to seize on an armory, and defend it for two days, and when it was at last stormed by an overwhelming force, 13 of these poltroons are found to have died at their posts, rifle in hand; two only came out alive, these desperately wounded and glorying in their crime. It is no wonder if the South feels that an abyss has opened at their feet.

They first resorted to physical force as a means of

extending slavery in Kansas, counting confidently on Northern pusillanimity. But the fighting had not gone on very long before the crust of peaceful habits wore off the Yankees, and the old whining, praying, unconquerable Puritan burst out. The South, as we know, finding they had raised a legion of devils, quitted the field and called for peace; but, when Yankees once begin to fight, it grows on them, and they were not now disposed to cry quits so easily. So the war has been carried into the enemy's territory. The damage done is, to be sure, very trifling. Only half a dozen negroes joined Brown's enterprise, but it is acknowledged that this is mainly to be ascribed to his having chosen a bad scene of action. In that part of Virginia the negroes are few in number, and a large number of them house servants, and the farms comparatively small. Had he thrown himself into the cotton States, amongst the great plantations, where a thousand blacks often toil for a single owner, — tantalized by hard work, exposure, and the overseer's lash, — and offered them arms and bid them follow him, no man dares to say he would have been crushed without untold horrors. The panic his mad effort has spread proves in what horrible insecurity men dwell south of Mason and Dixon's line, what a flaming sword hangs suspended over the whole slave region, and how deeply the white population feels its danger.

I do not defend, and no one can defend, Brown's conduct. His attempt, had it even half succeeded, could only have bred massacre and desolation. If the Southerners had themselves failed to restore order, — and my firm belief is that if a general negro insurrection ever does take place they will fail, — the North would be compelled, if only for humanity's sake, to step in and quell the revolt. If the condition of the blacks is ever to be really im-

proved, it must be peacefully, and gradually. But in spite of all this, no one can see a gray-headed man, who has lost five sons in the cause of freedom, step in, with the last survivor of his family by his side, between the slave and his master, and with his 13 other companions bid defiance to a whole State in the name of the Lord of Hosts, without more or less admiration. There is something grand in the old fellow's madness, and those here at the North who most condemn him, acknowledge him to be well worthy, if not of a better, of a more hopeful cause, and of a happier fate than that which now awaits him.

In Paris Mr. Godkin was led to take up his pen in behalf of the North by the *Trent* affair. The imminent danger that it might bring on a war between the United States and England naturally aroused while it appalled him. He was particularly stirred by the offensive tone of the English press, and in two letters to the *Daily News* completely identified himself with the American point of view. In fact, as will be seen, in his contentions about the law and rights of the seizure of Mason and Slidell, he was more extremely American than the American Government itself. His letter of November 29, 1861, was, indeed, carefully explained by the *Daily News* to be "an expression of American opinion and sentiment." A part may be quoted:—

Strange as it may appear to you, in the presence of the excitement which just now prevails in England about the recent occurrences on board the *Trent*, the Americans

in this city are a good deal astonished by the tone of irritation which marks the comments of most of the London press, especially your own, on this subject. You have been throughout this unhappy struggle an able and energetic defender of the Federal government, and this fact of course lends additional importance to your present rather unmeasured censure. Popular indignation runs just now so high that in all probability some weeks will elapse before the American side of the case will get a fair hearing, but there can be no question that it ought to have a hearing of some kind at the earliest possible opportunity.

There are only two points in the whole matter which require any discussion. The one is, whether the commander of the *San Jacinto* has acted legally; and the other is, whether, if the law be on his side, he has exercised his right with unnecessary rudeness or discourtesy. It is not denied by either yourself or the *Times*, or any other journal, that he was entitled to stop the *Trent*, and search her from stem to stern, and to use as much force as might be necessary to effect this purpose. There is no point of public law half as well settled as that a belligerent cruiser may stop any neutral ship on the high seas and make any inspection that may be necessary to satisfy himself that she is really neutral, and that there is no contraband on board, and he may, if resisted, proceed to any extremities that may be necessary to overcome this resistance. This has never been disputed by any civilized power. It is stated that the *San Jacinto* fired a shotted gun as the first intimation to the *Trent* to heave to. If so, it was unusual. But we have yet to hear what the officers of the frigate have to say on this point; and even if the account be accurate, as the shot passed wide,

it is of no material consequence. It does not appear, however, to have produced the slightest effect on the *Trent*, which held on her way until a shell was fired, and an armed boat's crew was then sent on board. There is nothing unusual in their being armed; nor, considering that they were sent to search a large steamer, nothing unusual in their numbering twenty according to one account, or thirty according to another. The officer came on the quarter-deck, and asked for "a list of the passengers," which we are informed was "peremptorily refused." Now, he had a perfect right to ask for this list, and it was as great an impertinence in the captain to "refuse peremptorily" to show it, as it would have been to refuse to show any other of the ship's papers. Because, both by the law of nations and by the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, the carrying of "officers and soldiers" is expressly forbidden to neutral ships, and the readiest and most courteous way of ascertaining whether there are any such on board is to look at the list. The captain might just as reasonably have refused to tell what his cargo was. The lieutenant then stated that he had information that the Confederate commissioners were on board, and asked for their delivery. This was, we are told, "indignantly refused." Force was then resorted to, by summoning 60 men from the frigate, and whatever was necessary to compel the four gentlemen to enter the boat was done, but nothing more. There is not a trace to be found in either of the accounts of a word having been said, or an act done, which the object of the search did not call for, though it is quite plain the captain and passengers of the *Trent* were anything but amiable in their demeanor.

You raise the point that the seizure of persons "on board a neutral vessel stands on a different footing"

from the seizure of goods. This doctrine, allow me to say, finds no support whatever in any recorded decision, besides which the Queen's proclamation peremptorily disposes of it. By that instrument the "carrying of officers, soldiers, despatches," etc., is placed on the same footing as any other breach of neutrality, and subjects the ship and its company to the same penalties. The fact that Messrs. Slidell and Mason "are in your eyes simply passengers," does not in any way alter the case. If berths were taken in an English steamer for 50 artillery officers to be taken to Charleston for the Confederate army, they would no doubt be simply "passengers" in the eyes of the English government and of the owners of the steamer, but in reality, and in the eyes of the belligerents, they would be military officers, and the conveyance of them, knowing them to be such, would render the vessel liable to capture and condemnation.

The question, I have no doubt, when it comes to be calmly discussed, will be found to turn on the real character of Messrs. Slidell and Mason. "Officers" of the Confederation they undoubtedly are; ambassadors they are not, because they are not accredited by any recognized government; but in order to be contraband must they be military officers? The Queen's proclamation speaks of "officers" generally, which may legally mean any paid servant of the government, be he tide-waiter or generalissimo. It is said that this point has never been decided; and if not, the analogies, which where there is no precedent are the most reliable guide, are all in favor of the Americans. Slidell and Mason were coming to Europe to serve the Confederacy tenfold more effectually than if they had been generals. They were going to buy arms and munitions for it, to assist in fitting out ships to attack Northern commerce and run

the Federal blockade, to endeavor to form alliances between it and European powers. It would be a curious straining of the law which would hold a ship liable to capture for knowingly carrying a company of infantry, but sternly interpose for its protection when it carried persons employed on such missions as the above. What makes the case all the stronger as against the *Trent* is that the two commissioners were not in the captain's eyes "simply passengers." He knew perfectly well what their official character was. In the melodramatic account of the transaction sent by the purser to the *Times*, he acknowledges that, as soon as the commissioners reached Havannah, "they made no attempt to conceal their names, position, and intended movements." "It was well known in Havannah," he adds, "that berths were booked for the whole party to proceed by this steamer to St. Thomas." In short, if it be held that these persons were "officers" of the Confederate government, there is not a doubt that the *San Jacinto* behaved with great moderation. She would have been justified in seizing the steamer and sending her to New York with all on board, there to await the decision of a Prize Court, to the great loss of the owners, and the great inconvenience of the other passengers. And yet the *Times* condemns her for not having, even as matters stand, adopted this course. If she had, the rage and indignation of the people in England would, I am satisfied, be tenfold greater than it is. . . .

The Americans are now fighting for existence, and they expect to do, and mean to do, and expect to be allowed to do, not what suits them best, according to the good old English rule, but whatever the law as it stands allows to be done. There is nothing I would consider more deplorable than a conflict between Great Britain and

the United States, but I am satisfied the Americans are neither so weak nor so base as to allow England to set aside all the decisions of her own courts because they do not now happen to suit her altered convenience. She pressed them against America with remorseless stringency when she was stronger and America was weaker than they are now, and as she has reaped benefit from them, she must make up her mind to be now pinched a little by them. This is one of the commonest penalties of bullying. I hope, however, the question will be settled without resorting to any of these ingenious "dodges," and I am confident that neither the law officers nor the government will be influenced by the "bunkum" of cotton jobbers.

On December 7 Mr. Godkin returned to the theme. Specimen paragraphs follow:—

I suspected from the outset that the English press would find the application of British precedents to this *Trent* affair a disagreeable task, and I took the liberty of saying that they were no doubt very much obliged to the law officers of the Crown for doing all that was in their power to spare the newspapers the trouble of performing it by shelving the main question. Each mail brings proofs that I was not very far wrong. The *Times*, in particular, seems to be filled with disgust for the law of the matter. It hates the paltry details. Anybody that proposes to cite Wheaton or Phillimore it pronounces "a fool," and declares that he who cites cases "prates." A tippling politician in an Illinois barroom, expatiating on "manifest destiny," could not display greater contempt for musty precedents, and the acts of "our masters," than is displayed by that journal

in its comments on Thursday last on General Scott's letter. "Old times," "long-buried circumstances," and "the page of history" receive as rough a handling as was ever inflicted upon them by an Arkansas editor clamoring for a new constitution. He does not want to argue just now. He prefers fighting, unless, without one word of discussion, the United States surrender everything that is required of them. "We have sent to Washington," he says, "not to open a controversy, but to demand restitution." In other words, the cabinet at Washington will not be allowed to open its lips, except to say Yes or No.

All this is perhaps not unnatural. When one is in a passion with somebody else, it would always be more convenient if one could take a cudgel and give him a sound thrashing on the spot, without being under the necessity of explaining or justifying the assault either to the victim, the police, or the bystanders. But, happily, society insists upon having a certain amount of talk as a condition precedent of all hostile demonstrations. Nations are not allowed to go to war, any more than individuals to use their fists or sticks, except as a last resort. Cannon balls can never be permitted to be the only arguments in a quarrel; they are the last — not to be used till all others are exhausted. So Americans expect England to hear what they have got to say now, no matter what may happen in January, and none of them, let me add, believe the English cabinet to be so utterly demented as to "demand restitution without opening a controversy." This style of diplomacy may be admired in ward-rooms and at mess-tables, but it has not yet met with that amount of approval from civilized governments that its exceeding simplicity might seem to claim for it.

The point which Americans seek to make in this affair of the *Trent* is, that even if the government at Washington adopt Captain Wilkes's act, which still remains to be seen, and even if they concede that it is opposed to the doctrines which America has always maintained on the subject of neutral rights, it is nevertheless not one on which Great Britain can decently and consistently take serious offence — so serious as to make it a *casus belli*, or put a fleet to sea to avenge it one week after hearing of it; and this for the simple reason that it is a leaf torn out of her own book. "He who seeks equity must do equity," says the Lord Chancellor; "people who live in glass houses must not throw stones," says the old proverb. If I have been for many years a big and notorious bully, the terror of all the small men of my neighborhood, in the habit of knocking them down daily without the smallest provocation, it would no doubt be legally as wrong for two or three of the small men to band together, take me unawares, and pummel me black and blue, as if I had never done them the smallest injury. But what a ridiculous figure I should cut in the police courts, insisting on the magistrate's inflicting on them the highest penalty allowed by law, and descanting upon the atrocious nature of my wrongs! How the bystanders would laugh, and what a hopeless blockhead the reporters would pronounce me to be, for failing to see that my own previous wrong doing, though it did not convert that of my assailant into a right, was not only a fair ground for mitigation of punishment, but a strong reason for my not feeling seriously aggrieved, for coming to a good understanding with my enemies, and formally abandoning my bellicose habits.

That Great Britain has been this notorious bully — that, when relatively strong, she grossly abused her

strength, and that the United States were in their infancy in a special manner the victims of this abuse, nobody denies; but to ask that the United States and the rest of the world shall acknowledge her right to assume precisely the same attitude as if she came into court with clean hands, is asking more than the self-respect of the Americans, to say nothing else, will allow them to concede.

A third letter (December 11) set forth Mr. Godkin's indignation at the haste with which the English Government had made itself judge both of law and fact and had despatched an ultimatum to Washington. He alleged that "the law you are applying to the case of the *Trent* is as like lynch-law as the act of a nation can be." "Not only has the defendant not been heard, but no court has sat and no judge has decided." Into the month of May Mr. Godkin kept up a running fire of letters to the *Daily News*. His intimate acquaintance with American affairs enabled him to make sport of the blunders of the English press. He was much amused at the solemn way in which the London *Times* took the fanfaronade of James Gordon Bennett as authoritative for American opinion. "I profess to know something of the press of New York, and something of its influence on public opinion, and I can testify that any writer who quotes the *Herald's* leading articles as evidence of what the Northern people think or are likely to think, either does not under-

stand what he is writing about, or is guilty of wilful misrepresentation." One letter was devoted to covering the London *Times* with confusion by showing that it had laid down rules of international law for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny which it declared to be "barbarous" to enforce against the South.

"Can we wonder," he asked, "that the enemies of free speech are finding hearers when they say that newspapers, instead of drawing the Christian world into closer and more harmonious relations, are appropriating to themselves the hateful rôle which the prejudices of our fathers assigned to kings and priests and court women, of fomenting hates, of instigating sanguinary wars for the gratification of their own passions or prejudices, or the promotion of their selfish ends?"

Two letters were taken up with a comical exposure of the errors of Spence's "American Union," a work which the English were just then exalting as an unimpeachable authority. In particular did Mr. Godkin make game of Spence's military expositions and prophecies in the London *Times*.

The Federal forces have arrived before Richmond without even marching through the country. They have actually had the audacity to go by sea, unknown to Mr. Spence, thus eluding the Virginian cavalry, as it is well known the Confederates have not yet had time to organize their Horse Marines. What is most painful to witness in all this, however, is the want of concert between Mr. Spence and Jefferson Davis, which recent

events have revealed. The latter personage, with his usual self-sufficiency, has failed to defend no less than four strong positions which Mr. Spence has selected for him, and more than all, has failed to make any use of his Virginian Horse in that "hilly country abounding in forests," in which Mr. Spence was sure it would do so much execution. . . .

Calling out volunteers for three months to put down secession had, I admit, a "ludicrous aspect." But for the supply of laughing matter to the most serious public, I think Mr. Spence himself may any day be matched against Mr. Lincoln.

Parts of a personal letter to Charles L. Brace, written from Paris, January 7, 1862, reveal something of Mr. Godkin's preoccupations at the time: —

I want you, as far as your means go, to urge on the newspaper men in New York attention to the fact that there is a large party in England composed of dissenters, democrats, reformers of all shades — if not a majority at least quite large enough to render interference with the war against the South impossible — who strongly sympathize not only with Northern anti-slavery principles but Northern theories of government, whose feelings of nationality the North ought to *ménager*. The abuse of England has been so *indiscriminate* that these have all been driven over to the Tory side. They sympathize with you, did so very much at the outset, but won't bear being kicked and called names. The Southerners have beaten us hollow in the management of public opinion on this side of the water. You know how much more of the work of diplomacy is done in social

intercourse than by note writing; and yet no member of our Legation here *speaks one word of French.* Dayton goes to see Thouvenel with a hired interpreter! And the story goes that the interpreter sells the conversations to the Southern commissioners! I don't vouch for this, but it's funny. The secretary of Legation is a common, New Jersey horse-jockey, who can't speak English decently. As to French, I am told he and his teachers both despair. This, at such a time as this, really seems a defiance of Providence. However, I don't despair; a great battle won, or three months of successful operations in the field, will change the face of everything, and change everybody's opinion on a variety of subjects. . . . I expect to be, by the time I get to New York, perfectly well; in fact, better than I was before my breakdown. I wrote to Raymond some time ago as to my connection with the *Times*, in answer to a letter of his offering me a permanent connection with the paper as partner, etc. I said I should like it and shall accept it if I can muster money enough to buy any shares; in fact, I don't see, if I settle in New York, that I could do a better thing. There is only one point that troubles me and I should like to hear your opinion of it. How would my being a foreigner affect my position if I were prominently and openly an editor? There is a sort of feeling, I fancy, in America, against foreigners connected with the press, as if they were meddling in other people's business and were simple *condottieri.* What is this worth, do you think, as it would affect me socially? You see if Raymond were away a good deal, I would become to a certain extent identified with the *Times*, and responsible for it, and I dare say would often displease some of its readers; in fact, I should feel it my duty to do so, but it would be very disagreeable not to get credit for writing

conscientiously, or for not writing under the influence of sympathy with the country and the people.

We are well here, enjoying Paris, particularly the theatres, in a moderate way. Like all the rest of the world we are obliged to look carefully after the *sous*. Things, I think, are looking up here. There are signs of a political revival and men are getting over the shock of 1848, and the example of Italy is begetting a return of admiration for self-government. . . .

Weed has been denouncing you over here for saying Seward wanted to escape from the Southern imbroglio by a war with England. I was not present, and so did not knock him down.

After his return to America and till the close of the war, Mr. Godkin's letters to the *Daily News* naturally related chiefly to military operations. Here his Crimean experience stood him in good stead. He had a keen eye for the larger aspects of a campaign. Earlier than most people in the North, he divined Grant's strategy at Vicksburg. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania he promptly set down as a kind of magnified raid, and predicted its failure before Gettysburg came to seal his prophecies. Sherman's plans, however, completely baffled Mr. Godkin, and when they were at last unfolded with such magnificent success, he ranked him among the greatest generals of history. He quickly perceived the peculiar opportunity which the war offered for special military correspondence.

There never was a war which afforded such materials for "special correspondence" of the best kind as this

one — no matter in what way we look at it. It is vast, grandiose, sanguinary, checkered, full of brilliant episodes, of striking situations, of strange and varied incidents of all kinds. In the two things which most impress the imagination, the size of the forces engaged, and the desperation of the fighting, there has been nothing like it since Napoleon's campaign in Russia. The newspapers have correspondents with every corps, but they are mostly penny-a-liners, who before it broke out were engaged in attending fires, launches, and the police courts, and their communications from the seat of war are what you might expect from men of this stamp, — a series of wild ravings about the roaring of the guns and whizzing of the shells and the superhuman valor of the men, interspersed with fulsome puffs of some captain or colonel with whom they happen to pass the night. There is rarely an attempt at a piece of accurate description or even of sober narrative. The result is that a thousand great things are done every week which, had an English army done them and a Russell described them, would have made the world ring, but are now only seen by the mass of the public through the haze of ungrammatical bombast. There have been few bolder feats in war than Grant's flinging himself, with 40,000 men, with four days' rations in their haversacks, into the enemy's country and marching 150 miles through dense forests and swamps and over bad roads, with a tropical sun overhead and a foot of dust under foot, fighting five actions on ground selected and fortified in each case by the enemy, winning every one of them, capturing nearly 80 guns and 8,000 prisoners, and finally forcing his way out to the Mississippi after 16 days' interruption of all communication with his base. There are few happier mixtures of pluck and good fortune on record, and it

would be hard to say one word too much in praise of the troops that could do it, or of the general who led them.

The nature of our volunteer armies, with its effect upon the character of the fighting both in separate battles and throughout a campaign, was quickly grasped and lucidly described by Mr. Godkin:—

Battles lasting two, three, five, and seven days, with terrible loss of life and rather indecisive results, are incidents seldom, if ever, seen in war as carried on in other countries. The frequency of their recurrence in this is due, I believe, mainly to the looseness of the volunteer organization, and the small amount of reliance placed by men in their officers, as compared with regular armies in Europe. In these volunteer armies the individuality of the privates remains almost intact, and the moral influence of the officers is very small; whereas in France or England an army is a nicely adjusted machine, moving with unfaltering accuracy in obedience to the general's touch. As long as it remains in order he can do anything he pleases with it; but if any of the wheels get broken or damaged, it is almost impossible to prevent the whole going to pieces, or, at all events, from coming to a dead stop.

The result is that a European general can bring his whole force to bear on a given point with a certainty and a rapidity, and, consequently, with an effectiveness which here are impossible. Like a well-trained racer, he is able to display great strength in a short struggle, but for this very reason the result is apt to be decisive. If he fails, he is utterly used up, and is badly beaten; if he succeeds, he gains a complete victory. There have

been few European battles in modern times which are not lost or won by nightfall.

In America, on the contrary, no general is able to do his utmost in a few hours. His organization is not adjusted with sufficient nicety to enable him to strike tremendous blows rapidly. There is great uncertainty about every movement he orders, and he has to depend for the most part for victory, not on the success of his combinations, but on the hard fighting of the men. But, on the other hand, the men, owing to their inferior discipline, are, strange as it may seem, less easily disconcerted than European troops. They may be routed, and disorganized, and lose their officers; but as neither the organization nor the officers were ever of much consequence to them, they rally in the first wood they reach and return to the charge without the slightest suspicion that anything fatally disastrous has occurred. Such disasters as befell Grant at Shiloh, or McClellan on the first of the seven days before Richmond, or Rosencranz at Murfreesboro', would to a regular European army have been fatal. It would be too demoralized to make a renewal of the fight on the following day with a chance of success possible. And yet nothing has been more common in this war than battles two days long, beginning in the rout of the force which on the morrow carried everything before it. Rosencranz's pluck, fortitude, and fertility of resource during these three bloody days have rarely been equalled. To lose a third of his artillery and 5,000 of his best troops in the first few hours of the engagement, and have half his army thrown into disorder, and yet maintain the conflict for ten hours without flinching, and renew it on the two following days with undiminished vigor, and finally to drive the enemy off with a loss of 7,000 or 8,000 men out of a force not

exceeding 45,000, is an exploit which has not often been paralleled.

On the political side, too, Mr. Godkin had accurate notions of the great forces at work. He was scarcely surpassed even by Motley in clear perception of what the people were willing to do and suffer in behalf of the Union. Writing on February 21, 1863, he said:—

That portion of the English press which has been advocating the cause of the South has, by dint of reiterating its own propositions, so satisfied itself the war is "unjust and unnecessary," and the greatest evil that either has befallen or can possibly befall the United States, that it cannot conceive of any party in America opposing the Administration on any other ground than its persistence in carrying on the contest. Lincoln's folly and wickedness in continuing hostilities are to them so patent that they cannot believe that any body can oppose him at all, who does not oppose him for this. All other offences are in their eyes overshadowed by the gigantic crime of persevering in a line of action prescribed by the Constitution, supported by Congress, and made obligatory by his own oath of office. And such is the state of excitement into which this view of the matter has worked some of the more ardent of the anti-Yankee party, such as Mr. Beresford Hope, that they can find nobody in history to compare him to except Belshazzar and Sardanapalus.

Accordingly, when the Democratic party carried the elections in this and other states last autumn, your

English peacemakers were so sure that the North ought to desire peace that they insisted that these opposition victories at the polls proved that it did desire peace and was determined to have it. The British public was solemnly assured that light was at last breaking — that the reign of reason was returning in America — that the Yankees were all recovering from their delirium, and that the war was virtually over — that one of the first acts of the new governors and legislators would be to assemble the militia, and force the wretched Lincoln to put up his sword. You may remember that I warned you at the time that none of these theories had any basis in ascertained facts. No one writing from this side of the water who derived his knowledge of American opinion from any better source than the after-dinner chatter of Secessionist stock-jobbers and English commission merchants, had arrived at any such conclusions, and no one could give them five minutes serious attention who had any knowledge of the feelings of the masses of the American people about the Union — the fanatical veneration with which they regard it, and of the overwhelming importance — social, moral, and political — which they attach to its preservation. All speculations on American politics in which this feeling is overlooked are worse than idle; and yet it is constantly overlooked by those sapient foreign writers who have themselves made up their minds that the Union is a curse and a nuisance. I am now neither defending nor assailing this devotion to the Union. I simply assert that it exists, and that it is the greatest of the tremendous forces which are at work in this tremendous struggle, and that there is nothing more pitiable and absurd than the way in which writers in London try to persuade their readers that it is

of no moment, because they think it foolish and unreasonable.

Recurring to the same theme two weeks later, he wrote:—

There is an idea prevalent amongst many friends of the North in England, if I am to judge by what I read, that the Northerners are now generally satisfied that the restoration of the Union is hopeless, and that they are at present carrying on the war for the purpose of enabling them to impose their own terms on the South as regards the boundary line between the two confederacies and the navigation of the Mississippi. That the war will eventually assume some such character in name as well as in reality I think, and have thought from the outset, not by any means improbable, but I think it is a great mistake to suppose that it has yet come to wear any such appearance in the eyes of the people. For the masses all over the North it is still a war for the Union "pure and simple," and whenever they begin to look upon it as anything less than this, it will be a sign of such discouragement as will indicate a speedy peace. People in England do not understand, and never have rightly understood, the nature and origin of that tremendous devotion to the Union of which we have heard so much during the past two years, and of which the Northern people has given such terrible proofs. It is partly, no doubt, due to the fact that it is associated in their minds with that national power and greatness, the passion for which so many writers consider very reprehensible in an American, though in an Englishman they deem it worthy of admiration. And it is partly due also to the remembrance and deep appreciation of the blessings which they have

enjoyed under its shadow, the peace, plenty, prosperity, security, and liberty, which it has bestowed on three generations. But it is due, in a still greater degree than to any of these things, to the theory which all Americans hold, but which very few Englishmen seem even able to understand — that the secession of a single State from the Confederation would, if acceded to by the others, be a complete severance of the Federal bond even between all those remaining in the Union; that it would release them from all obligations under the Constitution, and set the whole thirty-three adrift upon a sea of confusion, with little or no prospect or probability of their ever being reunited. The calmest and most conservative men in the community are for this reason as anxious to prosecute the war to the point either of complete success or of complete exhaustion as the most rabid abolitionist.

The task, however, to which Mr. Godkin especially devoted himself was that of attacking and dispelling English ignorance and prejudice about America and the war.

I see by the last mail (he wrote in March, 1863), that Earl Russell, in the debate on the Queen's speech, said he should witness the subjugation of the South with regret, because amongst other things "it must put an end to a free press and destroy the right of free discussion at the South." It would be hard to put into one sentence stronger evidence of the complete ignorance of the social and political condition of the South during the last forty years than this sentence contains. There has been no such thing as free discussion known at the South since the invention of the cotton gin. It has in

most States been probibited by positive enactment, and has in all of them been restrained by the knife and revolver in the hands of a committee of the citizens. Any one who does not know this should really consider himself disqualified from discussing the relations of the slave States, either past, present, or future, with the Federal government.

April 29, 1863.

The plan pursued by some English writers in the Southern interest of taking all expressions of opinion in the United States, from whatever quarter they may come, as of equal value, is one which occasionally leads to some very curious conclusions. Of its absurdity and unfairness no one ought to be so well aware as Englishmen, both because they are more familiar than any other European people with the oddity of the phenomena which are produced by complete freedom of speech; and because they have themselves been times without number made the victims of misrepresentations, caused by this same artifice. When a French writer solemnly cites a speech of Feargus O'Connor as proof that the whole social system of England is rotten, and that a revolution is imminent; or a harangue of Smith O'Brien proving the disaffection of the Irish Protestants; or a pastoral of Cardinal Wiseman's as proof that the Protestant church is on its last legs, everybody laughs at the man's ignorance. There is no question as to the accuracy of his quotations, but then their value either as proofs or signs depends altogether on the influence and position of the speaker, on his turn of mind, and on the number of those who agree with him. It seems absurd to have to call the attention of the English public to such a commonplace as this, particularly when one

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reads the severe and dignified warnings addressed every week to the Americans by some of your contemporaries for attaching any importance to what John Bright says, or Stuart Mill says, or Goldwin Smith says, or the Emancipation Society says. Columns are filled with homilies on the Yankee ignorance of English life and English ways displayed in their taking comfort from meetings in Exeter Hall got up by "nobodies." But when it comes to the turn of these preachers to discuss Yankee affairs, all this sage caution is cast to the winds. Any body who happens to make a speech or publish a pamphlet in New York or Cincinnati is seized upon by correspondents and editors, and, if he denounces the Administration and opposes the war, is made to do duty before the delighted British public as an illustrious American patriot, fearlessly uttering opinions in which the great mass of his countrymen share, but conceal through fear of "the Bastile." It was in this way that "Ben Wood" was raised in the *Times* to the rank of a "distinguished statesman," his real position being that of a dealer in lottery tickets, of unknown or doubtful antecedents, and very limited education, representing in Congress a district in this city inhabited almost exclusively by low Irish, and constituting the New York Whitechapel. So, also, when a meeting is held to assail the Government. The character and position of the speakers and of the audience are passed over as matters of no moment, but the resolutions are paraded as discoveries of the highest importance, — as "the beginning of the end," "the first note of the storm," "the first crack in the ice," etc. The real question, whether they represent in any degree the opinions of the public, or the public is likely to be influenced by them, is passed over as of no moment. That somebody or other has said some-

thing in opposition to the war and that a few hundreds have applauded him, is apparently all that these philosophers care to know, and all that they think it necessary to know.

At a period when naval heroes are so scarce that even England is reduced to the necessity of worshipping men like Captain Semmes, for having caught 100 or 200 unarmed merchantmen with a heavily armed steamer, and secured sixty-five "chronometers" as the evidence and reward of his triumphs, it is well to have even one officer like Farragut, to remind us of what fighting sailors really are, and what "the deck of fame" really means. At a time when nobody believes in anything but ironclads, when the folly of attempting to resist the heavy rifled artillery of modern forts with anything but ironclads is everywhere preached, Farragut never sets his foot on board of one. He sticks to his old wooden sloop the *Hartford*, announcing before going into action at New Orleans that his faith was in "iron hearts and wooden ships." And he passed the forts at New Orleans, after the Confederates had had a year to strengthen them, to boom the river and fill it with torpedoes, washing everything before him; breaking the boom, sinking the rebel gunboats, and replying all the while to the concentrated fire of the forts. At Port Hudson they had had nearly two years, and had lined the river bank for nearly a mile with tiers of batteries armed with the heaviest and most improved artillery. The current was rapid, the channel tortuous, and yet he once more forced his way up, in the night, under a terrific cannonade, he himself in the shrouds, and his little son of eleven years, on the deck beside him, refusing to stay below, or to leave his father, being, as the admiral proudly

wrote to his wife in New York, "a true chip of the old block."

This last exploit at Mobile, however, has been in some respects the most picturesque of any. There have been few incidents in naval warfare more striking than the old man's having himself lashed in the maintop of the *Hartford*, so that he might not fall if wounded, and remaining there during an engagement of great fury, giving his orders through a speaking tube. His broadsides were thrown into the forts as he passed with such vigor that they seem to have, to some extent, paralyzed the Confederate fire. What followed his entrance into the bay was novel and curious. The Confederate ironclad ram, the *Tennessee*, is a machine of great power, armed with the heaviest and most approved guns made in England for the Confederacy; and her ramming capacity is said to be immense. And yet Farragut, in his wooden sloop, made right at her at full speed, and rammed her vigorously, in conjunction with his own monitors, bombarding her at the same time with such fury that in spite of her iron coating she surrendered in a few minutes, and though she is said to have had only three men wounded beside the commander, who lost his leg.

I cannot help recommending Farragut to the attention of those gentlemen in England who seem now to us here so badly off for naval heroes on whom to expend their admiration. He has, I believe, never in his life attacked an unarmed enemy. He has never, I believe, burnt a merchantman, and thus brought ruin on unoffending non-combatants. He has no "chronometers" in his cabin that have not been fought for or paid for. He has never avoided a fight when the chance of one was proffered him, and has never fought except against superior force. He has three times maintained with honor

and success the cause of the old wooden ships, so dear to the hearts of Englishmen, against rams, ironclads, and earthworks, rifled guns, and every other improved engine of destruction, and has on each occasion performed the most difficult of all naval exploits, in forcing the passage of narrow and obstructed channels under the fire of heavy armed forts at short range; and all this at an age when most men pass their time in their easy-chairs. How the soul of such a man must have beaten against the bars through the forty years of peace, of cruising on stations, of watching slave-traders, of fretting monotony in navy yards, which have rolled over his head! How much bitterness must be infused into the enjoyment of his present triumphs by the reflection that the opportunity of achieving them has come so late! I met him one evening last winter in New York in a room crowded with notabilities. The English admiral and the Russian admiral, a large number of their officers, together with some Italian and French ones, from men-of-war in the harbor, as well as several military celebrities, were present. There was a dazzling glitter of epaulettes and decorations. Farragut was just fresh from Port Hudson, and everybody was eager to see him; but it was no easy matter to find him. He was always in a corner, always behind a crowd, — a small man, in a very plain and unpretending, almost shabby uniform, with no ornament but a pair of shoulder-straps that evidently had seen better days. He talked very quietly; has a somewhat pensive and rather shy face, though there is unmistakably an immense amount of fight in his eye; and yet surrounded by a group of gorgeous Russians, "tout brodés et chamarrés d'or," each of whom could have thrown him out of the window with one hand, one would hardly have imagined that he and his *Hartford*

would probably have "given a good account" of the whole Muscovite squadron then lying in the harbor.

After such ardent advocacy of the Federal cause, it is scarcely surprising that Mr. Godkin should have been accused in England of having been "employed" by the Washington authorities. He referred to the charge in a letter of August 6, 1864:—

A slander of this sort, coming from "an organ" which is notoriously supported by Confederate speculators, is perhaps hardly worth notice, but it is unfortunately the fashion of some English journals in the Southern interest to adopt the same mode of treating everybody who happens to think the North is in the right and the South is in the wrong. It may be therefore well to say that not only am I "employed" by the *Daily News* only, but I have never received from any agent, or official, or friend of the American Government the smallest hint, or suggestion, or communication as to what I had better say, or not say, in your columns. Moreover I have never asked for or received from the Government, or from any one in any way connected with it, the smallest favor — not even a pass. I have on two occasions enjoyed the hospitality of two members of the cabinet, but on neither occasion did anything I had ever written or was likely to write form a topic of conversation. It has got to be so much the fashion for Englishmen who come to this country to hold the people who admit them to their houses up to ridicule, to abuse their furniture, and their manners, and their food, and even caricature their wives and daughters, that I believe that when any writer has decency enough to observe the rules of civilized society in these matters, he is set down by Confederate

sympathizers in London as having been corrupted by the Yankee authorities.

The possibility of a man writing from America for an English newspaper or magazine with clean hands, and yet not blackguarding anybody who is good enough to entertain him, or show him a kindness, seems to some of these gentry an outrageous improbability. And the craving of the English public for this barbarous entertainment seems so strong, that even non-professional writers feel bound to gratify it. A recent number of a well-known military magazine contains an account from an officer of engineers of a visit he paid to the army of the Potomac, last winter, in which he not only ridicules and abuses the Federal officers who entertained him, according to his own account, with hospitality, but he gives an account of a visit to Mr. Chase's house, in which he finds fault with his furniture, his pictures, his appearance, and finally indulges in a fling at Miss Chase for not being present to receive him, presuming, sneeringly, that "she was engaged with her lover." It was, I believe, on the eve of her marriage. England has long been famed, as we all know, as a school of manners, but after this crusade against the Yankees she bids fair to stand higher in this respect than ever.

Curiously enough, it was left for Americans to invent the story that Mr. Godkin had written letters defamatory of the United States. In consequence of the celestial anger roused in certain bosoms by the early course of the *Nation*, the gossip went about that the editor had been a hostile English correspondent during the war. Finally the Rev.

Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, of Boston, had the temerity to father the ludicrous yarn. Mr. Godkin demanded his authority. There was some theological sparring by Dr. Hedge, which Mr. Godkin put aside with his usual tenacity of controversy, and finally secured a full retraction and apology.

Recalling his war correspondence for the *Daily News*, at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that newspaper, Mr. Godkin wrote: —

> No war since men began to fight has ever been so fully recorded. But no record or monument can give any one who did not live through it an adequate notion of the indomitable courage with which it was prosecuted, and of the determination never to submit or yield which sustained the Government. It was, more than any other, the heroic age of the American Commonwealth. The Revolution of 1776 was carried to a successful issue mainly through the perseverance of a few leading men; the war of 1861 was essentially a popular rising which carried the leaders forward often in spite of themselves.

His access to an important English organ of opinion was felt by Mr. Godkin to furnish him a great opportunity. Writing to F. L. Olmsted, February 24, 1864, he said: —

> My letters to the *Daily News* are the only things that really rouse me, because I know they *tell*. I receive now and then very complimentary letters from the editor about them, and then it is a better channel and reaches a better public than the papers here.

One of the compliments paid to him was by the economist J. E. Cairnes, who wrote to him in 1865:—

Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing my sense of the high value of your correspondence in the *Daily News* during the last four years. I have read it from the first, scarcely, I think, omitting a letter, with constantly increasing confidence in the accuracy of your knowledge and the soundness of your judgment.

Still more prized was the testimony of George P. Marsh. Writing from Florence November 22, 1865, he said:—

I am fully aware of the vast services you have rendered our national cause by your very able letters in the *Daily News*.

CHAPTER VII

"To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion." This estimate of Mr. Godkin's work in the *Nation,* and afterwards in the *Evening Post* as well, is from the competent pen of Professor William James. It is but one of a thousand that might be quoted. In both volume and point, the testimony to the singular value of Mr. Godkin's contribution to American journalism is conclusive. He touched and quickened the chosen spirits of an entire generation. And they were neither unknowing nor ungrateful. Their spontaneous tributes — of which ample written record remains — sustained and stimulated him in his early years of effort, and were a comfort to him when he had to lay the pen aside.

Evidence has already been given of Mr. Godkin's keen interest from the first in the American press. He studied it in all its phases. While he saw in it much to admire, the things it lacked impressed him

deeply. There was no want of literary or critical talent in the country. He early came in contact with Americans whom, as thinkers and writers, he was ready to rank with the best of Europe. The articles in the *North American Review*, to which he was speedily asked to contribute, were concededly of a high order, but it was a quarterly. For the *Atlantic Monthly* he at once conceived a high admiration. Late in 1859, when it seemed as if the financial embarrassments of its publishers, Phillips and Samson, might lead to its suspension, he wrote:

"Our one, our only magazine" is again in danger. We have been for many years dying for a magazine, and have been making divers unsuccessful attempts to have one of a high order, that would rival your *Blackwood* or *Fraser*. Our last attempt was *Putnam's Magazine*, which, after a brilliant career of a few years, was at last driven into that last haven of all crazy literary craft — "first-class wood engravings." It failed to find refuge even here, however, and died a natural death in 1857. Immediately after, some enterprising individuals in Boston stepped into the breach and set on foot the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, which was to be kept up to the highest point of excellence by contributions from both sides of the Atlantic. The British quota, however, was not sent in very long, and it has owed a very remarkable success almost entirely to native pens. No magazine of similar standing and pretensions has in this country ever obtained so large a circulation, and remained so long in a decidedly prosperous condition. The articles were rarely either so elaborate or so profound,

or even so varied in their interest, as those of its English contemporaries, since that ripe and careful cultivation, of which good magazine literature is the fruit, is by no means so general here as with you; but they were incomparably better than any similar *recueil* which has yet made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic, and have done a great deal both for American literary taste and reputation.

Mr. Godkin had for some time a pleasant editorial connection with the New York *Times*, in conducting which paper, as he afterwards commented, "Henry J. Raymond was making a desperate effort not to get too much excited." Mr. Raymond's letter of parting and godspeed, when Mr. Godkin left him to found the *Nation*, follows: —

New York, June 12, 1865.

My dear Godkin: —

I cannot permit your connection with the *Times* to cease without saying how deeply I regret your loss and how cordially I wish you success in your new enterprise. Your pen has been of the utmost value to the *Times* for a good many years past, and it will be missed by thousands who had come to distinguish it among all those employed upon its columns. I feel under great obligation to you for your direct aid and know not how to supply your place. I shall hope to continue the friendly personal relations which have always prevailed between us, and if at any time I can be of service to you in any way, personally or professionally, I trust you will not fail to call upon me.

Very truly yours,

H. J. Raymond.

The project of establishing a high-grade weekly was in Mr. Godkin's mind long before the day of realization. He often talked of it with his friends in New York and Boston, New Haven and Cambridge. Dr. Gilman recalls his speaking about it in the Yale Library. He frequently canvassed it in his correspondence. To him the dearth was evident. He felt that he, with the talent that he might be able to enlist, could make it good. In the periodical press, he believed that the educated men of America were not fairly represented. Daily newspapers were hurried, partisan, clamorous, interested. Weekly publications were narrowly denominational, or else gushing, superficial, ignorant, inadequate. How to give the culture and sound judgment of the United States fit voice was the question. Mr. Godkin debated it with many friends, probably oftenest and most earnestly with Professor Charles Eliot Norton and that alert and fertile intelligence, Frederic Law Olmsted. Happily, letters survive to trace the shaping and the final execution of the plan.

On August 2, 1863, Olmsted wrote to Mr. Godkin from New York: —

> I shall send you by the mail with this a confidential *avant courier* of a newspaper enterprise. It was started here just before the Gettysburg battle, a number of gentlemen undertaking to get subscriptions. The battle and the riots prevented them from doing much of anything, and now everybody is out of town. A list of men

was made who were to be called on, and each was to be requested to subscribe $500 or more. I cannot learn that more than six have been seen. Five of these have subscribed and one of them $1000. My plan was to raise $15,000 in New York and $15,000 elsewhere. The money is to be held by trustees, Potter (of Brown Brothers), Hoppin & Strong, or Sanitary Commission Treasurer, who are to pay it to my order unconditionally. I undertake to secure the establishment and maintenance for two years of a weekly newspaper of high order. If it pays, I pay back with interest when convenient. If it don't pay, I am not in the debt of the subscribers to the fund. If it pays a large profit I have the benefit of it entirely. I am the sole responsible manager (to the capitalists) and my obligation to them is what I have said. They look to me only to organize it as a business and are to know nothing of the editing or who edits it. There is sufficient probability that the money will be put up to make it worth while for me to be at work at it, and it occupies a good deal of my time. I propose to make it quite equal to the best English reviews, and for this purpose reckon to pay about double as much as has hitherto been paid to authors. The whole matter is to be managed privately and confidentially. Keep this to yourself, please.

Shortly afterwards he went to see Mr. Godkin in Salisbury. The two talked the matter over. Olmsted finally persuaded his friend to undertake the editorship. His own health was uncertain; and receiving just then a handsome offer to manage the Mariposa Company, a mining enterprise in

California, he turned the whole affair over to Mr. Godkin.

The latter regretted, as he wrote to Norton, that "such an excellent fellow, so clean a brain, should be buried" in Benn valley. "He was so much to me that perhaps I exaggerate his importance to the public, but I feel satisfied we shall all feel his loss sorely when the work of reorganizing the South comes to be done. There are very few men in America — I know of none — who bring theories to bear so well on the practice of politics as Olmsted. So I hope he may make his fortune quickly."

Mr. Godkin took up what he called "my newspaper project" earnestly. He sought Norton's good offices to recruit contributors. But politics and the war, he soon had to report, made the finances of "my paper scheme" drag. Besides, a rival appeared in the field. "The *Round Table* is now being advertised on a tremendous scale as the very thing which I had in my mind. It is, however, in reality something very different, and will, I think, become more so."

Extracts from letters to Olmsted carry on the narrative: —

New York, Feb. 24, 1864.

My dear Olmsted: —

You have heard nothing of my paper because there was nothing to hear. I went to Boston after you left, and saw Norton, and found him very cordial. He did everything possible to help me except advance money.

Through him I saw a good many people, and the upshot of it was, that I came away assured of $5,000, or thereabouts, if New York would do her share. I saw Bellows and enlisted him, and also Strong and Hoppin, and found that *while I was with them*, they were very active and obliging, but as soon as my back was turned they seemed to forget all about it. I am bound to say that I think the most faithful to his promises of them all was Bellows, though it was from him I feared most on this point. Strong, however, was also very kind, and offered to have a meeting at his house; but they were all mere puppets. They did not work of themselves. I had to have my hand on the springs all the time. . . .

In the middle of this agitation there appeared a prospectus of a very similar scheme, which I found on enquiry was *bona fide*, and was started by two brothers named Sweetzer with a rich father at their back. The advertisement set out something almost the same as ours, or at all events so much alike that it scared the capitalists. I felt that it would be hardly fair or safe to take their money, and spend it in running an opposition coach. So I dropped it for the present. The Sweetzer paper has since appeared, is called the *Round Table*, and though far removed from what we had in our mind, promises, I think, to be a success of *the kind*. I never realized so thoroughly the enormous difference there is between having one's capital in bank, and having it in an indefinite prospect of borrowing it in instalments from a hundred men yet to be discovered. I found, of course, that your departure made an enormous difference. With you, I verily believe there would have been no difficulty in getting the money. I was a stranger, was not known, etc. In some cases this was frankly spoken of, in others it was only hinted at, but in all it was in the air.

At this juncture Dr. Bellows proposed to me to take charge of a fortnightly periodical — the *Sanitary Commission Bulletin,* published by the Commission, and containing their reports, articles on sanitary subjects, etc., and I agreed to do so and have had it in hand for the last three months. It is not hard work, but it is disagreeable; and they pay me $100 a month.

You ask, "Can I hope to have you here?" I answer yes, but with divers distinctions and limitations. The attractions are two in number and both strong. In the first place, my present employment leads to nothing, and I have a good many rather sad half-hours — between ourselves — in the reflection that I am slowly frittering my best years away in what is for the writer certainly the most unprofitable of all literary labor. I am winning neither fame nor money. My income is not large enough to save much (if any in these times), and I am conscious all the while that I am not stimulated to do my best in writing. . . .

My health is not good enough, though very good for ordinary purposes, to permit of my going back to the law. To succeed at the law here, needs, *for one thing,* the capacity to stick at a desk twelve or fourteen hours a day; this I have not got, and never expect to have it. Something may turn up in the newspaper line that may suit me, such as an opening in the *Evening Post* or some other evening paper; but for the moment I see no sign of anything. Consequently my prospects are by no means so brilliant as they seemed when I first determined to settle in the country. My illness has knocked me off the track; and if I were not now sincerely attached to the country, and deeply interested in its fortunes, married and so forth, I would go back to England. The competition in expense in New York is getting to be

frightful, and as long as I live here, I do not see much chance of my gratifying the second object of my ambition — getting sufficient exemption from daily labor to write for the *reviews*, etc., in a way that would really give me a chance of saying what I have to say, in the best way.

Moreover, I miss *you* very much. I have met no one in America who has the same hold on me and with whom I sympathize so strongly, and certainly I should always feel amply compensated by your friendship alone for having come here. Leading the unsettled life that I have led since I was twenty-two, and leaving my own country at twenty-five, my intimate friends are few in number, and I value those I have all the more for that reason. Your quitting the East was therefore a great blow to me, greater than I cared to say when you were going. I looked forward to your settling down somewhere within my reach, so that we could grow old and grumble over the ways of the world together. . . . I have a brother, now about twenty, who has been educated at one of the government agricultural schools in Ireland, and very thoroughly educated, a most accurate, painstaking fellow, who since leaving the school has been in a bank in Dublin, and for whom I should very much like to do something. I should therefore be to some extent tempted to go to California on his account, as I should hope, if there, to be able to find some opening in which his special training in agricultural matters could be brought into play.

The foregoing would be my principal reason for going. I may add as a secondary one the fact that I am by nature rather fitted for an outdoor than an indoor life. I have not got the *literary temperament*, and, in fact, in so far as I have ever done any work well, it has been rather due to bodily activity than anything else. On the other hand,

there are many and weighty reasons for my *not* going. I am rather fastidious about many things which in a new country it does not do to be fastidious about. I am not popular in my manners and could never become so. I am not pushing; I am not a natural orator. I am not sympathetic; and I am too old to change now. Then my wife is not strong, and would be ill-fitted to any kind of hardship, and though she would behave "like a brick," under any circumstances, I think she would feel it very hard to leave all her friends and break up all her associations, and I should be very reluctant to urge her to do so, *unless for a very certain gain.* You see, you went out under brilliant auspices, with a place ready to jump into. I should go out very differently. And I see by your letter that it is pretty hard to make rapid fortunes in California as well as everywhere else. I should have to count upon spending the best years of our life in a wild place, and losing all hold on that part of the world which is now everything to us. So it would be for us a very serious step; it was so to you though you had $10,000 a year, etc., before you. As regards climate, I doubt if I could bear exposure to the sun in August, but otherwise it would suit me admirably.

I want very much, however, to hear from you more fully about the place and your prospects, and what you think my chances would be, and whether you think you could work my brother into any of your great plans, whether I go or not. What are your bantling schemes? Amongst the things of which I have often dreamed is sheep raising on a great scale, and this I could use my brother in. . . .

I am a good deal troubled about your health. I know to my sorrow all about those symptoms. I have felt satisfied for years that you would at last suffer from your

insane way of living. I have always wondered how a man of your intelligence could go on acting on that theory of yours about night work. Let me give you one or two lessons of sorrowful experience, and remember that, by beginning in time, you may save a good many years. *Do all your work as far as possible in the morning. The minute you feel any uneasiness in your head, lay down pen or book, and don't resume for half an hour. Never use your head after dinner.* And there's nothing like the saddle. Stick to it.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1864.

I was very sorry to read Jenkins's letter from you about your health. But he and Van Buren both think your San Francisco doctor mistaken as to your symptoms. And I suppose I may myself, after what I have gone through, claim the honor also of an expert, and I add my testimony to theirs. I have had every symptom you describe, with palpitation so violent as to keep me awake at night. I have been *six* times examined for disease of the heart, and once blistered for inflammation of the pericardium. There never was anything the matter with my heart except functional derangement caused by the state of my nerves. I am not conscious now that I have a heart. Doctors are constantly mistaken on this point, often for want of knowledge of the patient's antecedents. I would have wagered 100 to 1 any time these four years that your mode of life would end in laying you up with your present ailments. I offer the same odds that two years hence, if you avoid fatigue, — especially mental, — do no work in the afternoon, go to bed at 10 P.M., and totally abandon tea and coffee, you will be as well as ever.

Dec. 25, 1864.

I think the conduct of the war ever since Grant took the command has been admirable, something of which the country may well be proud, and which to my mind, for the first time, has made the subjugation of the South not only seem possible, but *near*. I think Sherman has real genius, and of the first order, but how he compares with Grant, I cannot tell till I know how much of his operations Grant has planned. To have secured the concert which has marked the last campaign over so wide a field, and the general success which has attended it, shows enormous grasp and comprehensiveness in Grant; though there can be nothing more brilliant than Sherman's strategy in front of the enemy. But though I think Sherman at this moment impresses the popular imagination most strongly, there may be the difference, and I think there is, between him and Grant that there is between a vigorous debater and the able head of a cabinet. Give Sherman an object, and his way of reaching it is extraordinarily brilliant, but to decide what the object shall be, and decide it rightly, requires a higher order of talent than he has yet displayed. Grant, I think, has it. And in this age and in this country there is to me something very impressive in the way in which Grant lies quiet, leaving it to others to make the great *coups* and produce the dazzling effects.

April 2, 1865.

As regards your newspaper projects in California, they appear to be still so vague that I can offer no opinion about them. One objection strikes me at the outset to your engaging in a daily paper, and that is the temptation it would offer to severe night work, which I

know you could not stand. I don't think, too, that you are sufficiently conscientious or *shrewd* about your health. At least you used not to be. Now that you are embarked, or are embarking, in commercial enterprises that have to be made to *pay*, I think you ought, as a matter of common honesty, to consider yourself as an animal in which money is invested, like the horses or cattle on a farm, and take care of your physical and mental condition accordingly. For a man who has great interests depending on him to allow himself to break down from preventable causes, is a piece of rascality.

I sent you the January number of the *North American Review*, containing an article by me on "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy." Did you ever get it? I want you to read it, and let me have your opinion. I have a dose ready for you in my brain on the subject of acting (on the stage), although I did not write the letter in the *Post* of which you spoke, and will administer it when I get time. A great battle is going on at Petersburg while I write. Things look favorably so far, and I am satisfied that, however it may result, the end is near, and that this campaign is the last. The change of tone during the late debate on American affairs in the House of Commons was very remarkable. If people here had only had the dignity to let events wring this from the English, instead of scolding, how much better it would have been.

Olmsted's "newspaper projects," referred to in the foregoing, consisted of a plan to establish a new daily in San Francisco. He wrote Mr. Godkin that he could easily raise $150,000 capital, and urged him

to take the editorship. There is further allusion to the matter in the following letters of Mr. Godkin: —

April 12, 1865.

First and foremost let me congratulate you on the great events of the last fortnight. They are, I think, the most momentous the modern world has seen. I was quite overcome by Lee's surrender, and sat dumfoundered for an hour. It had been so long and eagerly and vainly desired, that, strong as my faith in Grant and in the people has always been, it had taken the shape in my mind of a wild dream. All difficulty is, I think, now over; I mean all serious, alarming difficulty — military, political, and financial. Though I confess I should be very anxious about the terms of reconstruction, if Lincoln were not to be President for the next four years. . . .

As regards the newspaper, I can only say that, with my ignorance of men and things in California, I can of course form but a poor judgment of how suitable or agreeable newspaper work there would be to me. I would not undertake night work, so that an evening paper would be the only thing I could touch. No salary would tempt me which did not secure me *considerably* more than the means of living comfortably in San Francisco. In other words, my main object in going — apart from the desire of doing something with you, which would influence me strongly — would be to make money, so as to secure me, at an early period, what I have always longed for, — leisure and liberty to choose my own work. I fear no paper started with borrowed money could do this; but I know so little about the conditions of life out there that my opinion is worth

very little even to myself. If you form a plan, and make me a definite proposal, and can give me any data as to cost of living, I could answer at once. The fact is, I want to make some money, not a very large sum by any means, and if you can put me in the way of doing it, either by newspaper or in any other way, I should jump at it. Could I not do something *here* for such a paper, as you speak of? The chances are that the close of the war will lighten my work for the *Daily News*, and leave me some spare time.

MAY 5, 1865.

I write in some haste to say that there is a strong probability, almost a certainty, that I shall start the weekly paper on the 1st of July, with ample capital. I have no time to go into details now, as I will write again in a few days. What I want now is to get you to secure from Mr. Ashburner any article or series of articles that he may have written or be about to write on gold or other mining operations in California, or on petroleum. You told me he was preparing something of the kind. I will pay him rather better and give him more publicity than any other paper he is likely to send them to, and they are just what I want.

I also want you to write something if you can and as often as you can. I shall take the liberty in the meantime of advertising your name as a contributor. The plan is substantially the same as that which we had projected. I want to make *trustworthy* discussions of financial and economical matters a prominent feature in it.

Pray help me in the matter in any way you can, either by suggestions, fishing up contributors, writing yourself, or getting subscriptions. I want to try the experiment

fully and fairly, and see whether the best writers in America cannot get a fair hearing from the American public on questions of politics, art, and literature through a newspaper.

The plan so long meditated by Mr. Godkin came at last to fruition suddenly. A new and powerful ally appeared in the person of James Miller McKim, of Philadelphia. This philanthropic abolitionist had the interests of the freedmen deeply at heart. He had cast about to found a newspaper in their behoof, and had already secured backers in his own city and in Baltimore. A subordinate motive was to create an editorial position for Wendell Phillips Garrison, a recent graduate of Harvard, and at the time literary editor of the *Independent*, who was about to marry his daughter. Hearing in New England of Mr. Godkin's project, McKim proposed joining forces. This furnished the last and decisive push. Norton rallied the Boston friends. In New York, Mr. Godkin obtained adherents. All told, forty stockholders provided the capital of $100,000. So great a number assured a wide interest, but involved difficulties and misunderstandings about policy and control.

How thoroughly studied and fully equipped the *Nation* came into the world, may be inferred from the publisher's prospectus. It ran as follows: —

THE NATION

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART WILL BE PUBLISHED JULY 6, 1865

Terms: — Three Dollars per annum, in advance; Six Months, Two Dollars.

Its Main Objects Will Be

First. — The discussion of the topics of the day, and, above all, of legal, economical, and constitutional questions, with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press.

Second. — The maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government, and the advocacy and illustration of whatever in legislation or in manners seems likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization.

Third. — The earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South, as a matter of vital interest to the nation at large, with a view to the removal of all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life.

Fourth. — The enforcement and illustration of the doctrine that the whole community has the strongest interest, both moral, political, and material, in their elevation, and that there can be no real stability for the Republic so long as they are left in ignorance and degradation.

Fifth. — The fixing of public attention upon the political importance of popular education, and the dangers which a system like ours runs from the neglect of it in any portion of our territory.

Sixth. — The collection and diffusion of trustworthy information as to the condition and prospects of the Southern States, the openings they offer to capital, the supply and kind of labor which can be obtained in them, and the progress made by the colored population in acquiring the habits and desires of civilized life.

Seventh. — Sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art.

The Nation will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with some care, is about to start in a few days for a journey through the South. His letters will appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

The following writers, among others, have been secured either as regular or occasional contributors: —

Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Samuel Eliot (Ex-President Trin. College,

Hartford), Professor Torrey (Harvard), Dr. Francis Lieber, Professor Child (Harvard), Charles E. Norton, Judge Bond (Baltimore), Edmund Quincy, Professor W. D. Whitney (Yale), Professor D. C. Gilman (Yale), Judge Daly, Professor Dwight (Columbia College), Judge Wayland, Frederick Law Olmsted, Rev. Dr. McClintock, Rev. Dr. Jos. P. Thompson, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. Dr. Bellows, C. J. Stillé, Henry T. Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, C. A. Bristed, C. L. Brace, Richard Grant White, William Lloyd Garrison, Sydney George Fisher, Theodore Tilton, James Parton, Gail Hamilton, R. H. Stoddard.

130 Nassau Street, N.Y.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,
Publisher.

To Norton, Mr. Godkin wrote on July 5, 1865:—

No. I is afloat, and the tranquillity which still reigns in this city, under the circumstances, I confess amazes me. I hope you will like it. The verdict here seems favorable.

Later he wrote to Olmsted:—

I should consider that I had treated you badly in not having replied sooner to your last long letter, if I had not been for some weeks busy to a degree of which I have never in my life known anything before.

We have got the first number of the *Nation* out, after the struggle and agony usual in such cases, and are now fairly afloat. I forget whether I told you the particulars, but the whole story of how it all came about I must reserve till I see you. It is a joint stock company, capital $100,000 — shares $1,000 each, and what is most wonderful — we *have got the money paid up*. I am

engaged, as is the publisher,—a very good man, late of the *Independent*,—at a salary of $5000 a year with 12 per cent of the profits after the payment of 6 per cent on the stock. $50,000 were raised in Boston, $25,000 in Philadelphia, and the rest in New York. The only great difficulty I have had has been in preventing the thing being torn to pieces between the free traders and protectionists. Can you not make some arrangements, before you leave California, with some one in San Francisco, to get subscriptions for us there, $3 a year and postage? It is dirt cheap, but we want to get an audience at the outset. The first number, of which I have ordered six copies to be sent to you, has been received with general satisfaction.

July 23, 1865.

The paper is doing well, far better than we ventured to hope. We reached 5,000 circulation by the third number, and it is rising steadily. It has been so far rather heavy, and I find it very difficult to lighten it. Your suggestions about what such a paper ought to contain are admirable, but it is very difficult to find a man to do the work of gossiping agreeably, on manners, lager bier, &c., who will bind himself to do it, whether he feels like it or not. It fact, it is very difficult to get men of education in America to handle any subject with a light touch. They all want to write ponderous essays if they write at all. But I think I am gradually working out of the difficulty, as people of the lighter sort turn up nearly every week unexpectedly. Your presence in New York will be invaluable to me in many ways. We have got so much money that I don't think we can fail, unless by stupendous mismanagement. $100,000 *paid up*. My engagement is for two years, with complete

control over the editorial department, payment of contributors, &c. The publisher is a good fellow, very competent, but a sensationist, bred in the *Independent* school, with unbounded faith in *names* and in puffing, and not much, though it increases every day, in quality. Our leading political aim is to secure equality before the law in all parts of the Union; all others are open questions, but I seek to have everything discussed more temperately and accurately than is usual. "Social articles," however, are my great need. We have begun at a low price, but shall raise it in January.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to recount here all the details of the *Nation's* struggle to conquer for itself a name and a place in a world that had known nothing of the kind. The attempt seemed hopeless to many. A man of such particular competence in the matter, and of such general sagacity, as Charles A. Dana, said to Olmsted: "I don't believe the *Nation* will succeed — but I am not sure; and I shall be glad to have it tried." In addition to the difficulty of commanding an audience and patronage, there were misunderstandings among the stockholders. Not all of them were disposed to acknowledge that complete independence which Mr. Godkin had insisted upon, and which they had guaranteed him. Radicals, headed by Wendell Phillips, were suspicious and easily offended. The heaviest stockholder, Major Stearns, of Boston, made a public charge of bad faith

against Mr. Godkin. This was born partly of a perverse nature. Even an admiring friend, J. B. Thayer, had to confess that Stearns was "too crotchety." Irrespective of that, he proceeded upon an entire misapprehension. The evidence is documentary and overwhelming — a portion of it was produced at the time; all of it is accessible — that the accusation had no real basis. It is mentioned here because the affair had some echo in the press at the time, and in order to show what superadded difficulties Mr. Godkin had to confront in founding the *Nation*. He threw himself into the work unsparingly. Those who knew him only in later life would be surprised at the mastery of printing detail and business statement which he showed in his frequent letters to Norton. Nothing escaped him. He was fertile in suggestion; quick and docile in acting upon advice. Various plans were tried in the course of the first year in the hope of putting the *Nation* on its feet financially. Olmsted was brought in for a time as associate editor. The experiment was made, in the second volume, of a semi-weekly issue. The price was raised. The size was changed. But the end of the first year saw nearly all the capital drawn upon. Virtual liquidation followed. A faithful few stood by; the rest of the stockholders were bought out. Mr. Godkin took over the property, throwing up his contract for another twelvemonth, and, instead of

the *Nation* Association, the proprietors were thereafter, E. L. Godkin & Co.

The stupid prejudice against Mr. Godkin as foreign-born early showed its head. It was one of the obstacles which the *Nation* had to surmount. At the time that Major Stearns was airing his fancied grievances, Mr. Godkin wrote to Lowell:—

> I am made all the more sensitive in this matter because the disadvantages of being a stranger are great enough without having added to them the disadvantage of being denounced as a knave.

To Norton on the same subject, a passage may be taken from a letter of date January 15, 1866:—

> Bowles of Springfield told me last week that he heard the subject discussed at a dinner party in Boston at which it was said that "an Englishman might be fit for the kingdom of heaven, but not to edit an American newspaper." I said the joke was good, but would have more point if the most successful paper in America, in the common low sense of the word, and that whose influence has received the strongest acknowledgment from the public and from politicians, had not been conducted by a blackguard Scotchman. He mentioned also that a paragraph written by Garrison about Mr. Cobden, and put by him at the opening of the "Week," during my absence in the country, was cited as a proof of the English direction of my thoughts in editing the paper. The acuteness of some people is wonderful. Olmsted's coming in relieves my mind a good deal, particularly in ridding me of the hateful burden of over-caution. We go over all the editorial matter together, so that he is in

fact, as well as in name, responsible for all it contains; but I am amused sometimes to think how little my assistants are likely to gain by the change. Bowles tells me that Emerson took back from here the news, or the idea, that Olmsted had "supplanted" me. This report I care nothing for. The only fear I had about his coming in was that it might seem an endorsement by more respectable men of Stearns's attacks on my character. But there is no danger of this, and you know how little I cared for the *fame* of editing the *Nation*, and how anxious I have always been to remain in the background. So I am very well satisfied to have it supposed that Olmsted writes every line of the paper. Fame has to be very well won before I either admire or care for it, and notoriety I abhor.

Let the matter end how it may, I think you and I may always look back on it with satisfaction, and look over our two or three volumes of the *Nation* without any other regret than that it didn't succeed. If it failed to-morrow, I should feel myself abundantly repaid in having by means of it been brought into such close relations with so kind and sympathizing a friend as you have been. The worst charge that has arisen against me out of it is that I am "an Englishman," but I don't think my children will blush over it.

Other letters to Norton tell their own tale:—

July 18, 1865.

Jessup writes from Philadelphia in a rage because Jay Cooke was twitted in the first number; a luminary named Pierce writes in a great rage from Boston because Butler was criticised, he being "a friend of the freedmen." Friend Stearns informs me this morning that No. 2

has not "been well received in Boston, as the political articles have an air of being written to suit somebody." This insinuation is rather hard to bear, but I am going to bear it. A Richmond paper declares that Wendell Phillips is the presiding genius of the concern, but that "the working editor is an Englishman," and it suggests that the capital is probably "British gold" supplied for the purpose of "overthrowing our glorious," &c.

I am firmly resolved in this matter to do my best, and to persevere to the end. If the thing fails, or I fail, I shall try to fall with honor, but in the meantime I shall, owing to the rotten condition of the press and the fixed belief of the public that no paper can be conducted with purity or independence, have a great deal to endure. I should never have gone into it if I had not counted on your confidence and support, because you are the only man of the whole body of projectors with whom I know I am in thorough sympathy. I shall not return to this subject again, and I only mention it now to let you know how much I count on your support hereafter, as well as on your frankness in giving me your opinion about everything.

July 31, 1865.

On consultation with my friends here, I have concluded that I had better meet this cry of "Englishman" against me now, once for all. If I don't, or appear to cower under it, it will be kept up and I shall be persecuted with it. And there is no man in the community who need less fear a charge of foreign sympathy. So I have written a very strong letter to Edmund Quincy, expressing the indignation which I feel at my being assailed on such a ground as this, by people who are clamoring for *negro* suffrage, and also at the counte-

nance which seems to be given in Boston to the semi-barbarous practice of taking the editor by the throat when anything objectionable in matters of taste and opinion appears in his paper, and digging into his private life in search of unworthy motives. Anything more illiberal or *un-American*, it would be hard to conceive of.

I expect no quarter hereafter from the Stearns and Wendell Phillips set. They are, I think, bent on my destruction. If the fever does not spread, however, I shall not be disturbed by it. I have feared trouble from that quarter ever since he took the liberty of forwarding me an offensive insinuation on the appearance of the second number. He has never been able to rid himself of the idea that I am under the influence of McKim and the Garrison wing [of the disrupted Anti-Slavery Society], whom he seems to hate with true sectarian ferocity.

April 22, 1866.

I want to state to you, and through you to the Boston stockholders, a little more distinctly than I have ever done my position as regards the *Nation*. If necessary or desirable I will write out what I have to say in a separate letter, as a circular, but perhaps this may suffice.

When the editorship was offered me, I took it on the understanding, which was afterwards reduced to writing, that I was to be completely independent to any extent that an honorable man could be. Of course, I could not call myself an honorable man, if, having been converted to proslaveryism or secession, I failed instantly to resign. But it was never understood or hinted that I was to be inspired by, or was to edit the paper under the super-

vision of Major Stearns, or of any body else. No man of character or education would accept such a position. Moreover, a part of the inducement offered me was that the hugeness of the capital would insure a full trial of the experiment. The whole $100,000 was to be spent if necessary; but we hoped it would not be necessary. It was not to be a party paper. It was to devote a good deal of attention to the social and political condition of the blacks at the South, not as their organ, *but as one of the great questions* of the day. And it was to discuss this and all other questions in such a tone and style as to secure the attention of a class to which anti-slavery journals have never had access.

I, on my part, undertook not to produce a paper that would be certain to sell well, but to produce a good paper, one that good and intelligent men would say *ought* to sell, and whose influence on those who read it, and on the country papers, would be enlightening, elevating, and refining. Commercial success I never guaranteed. The whole thing was well understood to be an experiment, and it was this very fact that rendered a large capital so necessary.

I accordingly raised upwards of $20,000 amongst my friends here, and put in some money of my own. Some of those who have invested I shall feel bound in honor to reimburse if the thing fails, so that I shall really find myself in that event not only without recompense for my time, but actually out of pocket.

I started the work at short notice, in the hot weather, and under how many difficulties you know perhaps better than any one. I made some mistakes, and of course fell considerably short, as I fall still short, of my own ideal. On the appearance of the third number, Major Stearns got hold of a hasty private note of mine,

interpreted it to suit himself, and made it the text of a pair of circulars, in which my character was assailed in the grossest and most insulting terms. I own I was greatly shocked to find that I was associated in any way with a person capable of such an act.

I think, from all I can learn, that I have fulfilled my share of the contract. The *Nation*, I am led to believe, is a good paper. Its influence is, I know, growing, and from this influence I expect pecuniary success ultimately to come. Mr. Stearns I cannot prevent from trying to injure it; but I feel bound in the interest of those who have confided in my honor and ability, to say nothing of higher interests than these, to oppose him by every means in my power.

At the same time I wish it to be clearly understood that I do not desire the *Nation* to be carried on as a personal favor to me. As soon as any sufficient number of the stockholders whom there is no ground for suspecting of personal hostility to me, come to the conclusion that it is of no value, I shall be glad to aid them in getting rid of it. But any such movement ought in decency to have some one else than Major Stearns at its head.

From harassments of management it is a relief to turn to the instant and assured success of the *Nation* in the favor of the judicious. To cite an early and high tribute from a foreign source, we find *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record* saying in its issue of September 21, 1865:—

The *Nation*, now in course of publication in New York, is, without exception, the best newspaper we have seen yet from America. Americans have long admired

the ability which invariably characterizes the English press, and we have heard repeated regrets that the newspapers of America were vastly inferior to our own. In the *Nation*, however, we recognize many of the qualities that distinguish our own press. We have in it liberal and enlarged views, perfect independence, and high literary merit; it discusses political and social topics, maintains true democratic principles, supports popular education, and criticises with judgment books and works of art; it is the organ of no party, but endeavors to extract the virtues from all sections of political and religious organizations. It is rather a paper of opinions than of news, yet it summarizes and presents in an interesting manner everything in the shape of news that is of real importance. In its literary department it is by far the most complete of any American paper.

Recognition and praise at home came as speedily and fully. Lowell hailed Mr. Godkin as one who had, in the *Nation*, made himself "a Power." Emerson, who at first was cold to the project, even thinking it a mistake to put Mr. Godkin at its head, soon came round. Professor Norton wrote:—

Emerson spoke to me last week in warmest terms of its [the *Nation's*] excellence, its superiority to any other journal we have or have had; its breadth, its variety, its self-sustainment, its admirable style of thought and expression. It was the *amende honorable* made in his best of all possible ways.

The same warm friend reported a letter from Goldwin Smith:—

The *Nation* spoke so kindly of me in the last number I received that I may almost seem bribed to pay it a compliment. But I have been reading it with sincere admiration as well as interest. It is in its department the first fruits of the regeneration which a great moral struggle was sure to produce.

George P. Marsh wrote from Florence, June 13, 1866:—

The success of the *Nation*, which I suppose must now be considered established beyond doubt, is very gratifying to me. It will do much to raise the reputation of American journalism in Europe, and by its example to raise the tone of our other newspapers.

"We never had such newspaper writing before," was the assurance sent on by Professor Norton. That friend, indeed, was the most constant in giving help and crying cheer. At the end of the first year of the *Nation*, after all the striving, hopes, and fears, Mr. Godkin wrote to him (July 6, 1866):—

If the paper succeeds, I shall always ascribe it to you, as without your support and encouragement I do not think I should have been able to endure to the end.

But Norton knew in whom he had believed.

You are making the paper [he wrote] more than I ever hoped it could be. It is my best claim to the gratitude of posterity. I believe I have quite outlived sensitiveness to the spur which is the last infirmity of noble minds, but if I am famous at all I should like to be so as your ally and friend. And, after all, *You* are the *Nation;* without you it is not worth supporting."

In this opinion Norton was at one with Lowell's mature judgment, as we learn from Mr. W. T. Arnold. In a letter dated June 2, 1885, he said:—

I met Lowell the other day and asked him: "Can you tell me, Mr. Lowell, how it is that the New York *Nation* is the best periodical in the world?" Mr. Lowell gave a little start, looked at me curiously, and said, "Well I quite agree with you. It is the best periodical in the world. But how do you, an Englishman, come to know about it?" I explained that, as a journalist, I saw the best newspapers and reviews of all countries from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month, and that that was my deliberate opinion. Mr. Lowell replied, "You are quite right and the superiority is due to one man, Mr. E. L. Godkin, with whom I do not always agree, but whose ability, information, and unflinching integrity have made the *Nation* what it is. The paper is sometimes too good for the world, but very good it undoubtedly is, and the unvarying competence with which it treats question after question, and book after book, has made it a most valuable breakwater against the tepid wish-wash of incompetence which pours through the American press."

But there would be no end were one to quote the admiring tributes which the *Nation* won from those whose praise was of itself a guerdon. Two gleaned testimonials will alone be added here. Francis Parkman wrote:—

I owe too much to the *Nation*, in many ways, not to feel it both a duty and a pleasure to give my mite to-

wards its prosperity; for, though I now and then dissent from its views, and have occasionally regretted what seemed to me a needless asperity, I regard it as the most valuable of American journals and feel that the best interests of the country are doubly involved in its success.

I have always regarded the *Nation* as the most valuable of all American journals, and I ought to know, for I have read every number since it first appeared. I feel — and others feel also — that every educated and right-minded American is doubly in your debt.

"What an influence you have!" exclaimed George William Curtis. "What a sanitary element in our affairs the *Nation* is, I hope you know by a liberal response in every way to your work."

CHAPTER VIII

With a large number of the first men of his time Mr. Godkin was brought into personal contact. Of them his matured judgment was, as a rule, singularly penetrating. It being part of his business as a journalist to pass upon the leading actors of the political stage, as well as the literary, religious, and philosophical, a long line of public characters fell under his scrutiny. His verdicts upon many of them have been published. Others appear incidentally in the correspondence already given, and to be given; here a few of the more salient and significant of his characterizations may be massed. This is a severe test. Personal criticism has more pitfalls than any other form; and that Mr. Godkin escaped them so successfully as he did is proof of his sagacity. Inevitably, his earliest readings of men were often tentative, and subject to later correction. His first impressions of Mr. Blaine, for example, were favorable.

So with Louis Napoleon. Of the man of whom he afterwards came to speak as a charlatan, he wrote on June 22, 1859: "If Louis Napoleon exhibits moderation enough in the hour of triumph

to leave Italy independent and free, I think he will fairly entitle himself to the very highest rank among the benefactors of the human race." If this was a mistake, it was one made in the excellent company of Mrs. Browning, and derived from a political aspiration similar to hers. But as late as January 7, 1862, Mr. Godkin wrote to C. L. Brace from Paris: "Louis Napoleon is really a great man, wise as well as shrewd." From that it is a great change, though a change for good reason shown, to the opinion of September, 1870. Writing at that date to Norton of the doings of another man, Mr. Godkin said, "The old rascal's cup must surely be nearly full." Then he added: "If it were not for Louis Napoleon's fate, however, I would say that all those cups of the wicked have holes in them. What a splendid 'Special Providence' he now seems! The Lord is evidently not dead yet."

Something like an appreciation of Horace Greeley by Mr. Godkin is printed in an earlier chapter. Here is a fuller picture, drawn in 1863: —

> Mr. Horace Greeley is self-educated, and very imperfectly educated at that — has no great grasp of mind, no great political insight, and has his brain crammed with half truths and odds and ends of ideas which a man inevitably accumulates who scrapes knowledge together by fits and starts on his way through life. I cannot better describe his position in political life than by saying that he has about the same relation to a statesman that a leader of guerillas has to a general of the

regular army. But he has an enthusiasm which never flags, and a faith in principles which nothing can shake, and an English style, which, for vigor, terseness, clearness, and simplicity, has never been surpassed, except, perhaps, by Cobbett. Nothing can be more taking than the frank, forcible way in which he states his ideas; but I must also add that nothing can be coarser or more abusive than the language in which he defends them. He calls names and gives the lie, in his leading articles, with a heartiness and vehemence which in cities seem very shocking, but which out in the country, along the lakes, and in the forests and prairies of the Northwest, where most of his influence lies, are simply proofs of more than ordinary earnestness. And I confess that, disagreeable as his ways are and must be to everybody who hates vulgarity in public life, and who would wish to see such power as Greeley undoubtedly wields lodged in hands of nicer touch and more careful training, when we remember that he founded the New York *Tribune*, sixteen years ago, as the organ of the then small and despised sect of anti-slavery men, and has never for one hour flagged or grown weary in the great struggle of which we are to-day witnessing the crisis, it is not fair to criticise too severely either his weapons or his manner of wielding them.

He has waged one of the most unequal battles in which any journalist ever engaged with a courage and tenacity worthy of the cause, and by dint of biting sarcasm, vigorous invective, powerful arguments, and a great deal of vituperation and personality, has done more than any other man to bring slaveholders to bay, and place the Northern fingers on the throat of the institution. His influence is now immense, for he has over 200,000 readers, and he enjoys a confidence

which his zeal and ability rather than his judgment or skill have won for him. Since the war began he has been foremost in urging the immediate and unconditional emancipation policy on the President, and he has done it with such vigor that he carried his point against all, both Seward and Weed, who have from the outset cried, "Peace and compromise," and would, I think, make slavery perpetual to-day under the ægis of the Constitution, if it would restore even the old Union such as it was. But in arguing for it, and predicting its consequences, and discussing its details, Greeley revealed in every line he wrote the wide difference there is between mere opposition and the actual direction of a triumphant movement. The extravagance, loose assertion, and fierce denunciation, and the contempt for material obstacles of all kinds which sounded very well as long as there was nothing to be done but mould public opinion, are sadly out of place when public opinion has to be carried into practical effect.

In this and, in fact, everything like administration, Greeley's aid, I need hardly say, is not very valuable, and though I cannot say how far the President has been guided by him in matters of detail, his influence upon his general policy can hardly be questioned. At all events, the public does not question it, and particularly that portion of it which is now called "conservative," and which might also be called reactionary. All the Republicans who are disgusted with the conduct of the war or with the emancipation decree, and all Democrats who are opposed to the war altogether, or simply in so far as it tends to damage slavery, have now united in a howl of execration directed against the unhappy Greeley. Every disaster that has occurred since the first battle of Bull Run is visited on his unfortunate head. The Democratic newspapers have three or four articles a day

upon him and his doings. Lectures are delivered upon him and his "crimes;" and he forms the staple of nearly every speech and letter emanating from the ranks of the opposition. There is an intensity, too, and bitterness in the hostility towards him, which seems perfectly ludicrous, when one looks at the odd attire, the shambling gait, the simple, good-natured, and hopelessly peaceable face, and the long yellow locks of the personage who has called it all forth. To see him walk up Broadway, you would take him for a small farmer of the Quaker persuasion, who had lost all the neatness of the sect, but had appropriated in his disposition a double portion of its meekness. When one sees with what vigor he defends himself against his assailants in his paper, however, one feels satisfied that he was brought up in some more bellicose school than that of the Friends, for he certainly is not a respecter of persons, and does not hesitate in his choice of words. The leader of the assaults on him is Thurlow Weed, in whom hatred of Greeley has become almost a monomania, and colors, I am satisfied, his views of the actual situation. For him Greeley is not only radicalism incarnate, the great distiller of abolitionists' gall, but the marrer of his idol's fortunes and the overthrower of the great Republican party.

Of Weed's "idol," Mr. Godkin had occasion to write more than once. In his letter to the *Daily News* from New York, under date of March 22, 1859, he said:—

Rumors as to "the coming man" for the Presidency are of course rife, and, in fact, supply materials for all the political gossip of the day. Seward seems to be still the favorite of the Republicans, and I have little doubt

will receive the nomination. The experience of the last fifteen or twenty years has convinced everybody that the man is of far greater importance than his creed, and that a far better estimate can be formed beforehand of the probable course to be pursued by his Administration, by an examination of his own antecedents and character, than by the "platform" he adopts. Judged by this criterion, no one stands better than Seward. He has, through twenty-five years of public life, been the steady and fearless champion of an unpopular cause, and he has every year, in speeches and state papers, given abundant evidence of the possession of the highest order of talent. He is going to England this summer, and I believe his friends are extremely desirous that he should make a long visit, so as not to turn up again on this side of the water until very shortly before the election. The popular nerves, as "the campaign" draws near, are generally in a highly sensitive state. Everything which a possible candidate says or does is canvassed with the utmost minuteness, and the smallest indiscretion of language may seriously damage a man's prospects. Seward is not a person to disguise his sentiments or modify their utterance, when the occasion calls for them, and therefore his great safety, and in fact any one's in his position on the eve of the struggle, lies in silence. So when you get him over in England the Republican party will feel greatly obliged by your keeping him there as long as possible.

When you have him, it may not be out of place to say you have perhaps the greatest Constitutional lawyer in America, the clearest-headed statesman, a powerful and above all a most logical orator, and of all the public men of this country perhaps the least of a demagogue and the most of a gentleman. Per-

haps no man living to-day has discussed questions so vast and momentous with so much grasp and vigor as Seward. Except the British parliament debating on India, I can imagine no scene more intrinsically solemn than the United States Senate debating the question of slavery on this continent; and on that question no man has spoken more than he, and none so wisely and eloquently. I can say all this with the more readiness because I know nothing of him except his public life, and have never heard him open his lips except to defend before a court of law the right of the sovereign State of New York to bridge one of the largest rivers in the world, and that river in its own territory. Topics of such magnitude as this need a robust intellect to discuss them, and Seward rarely discusses any other.

In 1865, when Mr. Seward made a grudging *amende* to Brazil in the matter of the capture of a Confederate ship in a Brazilian port, Mr. Godkin wrote:—

The legality or illegality of the capture of the *Florida* did not turn upon her character or that of her crew, and was in no way affected by it, and I can only account for Mr. Seward's dragging this point into such prominence in the same way in which many other faults of his diplomatic papers are to be accounted for by ascribing it to the influence of bad habits contracted at the bar, and which cleave to him in official life. There are in this evident traces of an over-wily advocate's disposition to lessen the moral effect of admissions which he is compelled to make, by dwelling strongly on other matters of which, though irrelevant, the moral bearings are all in his favor. This is often very effective at *nisi prius*,

but it is a device to which nobody can resort in the forum of diplomacy without serious damage both to his reputation and his cause. Mr. Seward is one of the numerous examples of men who, on coming to write what they have to say after a lifetime in speaking, fail to understand the very different kind of criticism to which written compositions have to submit, and go on inditing despatches as if they were addressing juries or popular assemblies. His reputation certainly has not gained by the change in the sphere of his duties.

With Seward at Washington, on April 12, 1866, Mr. Godkin had an interview in company with C. E. Norton. Notes of the conversation were written out by the latter. They are inserted here for their historic as well as personal interest: —

We found Mr. Seward in his handsomely furnished drawing-room, sitting in an arm-chair before the remains of a wood fire. A tall, large man, an "unreconstructed" North Carolinian, Dr. Palmer, was standing, just about to take leave. As soon as we were seated, Mr. Seward turned to him, and said, "The President can't do anything more for you; I can't do anything for you; you must get Congress to take you back. It is the duty of Congress to admit your members, if you can send loyal men who can take the oath. But Congress won't do it, and all you can do is to wait till it will. If this Congress won't do its duty another will." "But we've been in an awful bad fix," said the North Carolinian, "and we want to get out of it right away." "Well," said Mr. Seward, with an air of some impatience, "you got into it of your own accord and now you must wait till Congress is ready to obey the Constitution and help you out

of it. If Congress won't receive loyal men, if it won't accept such men as Tennessee sends, loyal men, who have fought for the Union and suffered for it, — men, God knows, a great deal better abolitionists than those who come from the Northern States, I don't know what you can do about it. You must wait; the South can get along quite as well without the North, as the North can without it." "But we want to get out of our fix right away," repeated Dr. Palmer. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Seward, "you can't do it. You must be patient. Go to see Wilson and Boutwell, and persuade them to induce Congress to admit the Tennessee members. They won't do it, but till they do it won't admit your men. They profess to be afraid of you. They don't trust to loyalty. But it will come all right. You won't lose anything by patience. The people know better than Congress what the Constitution requires, and they won't stand a Congress that refuses to acknowledge the rights of the States, and keeps eleven States out of the Union after they desire to come back to it. Go tell your people not to be in a hurry. It will all turn out right. Good-night, sir." And Dr. Palmer took leave.

Turning to us, after he had reseated himself, Mr. Seward went on: "There ought to be no question about the readmission of the South. Those States are loyal, devoted, earnest, patriotic, humiliated, and repentant, eager to come back. Congress has no right to refuse them. It shows its distrust of the Constitution by its refusal. Every necessary preliminary has been complied with; the South has accepted every needful condition, there is nothing more to ask of it. It has as good a right to be represented in Congress as the North has, but Congress chooses to keep it out of the Union."

"But," asked Godkin, "has not Congress the right,

and may it not see fit to exercise the right, to impose certain other conditions, preliminary to readmission, in addition to those made by the President?"

"No," replied Mr. Seward, "no, sir! It has neither the right nor the power to do so. The President has required all that was needed, all that is constitutional. The only absolute preliminary condition was that the South should renounce the doctrine of secession. This the President required of it, and this it has done. Nothing further was requisite, but the President recommended the Southern States to give up slavery by their own action, to remove a disturbing element, and to bring them into harmony with the action of the general government; and further he advised, he had no right to require, them to repudiate their national (correcting himself), their Confederate debt in order to show their good will, and as a sort of bonus for their return to the Union. Peace is reëstablished in those States, but Congress treats them from the point of view of war."

"If peace is reëstablished, may I ask," said I, "if the *Habeas Corpus* is restored in the Southern States?"

"Do you want to sue out a writ in any of those States?" replied Mr. Seward, with some warmth. "Do you know anybody who does?" "No," said I. "My question was not a practical one, it had reference simply to the extraordinary fact that in regard to this fundamental safeguard of civil rights and political liberties the nation is at a loss to know whether it is in existence over nearly half its territory." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Seward, "a purely speculative question. I wish you to understand that you ask me hard questions. Since I have been a member of the Government I have made it a rule not to answer such questions. I have no right to answer them."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "for putting a question to you which I see, in view of Mr. Davis's case, which however was not in my mind when I asked it, may well seem indiscreet."

"No, sir," said Mr. Seward, "Mr. Davis's case had nothing to do with my answer. Your question was a speculative one, and therefore cannot be answered. Wait till a writ of *Habeas Corpus* is sued out in one of the Southern States, and then you will have an answer to it. Those States are at peace. I expect a civil commotion sooner in Massachusetts than in South Carolina. South Carolina is at this moment behaving a great deal better than Massachusetts; showing more trust in the Constitution, more loyalty to the Union. The South understands the meaning and value of the Constitution and the Union better a great deal than the North, which insists on terms of reunion that are not in the Constitution. If the North believed in the Constitution it would be eager to take the South back, and would not attempt to govern it contrary to law and right.

"The Constitution was made by our fathers for the purpose of serving for the needs of a continent — a continent as large as the European, to be divided into sixty, perhaps a hundred States. They saw the evils of the divisions of the states of Europe, and they intended to prevent them by the Constitution, not for the purpose of destroying the States, but to unite them in harmony. Their work was favored by two fundamental circumstances, that the people had a common language and a common religion, that is, a religion to have no religion to quarrel about. They saw the sources of division in the Old World, and they formed a central government under the Constitution which should prevent the existence of these in the New, — first, by affording the States protection

in their foreign relations; second, by establishing perfect freedom of trade among the States; third, by delivering their letters. This is the whole of the Constitution. It leaves the States free to govern themselves. It gives no power to interfere with their domestic concerns. Over these the States have absolute control, and Congress has nothing to do with them."

"But how then about the negroes?" asked Godkin.

"I am not at all concerned about them," answered Mr. Seward. "The North has nothing to do with the negroes. I have no more concern for them than I have for the Hottentots. They are God's poor; they always have been and always will be so everywhere. They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those. I am ready to leave the interests of the most intelligent white man to the guardianship of his State, and where I leave the interests of the white, I am willing to trust the civil rights of the black. The South must take care of its own negroes, as the North did and does. I was born a slaveholder; my State took away my slaves, and it did right, but I had to support them, and, indeed, have to support some of them up to this time.

"The North must get over this notion of interference with the affairs of the South. Some people talk about being afraid of the South, if the Southern members of Congress are allowed to take their seats. But what harm can they do? I am not afraid of them; I never was afraid of the South in my life, not even when it had power and wealth and united interests and patronage. When I sat in the Senate with Jefferson Davis and Mason and Toombs, I was not afraid of them, and I am not

afraid now of those whom they misled. There is still a guard around my house to defend me against what they call my Southern enemies, but I have no enemies there, and the guard is needed rather to protect me against my Northern friends, who are so bitter against me because I trust to the Constitution, and desire to see the Union restored.

"Why, sir, it is but a year ago since we had to mourn the death of the President; since the assassin entered my doors and desolated my family. What remedy did the Constitution provide? Why, an indictment for an assault with intent to kill! This shows that the Constitution did not undertake to provide for every emergency or every want.

"If Congress would trust to the Constitution there would be no possible danger in allowing the Southern members, men loyal and devoted to the Union, to take their seats. I cannot imagine a base motive in politics any more than some men a base motive in domestic life. The States form one family. The South is knocking at the door of the old home, and wants to be taken in, and will not the father hasten to open the door and welcome his repentant child?"

"But may not the father," said Godkin, "think it well to make some inquiry as to the actual reformation of his child?"

"No, sir! You cannot be a father and ask that question. No, sir! The whole thing is up if an inquiry be instituted. The parent does not pause to inquire; he welcomes his child without asking anything beyond his desire to come home. The South longs to come home now, sir. Those who refuse to take them into the family again are in my opinion guilty of a great crime. It may be a sublimated consideration, but I confess it has

great weight with me, that if I could not forgive the enemies of my country as I forgive my own enemies, I could not have the hope that I might enter kingdom come. There is a want of charity in this refusal to forgive which is worse than the sins against which it is manifested. At this time the North is showing the most evil disposition, and I would rather go South where they are behaving well, than to Massachusetts where they are behaving ill, and showing so bad and unforgiving a temper.

"But all this trouble is going to pass over. Things will come out all right. The people will not consent to follow the lead of Congress, for they love the Union, and mean to have it whole again."

"These views," said I, "are very different from those which prevail at the North, but sixteen years ago your views were quite as unpopular, yet the people have since adopted them."

"Yes, sir," said he, "I have every confidence. I never held an opinion that was popular, and I have never failed to see the country come up to my opinions in time. This doctrine is not Massachusetts doctrine, but it is going to be Massachusetts doctrine before long."

Lincoln's conquest of Mr. Godkin, as of the country and universal fame, was gradual. At first, this observer who confessed himself "fastidious" was repelled by the great President's down-at-heel manners. The vast patience appeared irresolution. But soon the true quality of the man began to strike home. One of the earliest of Mr. Godkin's tributes to Lincoln was in connection with the McClellan

controversy. On April 7, 1863, he wrote to the *Daily News*: —

The long promised, very long and very elaborate report of the Committee of Congress on the conduct of the war has at last made its appearance. An immense mass of testimony has been taken and very carefully and impartially summed up, and a flood of light has thus been thrown upon matters relating to McClellan's campaigns that have long been shrouded in mystery. He comes out of the ordeal, I feel bound to say, very badly damaged. You may remember that in writing to you from Washington, about him and his career, six months ago, I acquitted him of everything but over-caution. It would be impossible to adhere to this opinion after reading the report. The blundering, the delays, the persistent refusals to seize opportunities of the utmost value, the reckless exposure of portions of the army to be attacked in detail and overwhelmed, the horror of every encounter in which victory was not absolutely certain, the utter indifference to the remonstrances and entreaties of the President and the Secretary of War, the constant clamoring for reinforcements when there were no reinforcements to be had, and he knew it; the ingenuity in raising difficulties, and apparent inability to suggest any means of overcoming them, which marked his whole career in the field, render it impossible to avoid the conclusion that policy as well as incapacity had something to do with his failures and shortcomings. This suspicion, too, is confirmed by the frantic eagerness with which the peace party have taken the man up and idolized him. It is impossible to believe of any body of men that they were so insane as to take him for a great general, and impossible to believe that he should sacri-

fice military distinction such as he had within his reach unless in the hope that by doing so he would arrive at something higher.

The person who comes best off in the inquiry is unquestionably Lincoln. When one reads his correspondence with McClellan one is astonished by its good temper, good sense, sagacity, foresight, and even military ability. We see now, in fact, that through the whole campaign he was far the better general of the two, and had a far better appreciation of the strategical bearings of every move than most of his subordinates. I am astonished, too, I confess, that with such materials in their pigeon-holes, the Administration should have so long sat silent under the batteries of the Opposition, when a printer could in one night have silenced them, and brought the unhappy McClellan's triumphant progresses to a somewhat pitiful conclusion. It only proves that Lincoln, with all his faults, has amongst his many virtues that most necessary and aristocratic virtue of patience and self-control. I think we shall not hear much more of Major-General McClellan in this war.

Lincoln's renomination for the Presidency in 1864 gave Mr. Godkin the opportunity to review his first term and to bite in the lines of his character:—

Mr. Lincoln has been again nominated for the Presidency. This result has been long foreseen by all intelligent observers of the drift of public sentiment. It has been brought about partly by the general confidence in his honesty and general approval of his policy, and partly by the general apprehension inspired by the prospect of a change of Administration, with all its attendant confusion, while the war is still raging. I think the first

feeling of a portion of the public about him when he made his appearance on the Presidential stage, and it was discovered that he was to come more prominently before the world than any of his predecessors, was one of mixed mortification and disappointment. Everybody in England is so familiar, through the labors of Mr. Beresford Hope and of the *Saturday Review*, with Mr. Lincoln's defects both of manner and looks, that I need not dwell on them. There is no denying that he is neither an Apollo nor a Count d'Orsay, and it is equally true that in what is called "good society" a "genteel" appearance is one of the first requisites of a statesman. When the war broke out, therefore, and Mr. Lincoln became the cynosure of all eyes, the horror felt by the "nobility, gentry, and clergy" in England at the cut of his clothes, the length of his legs, his way of wearing his beard, and his manner of receiving company, called forth a corresponding amount of sympathy here. People were rather disposed to be ashamed of their President when they found he was likely to excite so much attention. Lamentations were heard on every side over his want of education, as if it was not just as good, as far as mere schooling went, as that of George Washington, and a good deal better than that of Andrew Jackson. Many persons were greatly distressed when they found that Southerners in England were contrasting his deportment with that of Jefferson Davis. They wished they had not elected him, and declared they never would have voted for him if they had known he was to represent the nation through such a crisis as was then impending.

During the first year of his term he enjoyed, however, on the whole, a great deal of popularity. The dissatisfaction of the genteel people with his exterior was drowned

in the general devotion to him as the emblem of the national unity, which was then for the first time in real peril. There was probably never before at the North such devotion to the Presidency, and reverence for it. His first trials began after McClellan's failure. The pro-slavery Democratic party was by that time beginning to raise its head once more; the public was bitterly disappointed by the result of the campaign; and some of Mr. Lincoln's dealings with McClellan had an unpleasant look of undue interference. In looking round, as the manner of an Anglo-Saxon public is in times of trouble, for a victim, Lincoln was selected as the one which presented the best mark for popular indignation. During the autumn of 1862 he reached the lowest point in the estimation of all classes.

It was then, however, and only then, that his good qualities began to show themselves. He displayed, in the midst of the general gloom, a courage, a constancy, and firmness which astonished his enemies and reassured his friends. The more furiously the factions raged, the more completely he emancipated himself from their control. He displayed a faith, too, in the national strength and destiny which everywhere else was lowering. He had refused to issue a decree of emancipation when half the people in the North thought the South could be subjugated in thirty days; he issued it when Lee had only just retired from the gates of the capital. Most people thought him crazy, but it proved that he had made a decided hit. It did not emancipate all the slaves, but it emancipated a great many, and it committed the North decidedly to an anti-slavery policy, without laying the author open to the charge of violating the Constitution. Since then he has been gaining ground steadily with all the moderates, though losing

it with the radicals. His refusal to make the liberation of the negroes one of the objects of the war has alienated all the abolitionists proper, and a large number of the radical Republicans, but it is impossible to find, without looking for it in the regions of speculation, a good answer to his argument, that he can, by the terms of his oath, carry on the war for but one object, the restoration of the Union; and all the discretion he possesses is as to the choice of means, and even here it is limited. There is probably nothing that did so much damage to his reputation, and seemed so likely to deprive him of all chance of reëlection, as the arbitrary arrests by which the earlier portion of his Administration was disfigured. The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* was generally acknowledged to be necessary, but it was grossly abused by Mr. Stanton and many of his subordinates, and the tenacity with which Mr. Lincoln retained Stanton in office in the teeth of such hostility, and I think well-merited hostility, as was showered on the latter, irritated and disgusted a good many men of all parties.

Mr. Lincoln has, however, managed to live through it all, and retain a high character for justice, sagacity, and firmness, and above all for honesty. Touching his integrity and single-mindedness, there never has been the shadow of a suspicion. The radicals, who nominated Fremont at the Cleveland Convention, hate him with a stern and holy hatred, but it is the hatred which ardent and passionate people usually feel for a man who sees the two sides of a question and hesitates in choosing. He does not march rapidly enough for them, and he has a patience, and even sympathy, with those who differ from him which is utterly incomprehensible to such logical politicians as the Germans, who form a large part of his opponents. Fremont is his personal enemy,

owing to the snubbing he received when in command in Missouri, as well as to some slighting jests which the President is said to have perpetrated at his expense; and, if we are to judge from the letter in which he accepted the nomination, is influenced mainly by personal hostility in becoming a candidate. He said in it that if the Baltimore Convention nominated any one but Lincoln he would withdraw, but if Lincoln were renominated he would compete. He has resigned his commission in the army preparatory to commencing his canvass. I said in a former letter that I did not think Lincoln had much to fear from Fremont's competition. I am more convinced of this than ever since the appearance of his letter. The personal spite crops out in it too plainly, and it was this, I think, which removed all hesitation on the part of the Baltimore Convention about nominating Lincoln. What amount of support Fremont will receive in a contest which he acknowledges he is carrying on to gratify a pique, and the plain tendency of which is to give the victory to the Democrats, it is hard to say, but, though the Germans of the West are very bitter against Lincoln, I think not much.

The note rose higher with the second inaugural: —

The President has been inaugurated, and has delivered what is, I suppose, the shortest "inaugural address" on record. There is nothing in his state papers, admirable as they have been in many respects, so creditable, however, both to his head and heart, as the entire absence of all violence, either of language or opinion. I believe he has never once been betrayed into those paltry outbursts of passion and spite by which nearly everything that his Confederate rival says or writes is disfigured. Lincoln never attempts invective, and, al-

though there is probably no living man who has been the object of more blackguard abuse, it has never, so far as I know, elicited from him a single expression of impatience or resentment. I use the term "blackguard" advisedly, for I believe he is the first public man, either native or foreign, with regard to whom the English press has thrown aside those restraints of which it is ordinarily and justly so proud. The rules which writers laying claim to decency in all countries agree to observe have been suspended, by many of the most respectable journals, both in England and America, for his annoyance. Even his dress and personal appearance have been made the subjects of indignant invectives, and this, not by "the ruffians of the press," but by scholars and gentlemen. His humble origin has been treated as a crime by men who were actually fêting the grandson of a small New York tallow-chandler as a "Southern cavalier." His want of book learning has been howled over by men who are opposed to competitive examinations, on the ground that physical and moral qualities are on the whole more important for the public service than mere knowledge, and who think a man may make a very good Indian civil servant, though he may never have heard of either Shakespeare or Milton. Mr. Lincoln's acceptance of the Presidency has actually been treated as a proof of depravity, and Mr. Beresford Hope, in one of those extraordinary outbursts of rage which he called "lectures" on the American war, likened him to the most sensual and unscrupulous of Eastern tyrants, apparently for the singular reason that he had not been sufficiently penetrated with the sense of his own worthlessness to decline an honor conferred on him unasked by the majority of a nation of twenty millions. The

Opposition press in this country has, of course, not spared him either, though I do not remember to have seen many things in its columns which could be said to surpass in sheer brutality much that has been written about him in London. And yet I have never heard of his uttering or writing one word to show that these shameless attacks ever roused in him a single angry impulse. How many men of high breeding and culture are there who could pass through a similar ordeal with as much credit? His great rival, Mr. Davis, though an object of the highest admiration to half Europe as well as half America, never makes a speech or writes a message to Congress that is not half made up of railing and accusation, which sometimes sink into mere Billingsgate.

When one comes to examine what this "baboon," "buffoon," "clodhopper," "peasant," "rail-splitter," has done, to compare his promise of four years ago with his performance since then, the secret of his patience is at once revealed. "They may laugh who win." He found himself uncouth, illiterate, with no experience of life, except such as could be gained in one community, and that by no means in the most advanced state of culture, without any of the gifts which usually captivate the people or attract their confidence, either commanding presence, or silver tongue, or long official experience, saddled suddenly with the responsibility of confronting, and of directing, what everybody acknowledges to be the greatest political convulsion of modern times. He was placed at the head of a democracy in the hour of its greatest peril, and you must not forget what English philosophers at that time considered it, — fickle, demoralized, cowardly, unwarlike, unused to arms and to horsemanship, impatient of taxation, incapable of discipline, singularly averse to prolonged effort, without

leaders, and inordinately conceited and indocile. Everything had to be organized, and from the rawest material — army, navy, and civil service. The task before this rail-splitter was, in short, such as no European statesman has ever faced, and every foreign observer and a great many native ones were confident he would fail. Three things were predicted with the utmost certainty, — that he would never be able to raise a second army; that he would never be able to raise any considerable portion of the revenue by taxation; and that if he attempted to do either of these things by force, the Western States would secede, and either set up a separate Confederation or join that of the South.

Well, he has raised army after army, fully a million and a half of men in all; he has equipped one of the largest, perhaps, in the number of guns and men, the largest navy in the world; he is at this moment raising nearly £100,000,000 by inland revenue alone, and after four years of murderous warfare, conducted with varying success, he has, nevertheless, managed to inspire such confidence in the nation, of which he has exacted such sacrifices, that he has been reëlected by an almost unanimous vote, the Western States casting the heaviest majorities in his favor, to the highest office in their gift. There is something almost painfully absurd in the spectacle of writers and orators in London, who are probably themselves incapable of managing a parish vestry, laboriously proving, in the teeth of all this, Mr. Lincoln's incompetency. The final test of his statesmanship will, of course, be the condition and prospects of the South ten years hence, but every other test short of this has been applied to him, and it is difficult to conceive of any man's bearing it more successfully under all circumstances.

A long catalogue of the things that he might have done, but has failed to do, and of other and better ways of doing the things he has done, might, of course, be made out; but there are few persons who have studied the lives of men who have successfully carried nations through great revolutions who will not agree that this would be one of the least profitable of exercises. Nobody can ever predict with certainty what the precise consequence of any political or military step will be, or whether it will have only one or many consequences, and as long as this is the case it will be foolish as well as unjust to condemn any public man who has actually done well, for not having accomplished things which bystanders conceive as possibilities. Two-thirds of the criticism of Mr. Lincoln is about as sage as the recent announcements of the *Times* that Grant would have been certainly defeated in the Wilderness if a flank movement undertaken by Longstreet had not been prevented by that general receiving a wound at the hands of his own men; like the young officer who narrowly escaped death at Dettingen by being sent fifteen miles away the night before the battle. Mr. Lincoln promised in his first inaugural, in 1861, that the power confided to him would be used to "hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere." He added afterwards, "The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." This, it must be admitted, is a modest programme, and was traced out under a very mistaken impression of the magnitude of the task before him; but he has not only

done all he promised, but very much more than any one, when the full proportions of the rebellion had been fully revealed, could have believed it was possible for him to do in the time. What this is, any one may ascertain by contrasting the condition of the Confederacy in the spring of 1863 with what it is to-day. He has, perhaps, a stronger claim, however, on the popular confidence and gratitude than that which arises out of the positive results which he has achieved. It is based on the fact that he is perhaps the only man at the North who has never wavered, or doubted, or abated one jot of heart or hope. He has been always calm, confident, determined; the very type and embodiment of the national will, and true and fit representative of the people in its noblest moods; and to be this is certainly one of the highest duties, if not the highest duty of the leader of a democracy.

Under the shock of Lincoln's assassination, Mr. Godkin wrote: —

The loss of Mr. Lincoln at this juncture would under any circumstances have been a terrible blow to the North. It is doubly terrible now, when the soldier has almost finished his work, and that of the pacificator has to begin. The United States might be searched in vain for a man who could bring such qualifications to the task as Mr. Lincoln — so much firmness, so much caution, so much gentleness, such profound sympathy with liberty, such hearty respect for labor, and such rare and almost infallible comprehension of the character, aims, and needs of his countrymen. Those who hate freedom and self-government, who desire to bring both one cause and the other to confusion, could hardly have served their purpose better than by killing him.

The war has produced at the North half-a-dozen soldiers to whose hands the free States might safely commit the guardianship of their power, and independence, and warlike fame, but it has as yet brought only one man to the front whom the common voice had at last pronounced capable of healing the wounds inflicted by four years of civil discord, reorganizing a society corrupted and debased by slavery, and launching the whole country afresh on its wonderful career of progress; and he is now gone! It was only yesterday that I heard a gentleman thanking God that the war was coming to an end at so early a period in Mr. Lincoln's new term, as it left him so much time for that work of reconstruction, a work for which nobody but he was competent. Of one thing you may be assured — the gates of mercy would be shut upon the South if the feeling prevalent at the North this morning were to last. The frenzy of to-day will doubtless be gone to-morrow, but not without leaving behind it a deeper and a more widespread conviction than ever of the incompatibility of slave society with either the forms or the spirit of free government. It had, before Mr. Lincoln fell, introduced into American politics the barbarous usages of the Spanish republics, and it has now treated an American audience to a tragedy for the like of which we must search the annals of the sultans or the shahs.

Four days later came this: —

One thing is certain, that no monarch had ever half as many tears shed over his bier as have fallen on Abraham Lincoln's — the Illinois attorney, the ex-rail-splitter, ex-flat-boatman. More hearts, I venture to say, throbbed with genuine human grief and rage over the news of his fall on Friday last than the disappearance of a whole

line of kings has ever been able to rouse. The "loyalty" that is paid to the most beloved of European sovereigns looks faint and pale beside the passionate and eager devotion to the President which the late catastrophe has revealed. Opposition orators and journals have ever since vied with each other in paying homage to his memory. As glowing and eloquent tributes as were ever paid to a ruler have come within the last four days from pens which a year ago were busy night and day in reviling him, and holding him up to popular odium. None now ventures to deny his honesty, his integrity, his purity of purpose, his single-minded loyalty to the country and to freedom. All his little defects, the want of grace, of imagination, for instance, which sorely tried so many here, are forgotten. Everybody seems to feel profoundly sensible that a great man has fallen. There are few who do not confess that he must always hold the next place to Washington in the national annals, and there are even indications of a desire to lay his remains at Mount Vernon beside those of the founder of the republic. That humor of his, rich, homely, and inexhaustible, which two years ago people were inclined to stigmatize as frivolous or undignified, is now pardoned or praised as the source or support of that unbroken cheerfulness which enabled him through the first terrible years of the war to carry without flinching a weight of care under which anybody else would have succumbed. I heard him the other night compared by a man not likely to sympathize much with his hilarity to William the Silent, who is said to "have borne the burden of the nation's sorrow with a smiling face."

The hesitation, too, which marked his policy in the first year of his Administration, and which caused him to lag very often so far behind the more ardent of his

supporters, is now acknowledged, even by those whom it most irritated, to have been simply the hesitation of a man unused to his position, but who was conscious of his deficiencies, and determined to commit no error through inexperience. And all admit the profound wisdom, the intimate knowledge of the people with whom he had to deal, displayed in his determination from first to last to be behind rather than in advance of the popular sentiment. And he grew up to the level of his responsibilities with a rapidity perhaps never equalled. He knew how defective his training and education were, how little his previous course of life had done to fit him for his position; and to what a storm of hate and malignity he exposed himself from the day he came out on the steps of the Capitol, to take the oath of office, and yet he never flinched. He was never guilty of the smallest pretence of affectation. He never attempted to conceal the fact that he was a learner; but he learned with a rapidity and retained with a tenacity which astounded those who thought they had nothing but a backwoodsman to deal with. In four years he had struck out, though surrounded with difficulties such as no other statesman, except perhaps William the Silent or Cavour, has ever had to contend with, a policy of which the whole country has acknowledged the wisdom. His measures for the destruction of the Confederacy had been crowned with success, and his plan of pacification had received the emphatic approval of both parties at the North, and he had secured a hold on the respect and affection of the great body of the people which no President before him, except Washington, had ever possessed; and it is even doubtful whether Washington occupied as high a position among his contemporaries.

The popular sorrow, too, is deepened by the remem-

brance of that kind-heartedness of his, of that wonderful gentleness of nature which so often formed a real impediment to the proper administration of justice, but which would, one would have thought, have at least protected him from the assassin's pistol. The man whom brazen-faced slaveholders, who had probably seen hundreds of naked women flogged within an inch of their lives without a qualm, who sold babies by the dozen and dipped scores of raw backs in brine, who had lived their lives through on the unrequited toil of others, went about Europe month after month and year after year holding up as a monster of cruelty, was in reality so tender-hearted that he was over a year in the Presidential chair before he could be induced to allow a deserter to be punished with death. The wives of the most ruffianly "bounty jumpers" of this city, men stained with every crime, had only to hurry to Washington and throw themselves at his feet, to save the scoundrels from the gallows, to the despair of the military authorities. And he would listen by the hour to tales of woe which he knew he could not relieve, through sheer unwillingness to add the pain of hasty dismissal to the pain of refusal. And when it is remembered that for four long years he was abused — and with what abuse! — and ridiculed as no public man has ever been, that hardly a day lapsed in which a thousand pens all over the country were not busy blackening his character, misrepresenting his motives, holding his appearance, his manner up to scorn and derision, and that in no single instance has he been known to utter one word marked by resentment or passion, it will be confessed that he had one of the rarest and noblest natures ever seen. People read over now, almost with tears, the closing sentences of his last inaugural address, as perhaps the most

characteristic expression of feeling that ever fell from him, and deriving as they do a terrible solemnity from what has since occurred.

Other figures of the civil-war period were sketched in passing by Mr. Godkin's pen. Of Sherman, he said, February 23, 1864:—

There is a good deal of excitement here about Sherman, but the confidence in him is complete. He is Grant's right-hand leader, bore a glorious part in the operations against Vicksburg, and forced his way to Chattanooga from Memphis in time to share in the battle by a cross-country march of extraordinary difficulty and celerity, fighting his way as he went, and living on what he found. He assaulted the left of Bragg's position on Missionary Ridge, but failed, owing to its strength. His coolness is famous. His order for the attack on that occasion was such as probably never issued from the lips of any general who had not Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, and who was not consequently afflicted with a morbid dislike of anything like display. He rolled his cigar to one side of his mouth, and said to the officer who was in command of the column, "I guess you had better take the hill now."

When the strategy of the march to the sea was beginning to unfold itself, Mr. Godkin's verdict was:

It is positively asserted by well-informed persons, that his objective point is Savannah; that he carried thirty days' rations for 60,000 men, and a large supply of ordnance stores; that he calculates on making the 290 miles necessary to bring him to the seacoast in twenty-five or thirty days; that he will take Savannah in the rear, and, with the coöperation of the fleet, capture it;

that the river will then be open to Augusta, where he will establish his headquarters, and whence he will continue his operations, closing communication between Richmond and the South, and shutting the Confederacy up within three States. The plan you can readily see is one of the boldest, and if Sherman really intends to carry it out, and succeeds in doing so, it will certainly place him above any living and most dead generals.

Stonewall Jackson came in for characterization:

There is mourning and lamentation over him through the length and breadth of the Confederacy; and they may well mourn him, for they will never look upon his like again. He was certainly by far the most remarkable military man that this war has brought into notice, and probably the only one for whom it has made a lasting reputation. But for it he would have passed through life with a reputation certainly for bravery, but without receiving much credit for any military quality of a higher grade. At West Point he was noted for his slowness, for the extreme difficulty with which he mastered his lessons, but also, in an equal degree, for the pertinacity with which he stuck to them, and to everything else he undertook, until he did master them. He graduated creditably, but nothing more, and first smelt powder as a lieutenant of artillery in the Mexican war, where he displayed great pluck, and on one occasion, so the story goes, when ordered to withdraw his section, owing to the terrible pounding he was receiving, instead of obeying, limbered up and moved a hundred yards closer to the enemy's works. The peace consigned him to inactivity and obscurity, with the rank of brevet-major, and he was appointed professor in the Virginia Military College, an institution, like the rest of the South-

ern "colleges," of small pretensions. In it he bid fair to rust away, a silent, awkward, and highly respectable elder of the Presbyterian Church, remarkable for little else than the fervor of his faith and the rigidity of his observance of all religious forms. He was as fanatical, as sincere, as narrow, as satisfied of the sufficiency of the Scriptures as a guide in things temporal as well as in things spiritual, as any Covenanter that ever smote or longed to smite the sons of Belial. His fanatical devotion to slavery, as might be expected, brought with it that fanatical devotion to the "State rights" and "nullification" doctrines, invented by Calhoun for the protection of slavery against possible Northern encroachment.

When the secession movement was begun, he gave it his unqualified support. He had married the daughter of a Dr. Junkin, a minister of the same church, but the latter remained faithful to the Union, and it is said that his son-in-law passed a whole day and night in vain attempts to convert him. They discussed hour after hour, and at occasional intervals, at Jackson's suggestion, "sought counsel in prayer." But neither praying nor arguing was of any use; both disputants remained at the close of the same mind as when they began, and when the hostilities broke out, Dr. Junkin came to New York, and Jackson took the field as a colonel in the Confederate service.

His great talents, owing a good deal to his cold demeanor and his excessive modesty, did not at first show themselves, and it is said he was not a favorite with Jefferson Davis and his advisers. But he gradually worked his way to the front, and after having been engaged a few times took a place which raised him above all rivalry.

Last winter some rather pretty lines on "My Wife and Child" were attributed by the Southern newspapers to Jackson's pen, and were alleged to have been written by him while serving in Mexico. A lady wrote to him asking him if this were true. He replied, repudiating the verses, and added, "I am no poet, but a plain soldier, whose sole ambition is to serve his country, and illustrate the great principles of the art of war." I think this was a very fair description of his character and his aims. His strongest claims to our admiration are those of a plain soldier of patriotic intentions, and possessing an extraordinary amount of the instinct of war.

His manner of illustrating "the great principles of the art of war" left nothing to be desired. All generals, now-a-days, know that the whole art of war consists in moving fast and striking the enemy at his weakest point with a superior force, but the number of those who manage to put their knowledge into practice is very small. Jackson, however, was one of them, and it is doubtful whether any one has appeared, since the great master himself, who has so closely approached him in all that constituted his transcendent ability. Jackson formed out of raw recruits within a year a corps which not only was passionately devoted to him personally, but which was animated in the highest degree by the true military spirit. He managed to infuse into it his own ardor, and eagerness, and impetuosity, and he gave it, considering the roads and the nature of the country, a degree of mobility such as has probably never been equalled anywhere, and certainly never in America. His troops carried absolutely no baggage except their food and ammunition, and even the food was frequently dispensed with. They had no wagons, and no tents, and no knapsacks, no overcoats, and, in a vast majority

of cases, no blankets; they bivouacked where the night caught them; left their sick and stragglers to the kindness of the inhabitants along the line of march, as they have always operated in a friendly country. A friend of mine, who saw them defile through Frederick, in Maryland, previous to the battle of Antietam, and scanned them closely, assured me that he could not detect in the whole corps the slightest trace of anything like "baggage," except a tooth-brush, which one man carried suspended to his button-hole, or rather to a hole that once was a button-hole, for all semblance to known and recognized garments had disappeared from their clothing. They were literally in rags, and dirty beyond description, but they had unquestionably acquired, by six months of incessant marching, immense power of leg. The sickly or weak-kneed were weeded out by dint of hardship, very early in the campaign, and by its close all those who were still afoot possessed no ordinary powers of endurance. But even this last suffered seriously under the tremendous strain on their vitality, which Jackson's operations last summer exacted. The wounded who were left on the field at Antietam, and were taken to the Federal hospitals, were found to be greatly broken down, and the mortality amongst them was thirty per cent greater than amongst the Federals. They sank under operations with a frequency which could only be accounted for by supposing them to have been seriously overtasked or underfed for some time previous to the action.

It may readily be imagined that nothing short of extraordinary personal influence on the part of the leader could induce troops to undergo an ordeal of this sort, but this Jackson unquestionably had. He not only made them dashing, enthusiastic soldiers, but made them

pious like himself, and frequently preached and conducted prayer meetings amongst them. His sincerity was so evident, and the fire of his temperament so great, that whatever glowed in him he communicated to everybody around him. He prayed and groaned "and wrestled with the Lord" in his tent the night before each of his dashes with such loudness and fervor that he could be heard for some distance around, but instead of its seeming ridiculous to the men, they only found his fervor contagious. And he fought as lustily as he prayed. His tactics were simply to move swiftly on an inferior force of the enemy, assail it with headlong fury, and aim not at its defeat but its destruction; retreat, if overpowered or overmatched, with as much celerity as he had advanced, to turn up a few days later at some other point, as ardent and impetuous as ever. This constituted his whole skill; and, simple as it seems, the books even add nothing to it. If he could have applied his system to the whole Southern army, the North would have by this time been extinguished. But to handle a hundred thousand men in this way, easy as a great genius might find it in Europe, is in the thinly populated forests of this country and over its muddy roads not possible. Jackson was able to carry it out with ten or fifteen thousand men, but it was only in action that he could bring his peculiar energy to bear on large masses. As it was, he was the right arm of the Confederacy. Davis and Lee probably plan and scheme much better than he, for his force did not lie so much in his head as in his heart; but when the moment came for execution he towered head and shoulders above everybody else. His will was so strong that nothing was impossible to him; and his heart was so thoroughly in the cause that, possible or impossible, he recoiled from nothing that its

success seemed to require. I have spoken at such length about him because I consider his career the most extraordinary phenomenon of this extraordinary war.

Pure, honest, simple-minded, unselfish, and brave, his death is a loss to the whole of America, for, whatever be the result of this war, the United States will enjoy the honor of having bred and educated him. And the Puritanism which made him what he was, in which he lived and gloried, was a hardy Northern plant, and had none of the soft odor of the tropics about it. He was a soldier of the old Cromwellian type, the most perfect that has appeared in our times, and most likely the last we shall ever see. And in these days, when it is becoming almost ridiculous to believe strongly and completely in anything, or to be in earnest about anything, a man of this mould is not to be lightly passed by, even if he had not a tithe of Jackson's titles to solid, enduring fame.

It is something of a step down to Anna Dickinson, but here is Mr. Godkin's impression of that minor prophetess of the time at which he wrote — December 22, 1866: —

So far as I know, women had never appeared before, or at least attracted much, if any, attention in the general political arena. They had spoken at anti-slavery meetings and women's rights meetings, but not at the political meetings of either of the great parties, held with a view to immediate influence on an impending election. The first of these new agitators was unquestionably Miss Anna Dickinson, a young woman from Philadelphia, who had entered on life as a worker in a factory, had given herself a fair education in her few

leisure hours, had taken an eager interest in the war, and had finally been dismissed from her place for somewhat too enthusiastic demonstrations against General McClellan. She was very soon after induced to appear publicly as a political speaker, and had an extraordinary run of success throughout the entire North. She unquestionably was of great service in enabling the Republicans to hold their own in the elections of 1862–64 in the more doubtful States. I went to hear her once, and found her pretty and graceful, with a voice somewhat damaged by hard work, but still powerful and rather pleasing. Her rhetoric was turgid to the last degree, very much that of a freshman, and her ideas quite commonplace and often only half-formed. There was a good deal of fire in her manner, and this, and the popularity of her sentiments, generally brought the house down. Her personal hits at political opponents were very telling, and in uttering them she laid aside an oratorical tone, and took that of ordinary conversation, which, of course, added to their effect. But, as a general rule, there is little in her speeches which can claim attention on any other ground than that it is a woman who delivers them.

But whatever the cause of her success, a great success she has undoubtedly had. She fills the largest rooms in the country whenever she chooses to speak on any of the great topics of the day; and though she may not satisfy the requirements of a critic, she somehow reaches the popular heart in a way that most male orators might well envy. Others have followed in her footsteps, but at a considerable distance. Their labors may not have added much to the stock of human knowledge in the political or any other field; but it has

had a very important effect in accustoming the public to hearing women address other audiences than the assemblages of odd or eccentric people, as they are considered, who form the bulk of the adherents of the old Anti-slavery Association and of the women's rights movement, and familiarized it with the idea of women taking an active interest in the politics of the day.

In the intimacy of his correspondence with Norton, Mr. Godkin touched freely upon many well-known men. The extracts which follow are in chronological order, though all the references to the same person are grouped.

Sept. 7, '68.

I hardly know where to begin with an account of what has happened since you left. Lowell, as I feared he would, backed out of the Canadian trip when it came to the point, but I went on and spent Sunday with him on my way, and had a most delightful day. He was all and more than all that you have ever represented him. You know, I have never felt that I really saw the man when I met him at your house. He was too erudite and bookish, and seemed to feel bound to be instructive. At his own house, however, he was simply a delightful host and companion. We talked so steadily that on Sunday I was before dinner fairly tired out, and had to go off for a solitary walk to get rested.

In 1877 Mr. Godkin was consulted about the Cabinet to be formed by President Hayes: —

Being asked about Lowell, I replied decidedly not, because he would not accept; because not fit physically

and otherwise for executive drudgery, and because even an offer to him would give the enterprise a slightly fancy or literary air, that would be injurious. Was this proper?

August 15, '91.

I cannot let Lowell pass away without expressing to you, through whom I first knew him, and who knew him so well, something of my sense of his loss to us all, and to the country. I am afraid his type is rapidly disappearing, and will soon be extinct. He proved to me for twenty-five years a most delightful friend — for he kept up a constant supply of what was most grateful to me, sympathy and encouragement. To you in Cambridge he must leave a terrible gap.

What is going to be done about his life and letters? I hope any memorial of him that may be resolved on will not fall into the hands of Dr. Holmes, and that it may devolve on you to write it.

October 29, '93.

I spent last evening over the Lowell volumes, for which I am indebted to you, and have been greatly impressed with the way in which your share of the work has been done. Nothing could be in better taste or more apropos than your words of connecting comment. How well Lowell appears in it all, and how faithful a correspondent he was! The foreign letters are particularly valuable — his appreciation of English politics extraordinarily good.

Mr. Godkin's friendship with George William Curtis was long and warm.

April 3, 1867.

George Curtis dined with us on Sunday, and was as usual very entertaining. His Connecticut experiences were very amusing. Barnum told him the article in the *Nation* was written by the Copperheads in Connecticut and sent on to New York to be published as a matter of form. The Copperheads had it reprinted on a fly-leaf, a broad-sheet, and circulated by the thousand. "Tant mieux," say I, but the politician breed look on this as awful. Barnum was badly "scratched" by the Republicans and ran far behind his ticket even in Bridgeport — showing that a good word, spoken at the right season, even by "an obscure literary paper," as the *Tribune* savagely called it, is not spoken in vain. It has had two attacks on us of this childish, silly kind, exhibiting the newspaper mind in its most degraded condition, and would you believe it, Ripley (æt. 62) thought them "capital!" We surely must all keep at work.

In 1868 some of Curtis's friends thought he ought to be put forward for the United States Senate:—

I write in haste to say that the practical men — Dana, for instance, whom Olmsted or I consulted — are all of opinion that there is no chance whatever for Curtis. We find no encouragement from anybody but Nordhoff. Every one says that if Greeley got wind of the scheme he would trample it out furiously. And in fact I fear that any further agitation of it might prove injurious to Curtis hereafter. Greeley is as time-serving and ambitious and scheming an old fellow as any of them. So I think we had better drop it for the present, and hope and wish for the good time coming. As long as the press is what it is, a kind of moral and intellectual dunghill

(excuse strong language), it will produce Tiltons and Greeleys — the fungi of our system, and they will keep all men like Curtis out of the places they ought to occupy. And we shall not have a better press as long as the men of strong moral sense, who take to journalism, go off crazy like most of our reformers.

Later it was even proposed to urge Curtis for the Presidential nomination: —

The letter about Curtis, as you leave it to my judgment, I shall not publish. At this distance ahead, I think, it would only injure him or bring a laugh on him. There is so much nominating of absurd and worthless candidates going on.

In addition to this, much as I like and respect him, I don't think I should like to see him in the Presidency. His political judgment is not strong enough, and he is too easily influenced by the persons around him. Indeed, one sees by his way of dealing with the new questions which are now coming up, that he is not naturally a politician, and only became one by accident, under the heat of his anti-slavery feeling. A month ago I dined with him at Olmsted's, and he insisted that the tariff could not become an issue, and that the badness of the Democrats was capital enough to keep the Republican party going. He is now preaching the opposite of all this in *Harper's*. I might give you half a dozen other instances of the same thing. His mind does not raise political ideas in the open air. They all grow under glass, and are feeble when exposed. He is by temperament and training a literary man, and has not, I think, enough combativeness, or rather of the tenacity and distinct consciousness of what he wants, of which com-

bativeness is so often the expression, to be put in difficult post. I say all this with the strongest liking and admiration of him, and I would not say it to any one who did not know and like him as well as you do. It will never do for us reformers to put any more men in the forefront of our battle who are not strong men intellectually, and cannot prevent themselves being fooled as Grant has been, for instance, about the navigation laws.

Glimpses of President Eliot come next: —

Feb. 17, 1870.

I was invited to the dinner of the Harvard Club last week, where Eliot made his first appearance before a New York public, and sat next him and enjoyed seeing him very much. He seems to have been born for the place, and has gone into the work with his whole heart and soul, and is winning golden opinions. He made a very favorable impression at the dinner, and a very good speech. Evarts, who has a very keen wit, made one very good hit at him. Eliot in his speech had endeavored to explain the religious position of Harvard: "She was," he said, "reverent yet free," — though what that means I don't exactly know, — and made a tolerably successful effort to give her an unobjectionable look in orthodox eyes. Evarts followed, and after showing that his early associations were all with Harvard, said — with a very quizzical look — that the reason why his father had not sent him there to receive his education was that "at that time the relations of the university to religion were not properly understood." This brought down the house. He (Eliot) and Curtis dined with us the following evening, and I had a good deal more pleasant talk with him. He is shocking orthodox sus-

ceptibilities a good deal by some of his appointments, but the general impression on the public mind, I think, is that he is inaugurating a new era in collegiate education in this country, and that under his auspices America is at last going to have a university of the right sort.

FEB. 1881.

I dined with Eliot when he was passing through. I must tell you how very pleasantly he impressed me. He seemed very bright and active-minded, but perfectly simple and modest in telling about himself and his plans. But he looked delicate.

Two fragments referring to Goldwin Smith:—

MARCH 18, '67.

Goldwin Smith's letter is very interesting, but I think his view of public affairs is colored by his dismal life. It is very sad to think that a man with his aims and powers should be so situated. But the aristocracy and middle classes are not so bad as he thinks they are — that is, they are not so ready for desperate courses, or so impervious to the voice of reason and humanity. If they were, England would never have produced such men as it does produce in every generation. Figs do not grow on thistles, and Brights and Cobdens and Gladstones and Smiths are not produced by such a society as he describes. Still, I think the class feeling in England, and the worship of wealth and rank, do develop and have developed a kind of paganism, and a real brutality, which would long ago have ruined the country, if the *race* had not had so many fine qualities. English flunkeyism, accompanied as it usually is by an almost total absence of sympathy with people of a differ-

ent class or social position, is one of the most detestable sights in the world.

Did you see poor Sumner's last "bill" and "resolutions"? What a pitiable spectacle! Was there *ever* anything in the man, and if so, what has become of it? I felt so grateful to Fessenden, ungentlemanly though he was, for sticking his pin into the bladder. How long shall we have to treat such people with tenderness and respect! When I think of my dinner at the "Radical Club," with Sumner opposite me smiling like a benign god on his disciples and dispensing wisdom piecemeal, it seems as if I must have dreamed it all. If the *Nation* will only live, and give us all a chance some day to speak out our minds as Agassiz says — "without reticence."

Of Goldwin Smith I saw a little at Christmas. He seemed transformed in appearance. He has grown handsome and healthy looking, and is much more "genial" in manner than he used to be. It is quite amusing to see the effect on him of your solemn warnings about meddling in American affairs. He keeps "mum" as possible, and elsewhere disclaims gently the right to express an opinion. No other Englishman has turned up since Leslie Stephen. I breakfasted one morning at Mrs. Botta's with Goldwin Smith, and to my amusement was put next —— —— at table. We were not on speaking terms, but made the best of it, and chatted amicably. It seemed scarcely credible on hearing the poor old fellow's gabble that he was *the* New York "literary man," whom all distinguished strangers have to meet, and who does the French and Italian repartee business at dinner parties. Arthur Sedgwick and his sister are now with us, and have been here for the last ten

days. We have enjoyed them exceedingly. With him I renew my youth. He has unsealed the fountains of my laughter, and we roar over all sorts of trifles like a pair of boys.

The following explain themselves:—

April 23, '67.

There is a man named Barnard here on the bench of the Supreme Court. Some years ago, in the early part of his career, he kept a gambling saloon in San Francisco, and was a notorious blackleg and *vaurien*. He came then to New York, plunged into the lowest depths of city politics, and emerged Recorder (criminal judge). After two or three years there, he got by the same means to be a judge of the Supreme Court, and married a rich woman. His reputation is now of the very worst. He is unscrupulous, audacious, barefaced, and corrupt to the last degree. He not only takes bribes, but he does not wait for them to be offered him. He sends for suitors, or rather for the counsel, and asks for the money as the price of his judgments. A more unprincipled scoundrel does not breathe. There is no way in which he does not prostitute his office, and in saying this I am giving you the unanimous opinion of the bar and the public. His appearance on the bench I consider literally an awful occurrence.

This man by sheer force of money got a bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, authorizing the Governor to confer on one judge the sole and exclusive right to transact all the Chamber business of the Supreme Court, — that is, to hear all *ex-parte* motions, make all references, grant injunctions, and so forth, — an enormous power which the best man is not fitted to exercise, and which may be grossly abused. He has,

I am informed, so effectually bought up the executive council that the bill was signed without difficulty, and he secured Greeley's support with the Governor to get his appointment, the *Tribune* lawyer acting as go-between, and the bestowal of the legal advertising (which will be in his gift) on the *Tribune*, being part of the consideration. The fact that Barnard has quarrelled with the regular "ring," and fights them in the courts, gives the *Tribune* an excuse for supporting him, and Greeley, I believe, tries to persuade himself that by an alliance with men of this stamp here and with "Miles O'Reilly," he can win over a portion of the dregs of the Democracy to the Republican party. The *Tribune* accordingly came out this morning in Barnard's favor. Besides having the *Tribune* enlisted in this way, he owns part of the *World;* he has bought up the *Herald*, and works on the *Times*, I know not how. I went to see Nordhoff, who has spoken freely against the transactions, but he says he dare not say more. All the facts I have mentioned would be rather difficult to prove; lawyers do not like to come forward, as Barnard might damage their business, and Nordhoff is afraid of libel suits, and feels it to be hopeless. He has written twice to the Governor, warning him against the deep damnation of this thing, but doubts if it will produce any effect. In fact, the press and bar are muzzled, that is what it comes to, and this infamous scoundrel has actually got possession of the highest court in the State, and dares the Christian public to expose his villainy.

If I were satisfied that, if the public knew all this, it would lie down under it, I would hand the *Nation* over to its creditors, and take myself and my children out of the community. I will not believe that yet. I am about to say all I dare say — as yet — in the *Nation*

to-morrow. Barnard is capable of ruining us, if he thought it worth his while, and would and could imprison me for contempt, if he took it into his head, and I should have no redress. You have no idea what a labyrinth of wickedness and chicane surrounds him. Moreover, I have no desire either for notoriety or martyrdom, and am in various ways not well fitted to take a stand against rascality on such a scale as this. Moreover, charges which cannot be proved in court, there is very little use in making. But this I do think — that it is the duty of every honest man to do something towards exposing the crew of trading editors like Greeley, Tilton & Company, who have crawled into fame and fortune and influence on the negro question and are now using their power in aid of the schemes of the worst class even of their political enemies. Greeley's support of Barnard is a counterpart of his Fenianism. He has grown into an intriguer and enjoys it. Barnard has now got possession of the courts, and if he can silence the press also, where is reform to come from?

The doings of the last Legislature at Albany have been shocking — far worse than appears in the papers, and I fear there is little hope of reform from the regular politicians. They are all banded together for plunder, no matter how much difference of opinion they may affect on the reconstruction question, or "the equal suffrage" question. If the country is to be saved and purified, it must be by some force outside their ranks — that is, by an energetic movement on the part of the best class of men, of the class who carried the war through. The Union League Club here shows some signs of an awakened conscience, but how much it will do I cannot tell. The men who manage it are a very poor set — I mean mentally. I think some movement in this direction ought

to be set on foot everywhere, having for its object the hunting down of corrupt politicians, the stoppage of unscrupulous nominations, the exposure of jobs, of the sale of franchises and votes, and the sharpening of the public conscience on the whole subject of political purity. If this cannot be done, the growing wealth will, you may rely on it, kill — not the nation, but the form of government without which, as you and I believe, the nation would be of little value to humanity.

August 1, 1867.

On Saturday Governor Fenton was in town and I went with Nordhoff to see him, taking with me a witness to some of Barnard's rascalities. We stayed an hour with him, and found that the pressure of *rich men* here in favor of Barnard was enormous. They know he has quarrelled with "the ring," and therefore are willing to use him to put it down, on the plan of setting a thief to catch thieves, just as in 1856 they publicly signed a paper recommending Fernando Wood to the voters for the Mayoralty, well knowing that he was a convicted swindler and forger. They count in this way on protecting their own property for the present, and know that Barnard will not assail them, and for judicial purity, or for the future of the community, apparently care nothing. This is just the same kind of bourgeois selfishness and baseness which led to the *coup d'état* in Paris in 1851. Not one of these men denies the badness of Barnard's character. Fenton heard all we had to say patiently, and seemed alarmed and anxious to do right, and finally said that his difficulty was that everybody refused to put the charges against Barnard in writing. We then got a letter from D. D. Field, offering to prove that B. had forced a client of his

to share the amount of a judgment with him, as a condition of deciding in his favor. This settled the matter, I think. I did not see Fenton afterwards, but we heard he would make no appointment and leave the Constitutional Convention to settle the courts. So far, we have succeeded; but the root of the evil — the debauched popular sentiment, the indifference of many "leading citizens" to what is in reality the foundation of political society, judicial purity and independence — remains, and must be attacked in some way. The discoveries I have made on this point during the last two or three weeks are perfectly sickening. I shall thank God when the anti-slavery and negro question is fairly disposed of, and we can get a fair range at the corrupt rascals who grew up under it. The *Tribune's* and Greeley's share in this matter has been positively shocking. The managing editor, Young, is a friend of Barnard's and Hackett's (another scoundrel), and took a trip to Florida with them this winter, the trip being paid for with some of Hackett's plunder. Greeley supported this nefarious bill with all his might, and Fenton acknowledged to us that Williams, the *Tribune's* lawyer, was Barnard's chief advocate with him. The consideration was to be "references" for Williams, legal advertising for the *Tribune*.

May 9, 1867.

Affairs in this State have confessedly never been so low, and we shall see in the manner in which the labors of the Convention are received, how much recuperative power we have got amongst us. Evarts, Curtis says, thinks we are witnessing the decline of public morality which usually presages revolution. But he is somewhat of a croaker, though one of the clearest heads in America —

a political *thinker* of the highest order. Barnard is squelched, but he said aloud on the bench "that he had spotted the fellows who opposed him" and as he *ran* Tammany, he "would be even with them." I beg of you to use what influence you have now, not for the promotion any longer of the virtues of pity, humanity, sympathy, generosity, and so forth, — for of these we have an abundance, — but for the promotion of the habit of thinking clearly about politics, of looking disagreeable facts sternly in the face, of legislating not as if men were lumps of clay that a Congressional Committee can fashion at its pleasure, but for men as we find them with their passions, prejudices, hates, loves, and defects of all sorts. We are saying this every day to the English about the Irish; ought we not apply the lesson to the work before us? The negro, I think, is safe. I would insist on equality for him at any cost, but do not let us ruin the country in order to set him up in business. At the bottom of all these confiscation schemes, there are rascals you may be sure.

SEPT. 22, 1867.

I sent you a scrap of Nordhoff's stuff yesterday. It amazes me to read such immoral trash. An ignorant, unthinking "Red" in charge of an influential newspaper is an unpleasant sight, and I am afraid that is what must be said of it. When he talks of "the people having a right to misgovern," he most probably does not know what he means, and this is perhaps the kindest construction we can put on his balderdash. Godwin has come home with more of his history ready. The "historians" here, however, are considerably embarrassed by "George's" departure. They do not know which way to turn when in difficulties.

Macmillan, the London publisher, has turned up here — an excellent, plain Scotchman, humorous and a good story-teller. I am sorry you will miss him in Boston, as he is a capital contrast to the dirty and silent Englishmen of whom you have had such a run.

DEC. 4, 1867.

I am about, though with some reluctance, to give a letter of introduction to you to Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and a Saturday Reviewer of some years' standing. He is going into political life, and has come out here for the usual preliminary training. He is a very sensible and good fellow, though not hilarious; is well dressed and mild mannered. I found he was not likely to see anybody in Boston of any particular value, and as he is to a greater or less extent an influence in England, I thought it desirable he should see you. You will have the consolation of knowing that nearly all the statesmen of the new régime in England have passed through your hands.

Morley is gone to Washington. I liked him very much, and have just been reading his book on Burke with great pleasure. It is really able and thoughtful, full of very acute things.

DEC. 15, 1868.

I am sorry you saw the last number of the *N. A. R.* It was a sad failure, but Gurney at least was conscious of it, and deplored it. He is going to try very hard to keep it up, but I have my doubts whether he will succeed. You were born for that place, and must go back to it. There is only one dark spot in your career, but that is a *very* dark one — your admitting Parton to the *Review*. Not that the articles you accepted from him were not

good, but in printing them you displayed an indifference to and a forgetfulness of the *remote* consequences of your acts, which was unworthy of a political philosopher of your standing. You gave him thereby a weight and authority he could not possibly have got otherwise, and the truth is he is now writing, and with great acceptance, the most outrageous nonsense that ever came from the pen of a decently dressed man. His sermon on "Smoking and Drinking" is a real disgrace to the country. It is far more ignorant, foolish, and presumptuous than Holland, but Holland never wrote in the *N. A. R.* John Fiske has written a reply utterly demolishing him, but think of a man like Fiske having to demolish such a creature! It is using siege artillery to quell a riot. For all this you are to blame. Nothing but your getting well quickly and coming home soon will enable you to atone for it.

April 15, 1869.

Grant's appointments, are, I think, on the whole, good. He has necessarily made some mistakes; under the system, it is impossible to avoid them. Motley's appointment is a good one from the social point of view — bad, I think, in every other way. I do not think he has the necessary mental furniture for the discussion of the questions now pending between England and America, and he is a little too ardent. His lectures here have been very disappointing — commonplace rhetoric without any thought. I wish you could have got Switzerland or Belgium; but Massachusetts has been so heavily drawn upon already that I suppose there is no chance for anybody else from that State. Hoar's appointment was perfect. You will have seen Sumner's speech by this time; it is perfectly characteristic. He works his adjec-

tives so hard that if they ever catch him alone, they will murder him. I was greatly amused by his quoting Edge's pamphlet in proof of the extent of the damage done by the *Alabama*. Edge was a weak and seedy fellow, who wandered over here in an aimless vagabond way during the war, and had to and did beg money to keep himself, obtaining contributions from Bellows and others, and he endeavored to repay it when he got home by writing one or two pamphlets on the American side, usually trash. Sumner, Parton-like, treats his statements as "proof."

Oct. 16, 1869.

The *Sun*, Dana's paper, has been rivalling the New York *Herald*, in its worst days, in ribaldry, falsehood, indecency, levity, and dishonesty — championing Judge Barnard for instance, and levying blackmail, to the horror of Dana's friends. He is now an object of general execration. I think I have never seen such nearly unanimous condemnation of a rascal, which is a good sign.

To W. D. Howells:—

New York, Sept. 8, 1869.

You are one of the last men in the world I would suspect of "a dodge" of any kind, much less an "advertising dodge" either for your "ancestral paper" or any other periodical, and am sorry you thought it necessary to say one word in explanation. I was very glad to see the *Sentinel* article, as it strengthened me in my impressions against the weight of a "powerful article," in an agricultural paper, defending your life against the base assaults of the malignant sheet which I edit.

I am glad you are going to Harvard, and, in fact, glad

of everything which shows that you are as highly appreciated by others as by

Your faithful friend,
Edwin L. Godkin.

Why don't you bring out "a theory" of the "Byron Scandal," with some "fresh details from a reliable source"?

I have long ago given up apologizing to anybody for anything that appears in the *Nation*, but there was a mention of your fiction in the notice of the *Atlantic* in the last number which hurts me sufficiently to fear it may hurt you, and forces me to take the yoke on me again. I am sure the writer had no depreciatory intention in his mind, for I know how highly he rates you, and I know, too, that your position is in no way affected by anything that any critic can say of you. But his passage did not catch my eye until it was published, and I saw with a pang that it was capable of being construed as meaning that the *Nation* (which is to the benevolent minded always E. L. G.) meant to give you "a little dig." I want therefore to assure you that as it stands it is the result of careless editing, and I would sooner rob a church than knowingly allow you to receive "a dig" in my sheet or any sheet over which I had control. I make this declaration for the good of my own soul as well as to assure you how truly and sincerely I remain,

Yours,
E. L. Godkin.

Sept. 12, 1880.

When you asked me for the paper I was going to read on Libel before the Social Science Association I noticed

that you had just been taking some champagne. I will not therefore hold you to your request unless you now repeat it in the calm and quiet of your own home. The Social Science Association is not a cheerful body, and it may well be that an article composed for its edification may not suit the *Atlantic*. If you care for it, however, I will send it to you, and if you should decline it as "though excellent in itself, unsuited to your columns," I "know how it is myself" sufficiently well not to be at all surprised.

Yours cordially,

E. L. Godkin.

To Charles Eliot Norton: —

May 6, 1871.

Howells has just breakfasted with us, and is gone, as sweet and gentle and winning in all ways as ever. He succeeds to the *Atlantic Monthly* in August, *vice* Fields, who retires into private life. Howells *grows* steadily, I think, and in all ways, for he has become very stout. He talks despondently like everybody else about the condition of morals and manners. Fields and Osgood have had a valuable reinforcement within the last month in the person of Bret Harte, who has come from San Francisco, and is our latest literary sensation. I suppose you have read his sketches of California life which appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, and which showed real genius. His poems, too, have been very popular, and the "Heathen Chinee" has become a household word. He is, too, a very sensible fellow, whom all the braying there has been about him has not spoilt, and I think will not. There can be no doubt that the literary

men of the country, as a class, improve every year, and so do the newspapers; is not this a good sign?

Eliot has asked me to deliver a course of "University lectures," but I doubt if I shall do so. I am too hard worked and cannot afford to do anything more, without pay, and these lectures are so poorly attended that the pay amounts to nothing. The audiences average ten or twelve persons, mainly women. They would be more successful if delivered in Boston; but also more "popular" than "University." Harvard seems to flourish, and it is curious and amusing to see the new life it has infused into Yale. The healthy influence of competition was never better illustrated. The Yale men have started a post-graduate course in Philology, which it would be hard to beat, having Whitney and Hadley for the principal lecturers. Hadley is an uncommonly able man, of immense learning and thorough in all that he touches, who is kept from being famous by his modesty, which is aggravated by lameness.

Dec. 3, 1874.

Poor Dennett is gone, and we shall miss him sadly. His great value was brought forcibly to mind a day or two ago when I took up ——'s notice of the magazines. I am sorry to say I do not think we can use it. It was not simply greatly inferior to Dennett,—that is, thin and trite and *young* compared to him,—but it made too violent a break in our traditions. You know we have in all these years accumulated a stock of established judgments about certain people which we cannot suddenly throw overboard.

I should like to know what you think of what I have said of Dennett in the last number. I have felt

very doubtful about it. It seemed to me on reading it over that it would be thought very cold and critical, and yet it was the only kind of thing that I could make up my mind to offer on behalf of the *Nation* to Dennett's memory.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 22, 1876.

There seems to be no doubt that they have caught Robeson in two impeachable offences at least — of which the illegality is clear, and the corruption probable. Whether he will be impeached or not is another question; but the effect on the public will be the same. One of the offences — a large loan of public money to Jay Cooke on the security of old iron — is a wonderful illustration of the pitch to which the lawlessness of the Administration had grown.

I heard —— examined in the committee yesterday. He lied like clock-work, and a very curious scene is expected to-day on cross-examination; but the committee, except Hewitt and Faulkner of Virginia, are very ordinary men. (This was on the Emma mine.) Schenck is expected to turn up to-morrow. What a shameful state of mind, on the part of the Senate, the treatment of Dana reveals!

Blaine I have watched in the House, and he cuts a very poor figure, shows a feminine waspishness, and screams over every trifle that comes up. Hewitt says the inflationists gain ground sensibly. The one satisfactory and hopeful sight in Washington is the Supreme Court. I am going to see Bristow to-day.

Nov. 28, 1878.

I *was* very much amused by the notes of the two "Divines," and especially by the lofty origin they ascribe

to their differences with the *Nation*. The falling out was due in both cases to small fibbing about matters of fact, which they were too weak and foolish to atone for when detected. What a queer breed they are, and how difficult to describe to a foreigner.

Nov. 13, 1883.

I suppose you have seen a good deal of Arnold. I only got one glimpse of him. The fact is that the way Englishmen of distinction have fallen into of delivering themselves over on their arrival here to obscure, illiterate, and disreputable people, makes it difficult to see anything of them at all.

In conclusion, two letters will be given showing how Mr. Godkin could treat American public men in the mass. The first was to Norton:—

Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1874.

I came on here for mingled instruction and recreation on Wednesday, and am having a somewhat interesting experience which I wish you were here to share. Phelps, my host, gave a dinner party last night which was comic in some of its aspects, but also very entertaining. It included Richardson of the Treasury. I supposed, of course, he would be unwilling to meet me, but he came with the greatest alacrity and was quite cordial. There were also Sherman — the Senator — Blaine the Speaker, Allison of Iowa, Dawes, Hooper, and Garfield, and the talk was very well worth listening to. They discussed the power of the Senate to make alterations in money bills, in the very best way; gave amusing reminiscences of Congress, a defunct Congressman,—Stevens, for instance,—and finally got upon the press, on which they

were also excellent. Blaine made on me the impression of a very strong man indeed — that is, of a man with more power than he needed for his daily work, while most of these men seem to be struggling in a hopeless way with their circumstances. Sherman talked in a very clear, steady way. Dawes seemed a *good* man, with whom life had gone hard, but who tried to do his duty. One gets sick of this class, however.

Phelps asked Sumner to come, but when he heard whom he was to meet he nearly kicked him out of the room. P. did not know of our relations, like many other people who refer to the *Nation* as a good topic on which to hang a conversation with the great statesman and litterateur; but they speedily receive a black eye, and have to change the subject.

They tell me that the House is decidedly inflationist, and the Senate is sufficiently tainted to make it probable that the limitation of the currency to $400,000,000 is all that can be accomplished this session. The policy of the sound men in the Senate is now one of delay. They are going to stave off all debate and action on the currency question as long as possible, in the belief that every day sees a favorable change in public opinion, which is hastened by the ease of money in New York and the rising tide of speculation.

Washington seems to be becoming more and more of a resort for people who want to amuse themselves in the winter in a mild climate, and is greatly changed in all respects. The streets are paved, a great many new houses have gone up, and a general air of smartness and enterprise has come over the place. There is something pathetic in the appearance of the crowd of "plain people" from the country one sees going into the Capitol every morning in their best clothes, and crowding the gallery

and looking down at the legislators with mingled awe and admiration. I think what strikes one most about the members of the House is the cleanness of their shirts. There is a kind of man, you know, whom clean linen gives an odd Sunday look to, and most of these men belong to it. I think we underrate their honesty, but we overrate their intelligence. Their ignorance is awful, and it is not tempered and restrained as the ignorance of the corresponding class is in Europe by contact with foreign nations. There is a paper here called the *Capitol*, a savage satirist,—a literary Gilray,—which they all read and dread, but speak of with loathing, edited by Don Piatt. One of its last jokes is that there was a rush of Congressmen on a certain day to a bookstore, to ask for "John Smith on the Wealth of the People." The bookseller said he hadn't it, but he had Boormen's "Art of making Money," which they declared "would do just as well."

Rutson is down here, and is still planning trips to all parts of the United States and Canada. He says he will start on Sunday in some direction, but I doubt. He was in here a few minutes ago with Schurz. The latter I like more and more. He has the keenest enjoyment of the fun of political life, and laughs till the tears run down his cheeks over the slips and blunders and oddities of his colleagues. He is a born orator and musician, but it is curious and interesting to see what sinew the German training has given to his mind, and how readily he masters matters for which he has no natural bent. I am going to dine with him this evening and — Jane will be amused to hear — am going there to-morrow evening to a musical party at which a Mrs. Moulton will be the star. There is a great deal of "society" here,—constant dinners and receptions,—and the excitement of the less

fortunate Congressmen and their wives over them is curious to witness. We breakfast over at the hotel with two couples of them at the same table. One is a blatant, empty creature named ——. He discharges platitudes of the most fatuous kind at my head as a newspaper editor, at intervals of about two minutes, with a solemn look; *e.g.* "Mr. Godkin, the more I see of Mr. Blaine, the more I am satisfied that he is a very remarkable man, sir." This very slowly in oratorical tones.

To the Daily News:—

Sept. 7, 1867.

I am afraid the public mind is in much the same condition with regard to the participation of men of culture in the politics of this country. People have for so many years heard it repeated that there was no political career open to educated Americans, that a letter in a newspaper maintaining that this is not an accurate statement of the case is not likely to produce much impression. The difficulty is increased, too, by the fact that many educated Americans themselves have done much to confirm foreigners in the belief that such persons can exercise no influence on the government of their own country. You meet hundreds of Americans on the continent every summer who have enough of the air of education about them to make an average Englishman liken them to the class which in his own country does the work of government, and they will most likely assure him in nine cases out of ten that their somewhat aimless wanderings in Europe are due to the fact that the work of politics at home is so dirty that no gentleman can put his hands to it, or that if he was willing to do so the democracy will not suffer him. This story accords so

exactly with most Englishmen's *à priori* conclusions that they naturally swallow it whole, and much that they see in travelling through this country helps to confirm it. Nor do I mean to say there is no foundation for it in fact, but I do mean to say that it greatly misrepresents the relations in which men of cultivation in this country stand towards the people.

I have now for some years given a good deal of attention to this very point. I have looked out carefully for men whose character, education, and social position qualified them to take a prominent, or at least an active, part in politics, but who were, in consequence of the separation between them and the multitude created by this education and social position, relegated to private life. I have discussed this subject with scores of the shrewdest observers of all parties and conditions, and I can honestly say that I am unable at this moment to mention a single man who, being qualified by culture or character for a political career, has been shut out from it by popular dislike of his mental, or moral, or social excellences. I, of course, know scores of men, answering in most particulars to the European idea of the "gentleman," who might in a conversation in a drawing-room produce on an Englishman the impression of being just the men for public office; but I do not remember having heard of a single case in which there did not exist along with these apparent qualifications certain disqualifications, which he, or anybody else familiar with the requirements of popular government in any country, would admit to be disqualifications. Nine-tenths of your cultivated Americans whom you see in Paris and Rome, and whose absence from Congress you deplore, are not fit to go to Congress or to fill any other position in the popular gift.

They could not, if born in England, get into the House of Commons, by free votes. There are plenty of such men in the House of Commons, no doubt, but the people have not sent them there. They have been put in by interest or money, and the House and nation are not the better for their services. It may be said that one of the points of superiority of the English over the American system is, that men who while fitted to be very good legislators are yet wanting in the capacity to win suffrages can find entrance into the Legislature; but then this is not the point under discussion. The American system has to be taken for granted, and the question is whether American constituencies, composed by universal suffrage, have any greater dislike to culture in politicians than English constituencies with a restricted franchise, exempt from "influence," and voting freely. Of "station," in the English sense of the word, American constituencies of course know nothing, and care nothing for it; but I confess I have been unable to discover within the range of my observation any evidence that the man of education and refinement who wants to go into politics finds his education and refinement any greater obstacle here than he would find them in England. I have gone over all the men I know of who apparently come up to the Englishman's idea of the politician of the right sort, and yet who are not in politics, and I can assign in every instance a good reason for their not being in politics, apart from their culture or social position. Either they are lazy, and will not work with the energy which political success as well as every other kind of success in this country requires, or they have no skill in public speaking, or they have no capacity for entertaining political ideas, or they are excessively fastidious and fond of a quiet and studious life, or else they are resolutely hostile to the

principle of the government, and make no secret of it. But these things would keep a man out of public life in England, even if the franchise were confined to £20 householders.

On the other hand, I do not remember any case in which a man of culture and refinement, who wanted to get into politics, and was willing to work for it, has been kept out of it by popular dislike of his peculiar characteristics. Take the case of Edward Everett. I doubt if there is in England a man whose manner, tone of mind, and kind of culture, are more likely to be distasteful to average Americans than his were. He began life as a Unitarian minister; his earliest distinction was won as a Greek scholar; and what was most marked about him during the whole of his career afterwards was his fastidiousness, his propriety, his horror of vulgarity; in short, his "gentlemanly deportment." He had no impulsiveness, no enthusiasm, was widely cultivated — a graceful, but not a powerful or impressive orator, and was so little popular in his tastes that it was told of him — as a descriptive if not a true story — that he used to retire to his chamber to blow his nose. Yet as soon as he felt a desire to go into political life he went into it. He sat in Congress, and held the leading foreign embassy, and was at last nominated, though not elected, to the Vice-Presidency in 1860. To be sure he was not a successful politician, but that was his fault, and not the people's. No man was ever more honored, flattered, and fêted in all parts of the Union; but he was never sound on the slavery question, and he attempted to set himself against it when it was sweeping the country like a slow but resistless flood.

I might fill three or four of your columns with cases of a similar kind — of men in every sense of the word

"gentlemen," who were in political life twenty years ago, and made shipwreck of their prospects by taking wrong ground on the slavery question. They, of course, soon found themselves acting with the minority, and thus in many States lost all chance of office. Take also the case of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio. He is *par excellence* a gentleman, polished, refined, well-educated, and wealthy. He is of Virginian origin, but lives in Ohio, a Western State, in which, though one of the most cultivated of the Western States, polish and refinement do not count for more than in any of the others. He is a Democrat, — was a bitter Copperhead throughout the war, — and, of course, in Ohio he is in the minority, but he is nevertheless the chief of the minority. The Democrats delight in him, send him to Congress, follow his lead in everything, and this not in spite of his position and culture, but because of them. In this State the late John Van Buren was a man of a similar type. He was aristocratic in his bearing, in his habits, in his training and tone of thought; but he could wield a popular audience almost better than any man I have ever heard in this country; and whenever he chose to give himself the trouble had any political position he pleased. But he was lazy, and unambitious, and unsound on slavery, and he let the tide flow by him.

Take another case of a similar kind in the Republican party, that of Mr. G. W. Curtis, who is certainly one of its most rising men, and whose chances of the next senatorship for this State are at least as good as, if not better than, those of anybody else. He is now a member of the Constitutional Convention at Albany, and one of the ablest and most prominent members. He was fifteen years ago simply a polished man of society, with true literary reputation — the man of all others whose tastes,

temperament, and manners would be likely to render him disagreeable to the typical democratic constituency of the Tory newspapers, and who would be least likely to tolerate the "dirty work" of politics. His feelings were so strongly roused about slavery, however, that he went into politics, and, as he is a good speaker, he at once began to make his way, and I think one rarely hears in any country of a more rapid and marked success than his has been. In fact, I should say, as the result of my observation, that a man of culture and refinement who chooses a political career has in this country a great advantage, other things being equal, over a competitor who is wanting in culture and polish. I do not know of a single instance which seems to constitute an exception to this rule. But then the man of culture must not carry his sense of his own superiority to the people about him to the platform. He must treat the voters not as social equals, but as his fellow-citizens; he must, in talking to them, take the air of a man advising, and not of a man instructing them; he must look at their hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, and difficulties and doubts, from their level, must, in a word, show in his manner that he is capable of sympathizing with them, and that he does sympathize with them. He must, in short, be a man with a heart; but this established, the more knowledge, culture, experience of life and manners, he can either claim or establish a reputation for possessing, so much the better for him. But sympathy is the essential thing. I know a distinguished lawyer here, of undoubted ability and with great political ambition, who has never been able to secure any trust whatever, and I have never heard any reason assigned for it except a reputation for selfishness, for want of sympathy and kind-heartedness. The reader will probably ask, at this point, how, if what I

here say is true, do I account for the fact, which I certainly cannot deny, that there are so few men of culture in public life in America — that Congress and the State legislatures are composed of raw, half-educated bumpkins, who know little of books and less of society and the world, and whose sayings and doings are the great blot on the fair fame of American civilization. The reason is very obvious to anybody who is thoroughly familiar with the structure of American society. The "great West" now composes the greater portion of the Union, and the Western States do not send Gladstones, and Russells, and Stanleys to Congress, simply because they have not got them. Your "scholar and gentleman" is rarely found in the West, and when found he is probably engaged in making a fortune on a farm or in a counting-house, and cannot afford to drop everything and rush off to Washington for two or three years. The same thing is true, though in a minor degree, of all the Northern States. The men of culture are comparatively few in number, and when you take out from amongst them all who are disqualified for a political career by nature or circumstances, you find yourself forced to fall back on coarser material, if you want to have the work of politics done at all.

The country sends to Congress a fair representation of itself; that is, a sprinkling of highly educated men who fully and more than fully represent their own class, and a large majority of plain, sensible men, wanting in all polish, but accustomed to business, and with a tolerably strong hold on a few leading principles of government, which they make serve as guides in everything that comes before them. They blunder a good deal, no doubt, on matters of detail, but on great lines of policy they are very seldom wrong. But whether

they are fit or unfit for their position, they are as good as their constituents can send. When men are engaged in the work of reclaiming a wilderness and developing its resources on borrowed capital, as the entire West may be said to be, its supply of fine gentlemen is naturally very limited; but if a man of culture from the East goes out and settles in a Western town or village, identifies himself with the place, and enters into the feelings of the community, and uses his culture for its entertainment or instruction, his path, if he desires political honors, and can make a decent figure on a platform, is perfectly plain. He is sure of any place of trust or profit his neighbors have at their disposal.

In the Eastern States I think there is very little doubt the influence of individuals on politics has greatly declined during the last thirty years. The causes are the same as those which have caused the decline of the political influence of the ministers in New England — the growth of the press and the rise of the rest of the community in knowledge and understanding. In the same region I think it very likely that there has been, during the same period, a decline in the social position of the men who hold public office. This, I think, is partly due to foreign immigration, and partly to the unfortunate tendency exhibited by members of the wealthy classes to sympathize with the South during the slavery agitation. Whoever did so of course found himself at last pushed aside, and his place taken by rougher but more ardent men who, whatever their defects, hated slavery. Still, even with this concession, the extent to which educated politicians are kept out of their rights, even on the eastern coast, is enormously exaggerated in Europe. Whenever I go into a country district, either here or in New England, I generally find on inquiry that the per-

sons sent to the Legislature and to Washington are the best the district affords — not perfect men, but very good representatives of their constituents, and I find no disposition even in this State to push wealth or culture aside. The governors of this State, as far back as I know anything about them, have been men of fortune and position, whose claims to such a position would be recognized anywhere. The two senators from this State have been always men distinguished either for fortune or education, or both. The present State Treasurer, elected by universal suffrage, is a man of hereditary wealth, one of the most refined, accomplished men I ever knew, who would adorn any society, and whose character and career, particularly during the war (in which he was desperately wounded at the head of his regiment), would do honor to any country. The Secretary of State is a man of the same class, and almost equally favored by fortune. The most prominent of the younger politicians is the Mr. Curtis, of whom I have already spoken; and perhaps one of the most influential political men in the western and northern part of the State is Mr. White, who has long served in the State Senate, and is now president of the new Cornell University; a graduate of Yale College, a man of large fortune, famed for his literary taste and acquirements, and possessing perhaps the finest private library in America. When one sees such as these men coming forward, — for they are all young, — and when one sees their seniors, such as Seward, and Dix, and Bancroft, — who are all men of fortune and education, — filling almost any political position they choose to seek, in this State in which corruption and demagoguery flourish more than anywhere else, one naturally wonders how the notions which prevail in England on this subject got afloat.

Of course, it must be admitted that society in the United States produces fewer men of culture than society in Europe, just as it has less accumulated capital; but then it is, and has been, a colonial country, to all intents and purposes, leading the colonial life, and engaged in colonial pursuits. At the same time, in the matter of culture, and in the number of cultivated men, there is incessant progress. The colleges and schools are better, vastly better now than they were even twenty-five years ago; the press is better; the books are better; there is more attention paid to science and to art; and there are more men of cultivation interested in and participating in public discussion than there have ever been; but they have not increased in the same proportion as the increase of the business population, — that is, the population devoted to purely material pursuits, — for the simple reason that science has within the last thirty years, by throwing open the West, thrown open such means of growing rich rapidly as have never been presented to any civilized people before.

What with foreign immigration — the immigrants being almost exclusively drawn from the ignorant classes of European society — and the scattering of the native population over the plains of the West, and the consequent weakening of the usual civilizing influences of dense communities, culture in America has hard work to hold its own, much more to make headway. But it does make headway. The sense of its value does increase; the value of knowledge in politics is every year more highly estimated; and the deliverances of men of special training on social and political questions have an influence which, in my opinion, they have never before had.

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